

"HIS GRACE THE DUKE," BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

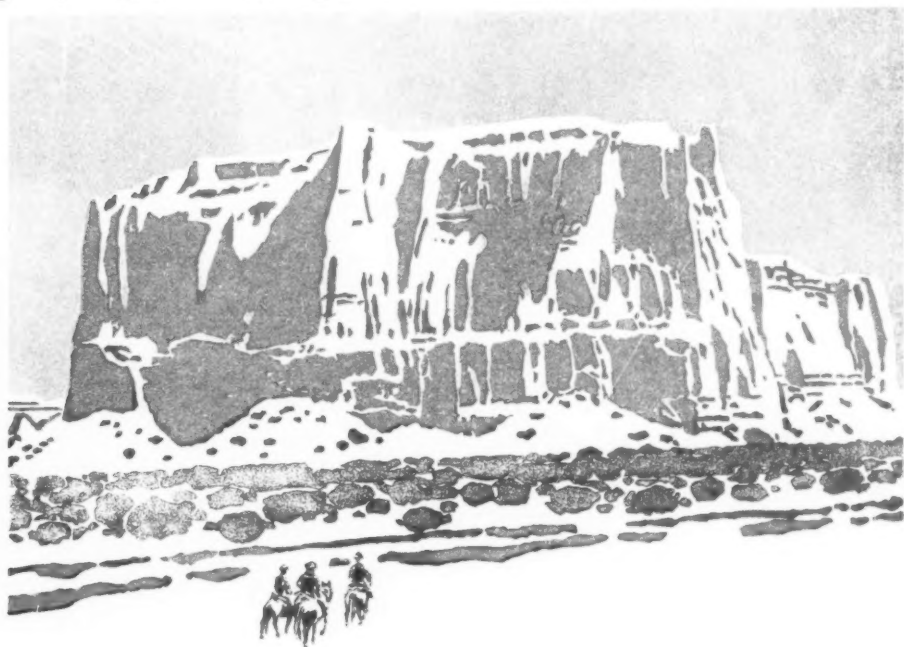
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ASCENT OF THE ENCHANTED MESA.

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"Glad again that pine-tree song:  
'Speak not thy speech thus loudly among:  
Put off thy gear, wash in the brook;  
My home are peaceful centuries."

*Emerson.*

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IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER," BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI.

MAY, 1898.

No. 1.



## THE BEETHOVEN MUSEUM AT BONN.

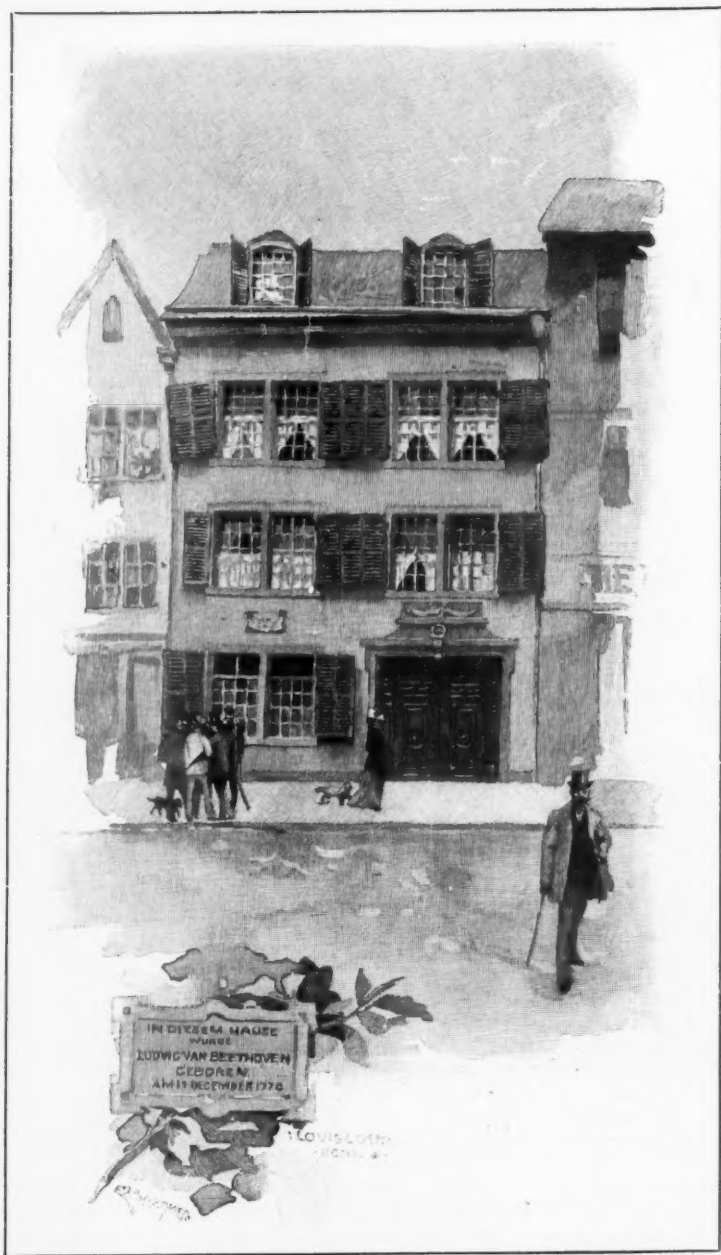
BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A MUSICAL student cannot visit the Beethoven Museum at Bonn without thinking of Alexander W. Thayer. It is almost as much a monument to the distinguished biographer as to the incomparable genius. Without Thayer's labors, indeed, it is doubtful if the museum would ever have come into being. More than anything else, the discoveries which he made touching the antecedents of Beethoven and the musical affairs of the Electoral Court helped to stir up that feeling of local patriotism in a small coterie of art-loving citizens in Bonn which culminated, ten years ago, in the purchase of the house in which the composer was born, its preservation from ruin, rescue from degradation, and dedication to the admirable purpose to which it is henceforth—let us hope in *secula seculorum*—to be devoted. It is singular, in view of the large infusion of sentiment in the German nature, that so long a time was permitted to elapse between the death of Beethoven and the taking of these wise and pious steps. But everything is singular which concerns Beethoven. There are singular lies in most of the books that have been written

about him, and even more singular truths. On his death-bed a print of the house in which Haydn was born was placed in the hands of the Titan. "Look, my dear Hummel," said he to the friend who stood at his bedside; "the birthplace of Haydn! I received it to-day as a gift, and it has given me a great pleasure. A wretched peasant's hut in which so great a man was born!" Did his thoughts go back to the lowly walls which echoed his own infant cries? No one can know. He died and gave no sign. It is even doubtful if he would have been able, had he been asked, to settle a dispute like that which broke out, ten years after his death, concerning which of four houses was the one in which he was born. His parents had occupied lodgings in three houses before he was six years old. He had gone away from Bonn when he was twenty-two, and he never went back. There were no domestic ties to recall him. The fulfilment of his manifest destiny required that he should live in Vienna, whither he had been sent by his master, the Elector of Cologne, who was an archduke of Austria and the youngest son of Maria Theresa.

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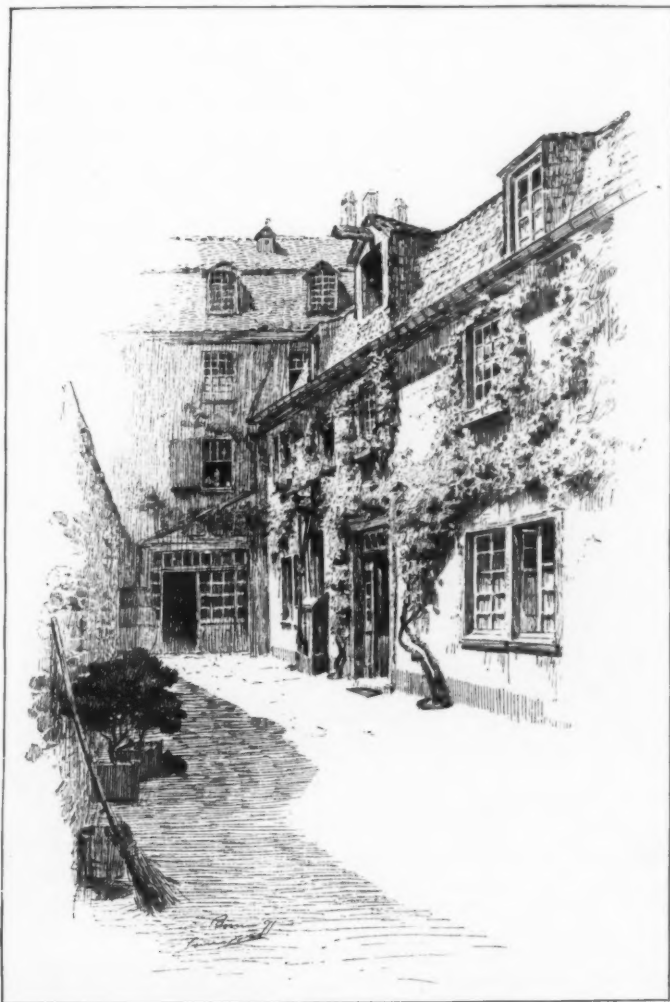
ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ONRE.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.



Bonn forgot him until he was dead; or if it did not quite forget him, it was too much concerned with its own petty affairs to remember which of its houses had held the cradle of its greatest son. Only slowly did there

volumes of Mr. Thayer's wonderful biography have been printed—the first in 1866, the second in 1872, the third in 1879. A fourth, the concluding volume, was left unfinished—barely begun, indeed—when the



THE COURTYARD, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

dawn on the city's obtuse perceptions a realization of the share which it had in the glory created by his genius. The realization never became full and perfect until the American admirer of that genius crossed the ocean and took up the task of writing the life-story of Beethoven, the man. That was over forty-five years ago—nearly half a century. Three

author died in 1897. Mr. Thayer's aims and methods were unique even to the plodding and studious Germans among whom he had lived so long. The volumes have been published only in German translation, and this is partly the reason why in England and America the popular conceptions of the man Beethoven are still those created by the



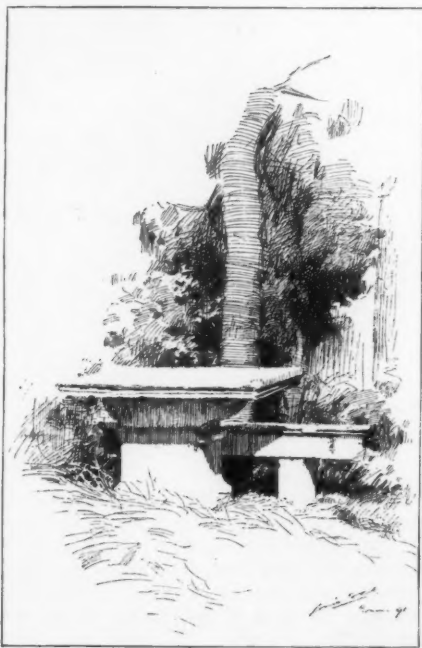


BEETHOVEN AS A YOUNG MAN.

biographies that were written half a century ago.

I have intimated that it is to Thayer that Bonn is indebted chiefly for knowledge of the part it played in the life-story of Beethoven. It was the confessed purpose of the biographer to strip from his subject a mass of traditional fiction, and he has done so; but he has supplied its place with an integument of romance a hundredfold more interesting and instructive. He has recognized that it is not enough that we interest ourselves in the facts of the artist's outward life from mere affectionate curiosity concerning his personality; the scientific spirit of the times requires that the primary purpose be to study the influences that shaped his thoughts, inspired his feelings, and prompted his manner of expression. To those who wish to trace the operations of the law of heredity, and to find long and cumulative trains of causes for each effect, Mr. Thayer's researches are invaluable. Grandfather, father, and son, the Beethovens were in the active service of the Electoral Court in Bonn for sixty years. Thayer's earliest inquiries begin with the career of the Elector Joseph Clemens, the predecessor of Elector Clemens Augustus, under whom the grandfather of the composer entered the Electoral Chapel. They embrace the personal and artistic character of these potentates with the special purpose of showing what were the social and artistic influences exerted by them in the capital of their political and religious empire. His examination of the court archives at Düsseldorf and Bonn revealed a number of documents which enable us to reconstruct a perfect picture of the art-life of the city for three quarters of a century. The open-

ing of the museum in 1890 was made the occasion of an exhibition of these documents and a large collection of Beethoven relics from all over Germany. The whole partook of the character of a series of illustrations to Thayer's book. As a rule, museums in which relics of the great men of the earth are preserved are little else than curiosity-shops which provide entertainment for sentimental misses and hero-worshippers. The Beethoven Museum is of a different sort. As the complement of Thayer's book, it is a contribution of vast significance to the history of the composer, which, by direct instruction, and through suggestion, teaches a multitude of things concerning the man and his art which cannot be learned elsewhere. The correctness of this proposition is demonstrated in the story of the house itself. Beethoven was dead nearly twenty years before the antiquaries of his native town had settled the controversy touching which of several houses was the one in which he had first seen the light. This fact determined, more than a quarter of a century was permitted to go by before there was what might be called an official recognition of the results of the controversy. When Beethoven died, in 1827, there were four houses in Bonn



A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.



ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

BEETHOVEN'S MOTHER, AFTER A PAINTING BY CASPAR BENEDICT BECKENKAMP.

*Handwritten record of Beethoven's birth:*

<i>Geboort</i>	<i>Artes</i>	<i>Patroni</i>
<i>D. Jeanny van</i>	<i>ij met</i>	<i>D. Ludovick</i>
<i>Beethoven. 3 Helme</i>	<i>Ludovick</i>	<i>von Beethoven</i>
<i>Hererichs conijnges</i>		<i>gerdeulij m illen</i>
		<i>Dicte Boums</i>

FACSIMILE FROM THE BIRTH REGISTAR AT BONN.

THE RECORD OF BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH.

each of which was thought by some persons to be the birthplace of the master. It required but little investigation, however, to narrow the question to two houses: that in the Rheingasse, near the

died. It was chiefly due to Dr. Wegeler, one of the friends of Beethoven's youth, that the truth was established that the Beethoven family were living in the Bonngasse in 1770. The controversy which had been provoked



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN IN HIS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Portrait by W. F. Mähler, after a copy in the possession of Mrs. Jabez Fox, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

river, No. 934 (it has since been demolished, and the house which is still occasionally shown to visitors as Beethoven's birth-house is a new one on the old site), and that in the Bonngasse (old number, 515; new number, 20), near the market-place. The former house was generally accepted as the true one for more than a decade after Beethoven

by a review of Wegeler's "Biographical Notices" was summarized by the secretary of the committee under whose auspices, in 1845, the Beethoven monument was placed in the Münster Platz; but, despite the magnitude of the celebration which attended the unveiling of the statue, no steps were taken to mark the house. The tablet now to be seen



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER, AFTER A DRAWING BY LOUIS LATRONE IN 1812.

*Choral Spirit Symphony*



FRAGMENT OF THE FINALE OF THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.



ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO.

upon its front was not affixed until 1870, the centenary of Beethoven's birth. As late as 1886, I was invited, by an occupant of the house which now stands on the old site in the Rheingasse, to enter and inspect the room in which Beethoven was born. The old tradition, maintained by the thrifty desire to earn a *Trinkgeld*, died hard; but it received its quietus when the house in the Bonngasse was bought for about fourteen thousand dollars by the Verein Beethoven-Haus, in 1889, and the lying tablet on the house in the Rheingasse was removed to make place for one bearing an inscription in harmony with the facts.

For nearly one hundred years after Beethoven left Bonn the house in which he was born was permitted to remain private property, and no steps were taken to protect it against ignoble uses. The house was for a time used as a beer-shop, and in the little rear garden the owner built a sort of summer-house, in which he gave concerts of a low order.

The windows of the garret room in which was born the greatest tone-poet that the world has produced (the family occupied only

the rear portion of the building) looked out on what the Germans call a *Tingel-tangel*. To make the degradation of the spot complete, the manager was wont to advertise his concerts as taking place "in the house in which Beethoven was born." The last program containing this announcement is one of the curious possessions of the museum. The house having been bought, the concert-saloon, and the show-windows which had been built into the street front, and all other additions which were known to be made in this century, were removed, the old aspect of the garden was restored, and a wooden pair of stairs was replaced by the original stairs with wrought-iron rail, which had, luckily, been stowed away in a store-room. The floors, doors, and ceilings in the rear house were thought to be original, and were left unchanged beyond necessary repairs. Every bit of wood of which it could reasonably be believed that it was part of the house in the time of Beethoven was piously preserved; and Mr. William Kuppe, a musician largely instrumental in calling the enterprise into existence, told me, with much amusement, of the suspicions touching his mental condition which he aroused in the minds of the workmen when he carefully wrapped the threshold of the birth-room in paper, carried the well-worn, worm-eaten piece of wood away till the work of renovation was finished, and then insisted upon its being replaced. In May, 1890, the museum was opened to the public, with the exhibition of relics already mentioned, and a festival of Beethoven's chamber-music, in which the chief performer was Joseph Joachim, the honorary president of the society.

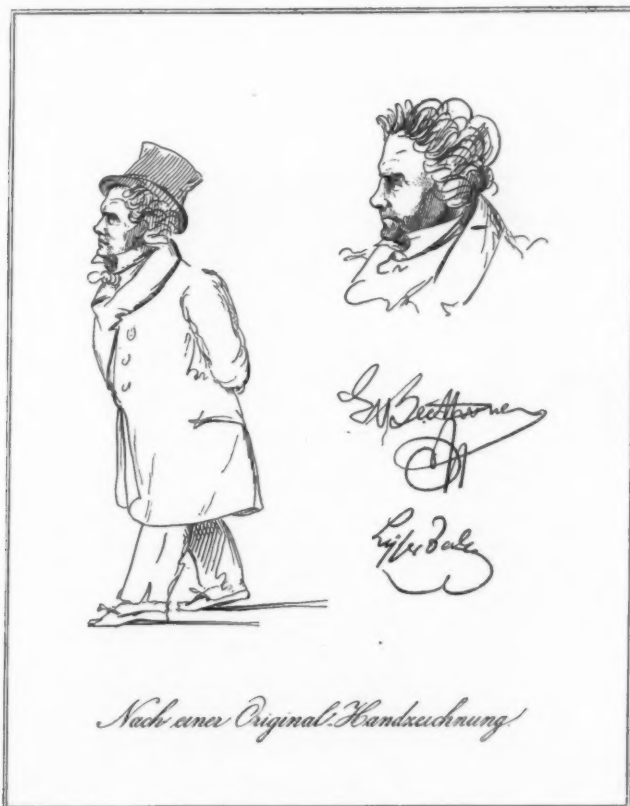
Of the articles exhibited at that time, many have remained in the possession of the society. It is my purpose to speak only of a few of them, which serve markedly to illustrate the educational value of the institution. Prominent among these is the portrait of the mother of the composer, which was never publicly exhibited before 1890, though for a long time before that date in the possession of a collector of Bonn. Belief in its authenticity is based chiefly on an uninterrupted



ONE OF BEETHOVEN'S EAR-TRUMPETS.

tradition reaching back through the century, and its correspondence with the description of her personal appearance in the Fischer manuscript: "Stature of Madame van Beethoven rather large; longish face; nose a little bent; spare; earnest eyes." She was a native of Ehrenbreitstein, and her father was chief cook in the service of Caspar Wenzelaus, the Elector of Treves.

See page 7.). Before she was seventeen she was married to Johann Laym, a servant of the Elector of Treves, who left her a widow before she was twenty. She was married to Johann van Beethoven, tenor singer in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, on November 12, 1767, at the age of twenty-one, and died of consumption at the age of forty-one. Her last sickness hastened the



SKETCHES OF BEETHOVEN BY LYSER.

It is said that the cause of Beethoven's deafness was an inherited disorder. If this be so, the study of the social influences which went out from a court morally corrupt in spite of its ecclesiastical character, made possible by Thayer's investigations, serves to throw into higher relief the nobility of his character, the chastity of his mind, and the purity of his life. It also accounts for his lifelong reverence and love for the memory of his grandfather, and for that of his sweet, patient, suffering mother. Her maiden name was Maria Magdalena Keverich ("Helena" in the certificate of Beethoven's birth.

return of Beethoven from his visit to Vienna in 1787. The portrait of her in the museum is supposed to be the work of Caspar Benedict Beckenkamp, also a native of Ehrenbreitstein, and, like the chief cook Keverich, also in the service of the Elector of Treves. The portrait of Beethoven's mother, assuming it to be such, is the most valuable contribution which the museum has made to this branch of Beethoveniana. It has a rival in interest, however, in the picture of the Countess Brunswick. This has long been known to the cognoscenti, but it has acquired a new and special value of late years from



the fact that investigators, acting on a hint thrown out by Thayer, have at last identified the countess as the "immortal beloved" of the passionate love-letters by Beethoven, long but falsely believed to have been written to the Countess Guicciardi. There can now be little doubt that the Countess Brunswick was the other party to the mysterious betrothal of which so much has been written.

The collection of over a hundred paintings, prints, casts, etc., of Beethoven now in the museum serve a double purpose by directing attention at once to the few authentic portraits of the composer in existence, and to the wideness and wildness of the flights in which artistic fancy has indulged in trying to produce his counterfeit presentment. There are exceedingly few pictures in existence which were made in Beethoven's youth and early manhood. It was only after he became famous in Vienna that artists were eager to paint him, and he was to the end uncontrollable in the matter of sittings. The only full and fair opportunity which he ever gave to a good artist was in 1814, when he agreed to sit a few times to enable Blasius Höfel to correct some defects in the pencil-drawing made two years before by Latronne, a French artist. This drawing was engraved on copper for the publisher Artaria. Beethoven sat in pose for about five minutes, then rushed to his pianoforte, and began improvising. The poor engraver was at his wit's end, but was relieved of his embarrassment by the composer's servant, who told him to take a position near the instrument, and work as long as he pleased, as Beethoven had entirely forgotten him, and did not know that any one was in the room. Höfel took the advice, and made so much progress with his plate that its completion required only two more sittings of less than an hour each. He left

the room without the knowledge of the composer. Beethoven esteemed this portrait highly, and in 1815 sent a copy of it to his friend Wegeler in Bonn. Though it is generally catalogued as the portrait of 1812, since it was in that year that Latronne's drawing was made, I have chosen, in view of the incident just narrated, to set it down as a representation of Beethoven in 1814, in his forty-fourth year, taking the date of the engraving as a guide. Its excellence is strongly confirmed by comparison with the cast of Beethoven's face made in 1812 by Franz Klein, a Viennese sculptor. All the strong characteristics of the mask are reproduced



THE LIFE-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

in the engraving,—the magnificently rounded forehead, broad cheek-bones, unlovely nose, and unyielding mouth,—though, it must be confessed, with some loss in ruggedness. In the mask made by Danhauser two days after death, the marks of the mutilations made by the surgeons for the purposes of the autopsy—the organs of hearing having been removed in the hope of learning the cause of his deafness—are too evident to make contemplation anything but sorrowful. The tiny silhouette which holds a place of honor in the museum, and is comparatively little known,

is not only the earliest of all Beethoven portraits, but the only one of unquestioned authenticity dating back to the Bonn period. It shows him in court dress, peruke, and ruff, as he appeared when on duty as member of the Electoral Chapel. It was made in 1789 or 1790, by a painter named Neesen, in the house of the Von Breuning family, where Beethoven was a frequent visitor before he went to Vienna. The house is now the home of Hermann Neusser, one of the founders of the Verein Beethoven-Haus. The singularly youthful aspect of the features shown in the silhouette is to me inexplicable. Beethoven was at the



time eighteen or nineteen years old. In the familiar pen-sketch by the painter and novelist Lyser, Beethoven's contemporaries were wont to praise the correctness of the attitude and carriage. This judgment now finds confirmation in the memoirs of Gottfried Fischer, which mention the fact that already, as a lad, Beethoven bent forward when walking. The uncontested genuineness of the

help of which he strove so long and so hopelessly to remain in communion with the world of sound. The pianoforte was specially made for him by Graf of Vienna. Its peculiarity is that through the greater part of its compass it has four unisonal strings for each key. So long as he could be made to hear a tone, Beethoven improvised upon this instrument; but under what distressful circumstances!



THE DEATH-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

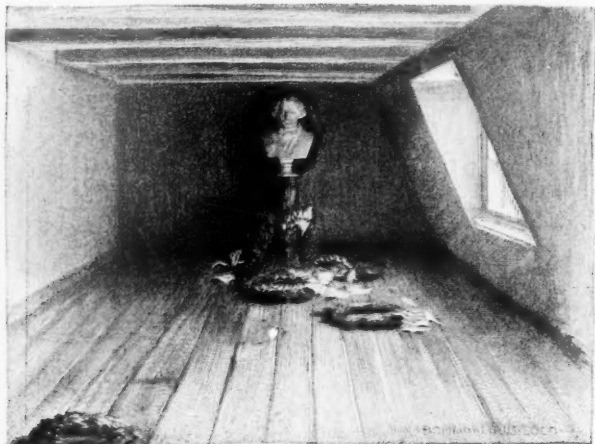
portrait of 1808, painted by W. F. Mähler, an amateur, is its chief commendation. The original hung in Beethoven's room till his death, and then went into the possession of the widow of his nephew Carl.

For seventy-five years the world has tried to solve the riddle propounded by an inscrutable Providence when it permitted Beethoven to become deaf. Among the objects in the museum are those most pitiful memorials of the physical calamity which overtook the man and musician Beethoven—the ear-trumpets and pianoforte with the

Maelzel, the mechanic who invented and made the ear-trumpets for him, built a resonator for the pianoforte. It was somewhat in the shape of the prompters' boxes employed in the theaters of Germany, and was placed on the instrument so that it covered a portion of the sounding-board and projected over the keys. Seated before the pianoforte, his head all but inside the wooden shell, one of the ear-trumpets held in place by an encircling brass band, Beethoven would pound upon the keys till the strings jangled discordantly with the influence of the per-

cussion, or flew asunder with shrieks as of mortal despair. Though the ear-trumpets had been useless for five years, they remained in Beethoven's study till his death. Then they found their way into the Royal Library at Berlin, where they remained until Emperor William II presented them to the museum. The smallest one was used by Beethoven oftenest and for the longest time. The instruments were made for Beethoven by Maelzel at the time when the two were contemplating a visit to London. The inventor intended to exhibit his panharmonicon; and Beethoven composed for it the descriptive work called "Wellington's Victory," in imitation of the battle-pieces which were at the height of their popularity then, and still

maintain themselves on and beyond the periphery of our musical communities. The projected tour was never made, and the scheme ended in a quarrel and lawsuit, for which the blame was thrown on Maelzel, though the fault was the composer's. A year before Beethoven died, Maelzel came to America, where he remained until his death in 1838. Here, as in Europe, he depended for a livelihood on exhibitions of his mechanical contrivances; and though the biographers down to Thayer have maligned his character, he left an excellent reputation, especially in Philadelphia, where he lived longest. One of his masterpieces of mechanism was a forerunner of Ajoub, the chess-playing automaton.



THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

## MAY ON THE MARSHES.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

GILDED with buttercups, with frost of white  
 Wild lilies-of-the-valley, the marshy green  
 Glimmered with blue-flags countless all between  
 Me and the brimming stream's long line of light.  
 And all the sweet air laughed as to a sprite,  
 And danced and rained with music crystalline,  
 With trilled and tittering melody, faint and keen,  
 Where in the flags the marsh-wren woke delight—  
 Delight to break my heart: for when I turned  
 To meet your dark-eyed smile, to see your face  
 Reflect the light wherewith the sunset burned,  
 Only the dark-eyed flags smiled up at me,  
 Only the green was touched with golden grace,  
 And only the marsh-wren thrilled my tears to see.

# ASCENT *of the* ENCHANTED MESA (La Mesa Encantada)

BY

F. W. HODGE.



ON a rugged rock-table rising from a beautiful level valley in western central New Mexico, the Acoma Indians have had their home since Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, the commander of the most pretentious army of explorers that ever trod our domain, wended his tedious way in 1540 from Mexico to the bison plains of eastern Kansas.

For how long before the middle of the sixteenth century the natives climbed the dizzy trails that still lead to their eyrie citadel cannot be said; but the Acomas have an unwritten book of Genesis, which recounts their origin in the mystic under-world of Shipápu, their emergence into this world of light, their migration from the far North, and their fitful settlements for indefinite periods, in similarly indefinite localities, each probably in the hope that the stable middle of this flat, boundless world had at last been found.

We learn this from Acoma lips; for, like other peoples of prescriptorial culture, these pueblo-dwellers retain mental records of past achievements which are handed down through the ages from father to son, and from shaman to novitiate, even archaic terms and expressions being preserved as they were uttered by the ancients.

The first stopping-place of which the Acomas have an oral record was Kashkáchuti, somewhere in the indefinite North; the next was Washpáshuka, southward of

the latter, they say; and, traveling still to the southward, as if to seek a more genial clime, they reached a place where the village of Kuchtyá was built. The next halt is more definitely located—the Cañada de Cruz, at the gateway of which the walls of Tsíama were reared. But the "middle" was not here, it seems; so southward again they journeyed to the beautiful vale of Acoma, where the pueblo of Tapitsíama was established on a mesa overlooking the valley from the northeast.

Indians do everything with a definite purpose; if they erect a village on a defensive site, it means that they have enemies whose attacks they can thus the better repel. Such a site was Tapitsíama; but it was not impregnable.

A predatory horde may have succeeded in driving out its inhabitants, or it may have been abandoned for other causes. At any rate, the village was deserted, and its Acoma occupants made another move in their great life-game, this time to the summit of the mighty rock of Katzímó.

Among the peculiarly distinctive natural features that mark New Mexico and Arizona, none is so prominent as the great, flat-topped, steep-sided mesas, or rock-tables, that everywhere rise from the sandy plains throughout the length and breadth of these Territories.

And in this land of mesas, none are more

beautiful or more typical than those that hold command over the valley of Acoma. Their sides are pink and cream, while now and then a splendid dash of purple or crimson suggests the magic stroke of some titanic painter. But the loftiest, most beautiful, most majestic of all is the great isolated table of Katzímo, "la Mesa Encantada" (the Enchanted Mesa), which rises more than four hundred feet from the center of the valley, like an isle of rock from a sea of sand. Its massive walls are adorned with pinnacles and minarets and towering spires, carved by the elements from solid rock, and frescoed in many tints by the same great artists, while on its crest appears a crown of evergreen. The northern and western faces of the escarpment are each relieved by a great cove or amphitheater; but elsewhere the cliff is sheer and forbidding.

When the ancestors of the Acomas abandoned Tapitsíama, they sought the summit of Katzímo (tradition says) through the cove in the western face, near the southern end, where the steep wall was surmounted by means of hand- and foot-holes pecked in the rock, as at Acoma to-day. Safe from every intrusion was their new home site. With a solitary trail, so easily defended that a single man might keep an army at bay, what fear had they of enemies?

Like the other Pueblo Indians, the Acomas have always been tillers of the soil. The fertile sands of their valley and its tributaries bore harvests of corn, beans, squashes, and cotton, the seeds of which they planted deep with a shouldered dibble, and fructified with impounded storm-water. Before the advent of the bearers of cross and sword, every man and every woman was a human beast of burden; for horsekind was unknown, and of cattle, sheep, and swine they also knew nothing. Yet, born to work, they performed the task of battling with nature for a livelihood, and performed it well; for their granaries were always full enough to enable them, if need be, to withstand a twelvemonth's siege.

Time rolled on. How long the top of Katzímo had been occupied not even the elders now know; perhaps a few generations had passed; perhaps, indeed, five hundred years had flown since the walls of Tapitsíama were left to crumble. Another springtime came, and, as of yore, the sun-priest heralded from the housetops that the time for planting was soon to come. The seeds from the last year's harvest were gathered from the <sup>h<sup>2</sup></sup>, planting-sticks were sharpened,

and the natives stood in readiness for the final announcement of the seer to repair to the fields.

Meanwhile the clans were busy in selecting representatives to participate in the great foot-races, for the Pueblos are famous runners, and, incredible as it may seem, a spirited contest over a cruel course of twenty-five miles is a feat still accomplished with comparative ease.

All was life on the mesa-top before the first eastern glow kissed with ruddy warmth the crest of Katzímo. Down the rugged trail the natives clambered—every one who was able to force a planting-stick in the compact sand, or sufficiently lithe to drive away a robber crow. Only a few of the aged and the ailing were left behind.

The sun climbed over the tinted cliff and spent its glare on the planters in the valley below. Warmer and warmer it waxed, until flecks of cloud began to appear; then new clouds formed, and they chased one another across the mesa-tops like a troop of children at play; childlike, too, their murmurings soon began, then grew louder and louder still, and the tears began to fall. The busy planters hastened in their work; but faster and faster came the rain, driving them to the shelters made of boughs and sticks from which the crops are watched. The great black dome was rent by a hundred glittering swords; the thunder crackled and roared; and the rain fell in such a torrent that Katzímo was hidden by the sky-born cataract, and the valley became a sheet of flood.

With dire forebodings the elders shook their heads. Never before had the heavens given vent to such fury. Yet as suddenly as the storm arose, so suddenly did the clouds disperse, and in all its majesty the sunlit crest of Katzímo loomed from a sea of mist.

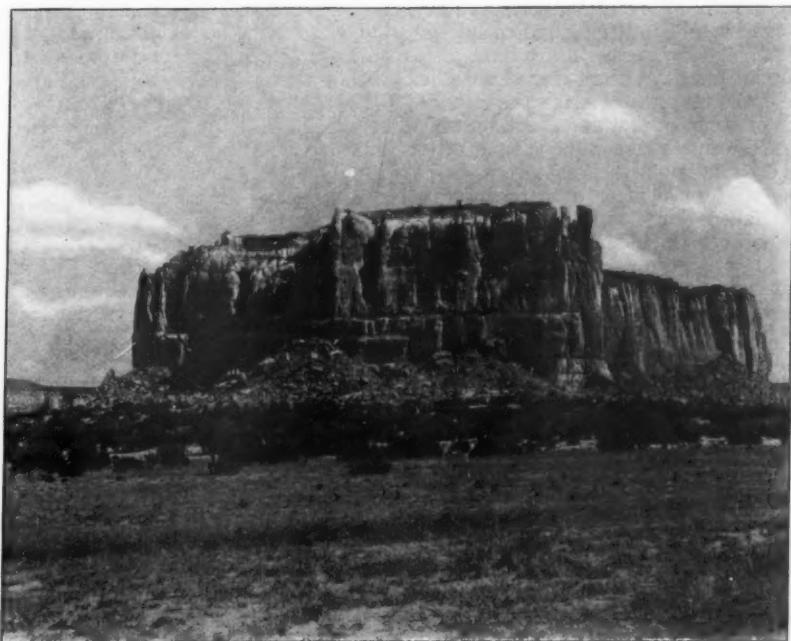
The toilers trudged toward their mountain home. When the base of the trail was reached, huge sharp-edged blocks of stone, such as frequently fall to-day, were encountered at the talus foot, blocking the pathway of the morning, and giving mute testimony of disaster to the ladder-trail above. The Acomas still tell us that a great rock-mass at the foot of the cove, formerly giving access to the cleft by means of the holes therein pecked, became freed from the friable wall in that memorable storm of centuries ago, and thundered downward in a thousand fragments, cutting off communication with the mesa village, and thus preventing the rescue for which the feeble voices above were calling.

Ask the Acomas why their ancestors made no desperate effort to save from the fated town those of their flesh and blood, and they gravely shake their heads. Many a place has become enchanted to the Indian for lesser cause.

So much for the legend of la Mesa Encantada, shorn of its poetry and its pathos. When the story was first related to white people cannot be said. Perhaps it was known

pueblos of New Mexico in the summer and autumn of 1895, I visited Acoma, where the tradition was outlined to me by Tsiki, a chief and medicine-man of renown in his tribe.

Having devoted no little time to the determination of the verity of native tradition by substantial historical and archaeological evidence, the thought of discrediting the Katzímó legend did not occur to me. During



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROMAN.

ENCHANTED MESA (KATZÍMÓ), FROM THE NORTH.

to the *conquistadores* who trudged the waterless sands long before Puritan feet pressed the rock of Plymouth; if so, they left no record behind. In our own time, however, the tradition was repeated to Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who resided for several years at the pueblo of Isleta, and was on intimate terms with the gray-haired priests of Acoma.

The publication by Mr. Lummis, some twelve years ago, of the story of Katzímó aroused no little interest in the history of the giant rock among students of Southwestern ethnology—an interest which has grown apace until the very name of the Enchanted Mesa has come to be almost a household word.

While conducting a reconnoissance of the  
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the same trip I made a visit to the great rock, three miles northeastward, and, clambering over the talus piled half-way up the cliff, entered the amphitheater through which the traditional trail had wound its way. Little difficulty was experienced in passing, unshod, over the rocky slope to within about sixty feet of the summit of the cliff; but at this point a sheer wall of thirty feet prevented further progress.

Retracing my steps, with the aid of a series of depressions that bore indication of having been artificially pecked, I rejoined my companion below, and devoted some time to an examination of the talus slope, observing that it was made up largely of earth washed from the mesa-top, scattered over which were numerous sherds of ancient pottery. The



antique and the modern earthenware of the Pueblo Indians are quite distinct in texture and decoration, but the method of manufacture is identical in each case. The laborious practice of coiling, then smoothing, polishing, and painting, the clay is still in vogue; for the natives have never been initiated into the mysteries of the potter's wheel.

Not having on this occasion the facilities for climbing to the top of the mesa, I reluctantly departed from the Acoma country, with the hope of returning and completing the examination at some future time.

Nothing more was heard of the Enchanted Mesa until last year, when it was announced in the newspapers that an expedition which had successfully reached the summit of the mesa by means of ropes shot from a life-saving mortar had, after a search of three hours, failed to find any evidence that the mesa had been inhabited in former times.

The news of the results achieved by this expedition reached me while *en route* to Arizona for the purpose of conducting some field-work in that territory. While at Moki I was directed by the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution to proceed to Acoma and la Mesa Encantada, with a view of scaling the height, and supplementing the evidence of its former occupancy gained two years previously. The knowledge gleaned from my former trip served me well in procuring a special outfit for performing the task. I was already aware that a ladder of sufficient length to cover the thirty-foot wall, together with sufficient rope to serve as hand-lines, etc., would be all that a climb to the summit by way of the amphitheater would require. Therefore, equipped with a light extension-ladder and a sufficient quantity of half-inch rope to meet every emergency, I proceeded on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad to the Indian village of Laguna, the most recent, yet the most rapidly decaying, of all the pueblos, where I had rare good fortune in enlisting the services of Major George H. Pradt, a civil engineer of that place; Mr. A. C. Vroman of Pasadena, California, who served as photographer; and Mr. H. C. Hayt of Chicago. To these gentlemen much of the success of the expedition is due.

The start from Laguna was not made until September 1, the day on which I had hoped to reach the mesa summit, in order that the task should be completed before the pilgrimage to Acoma of numerous visitors from the surrounding country to witness the *Fiesta de*

*San Estevan* on the day following; but the difficulty in obtaining a team from an Indian, who had engaged one of his brown brethren to bring in the animals from the range several days before, necessitated the postponement.

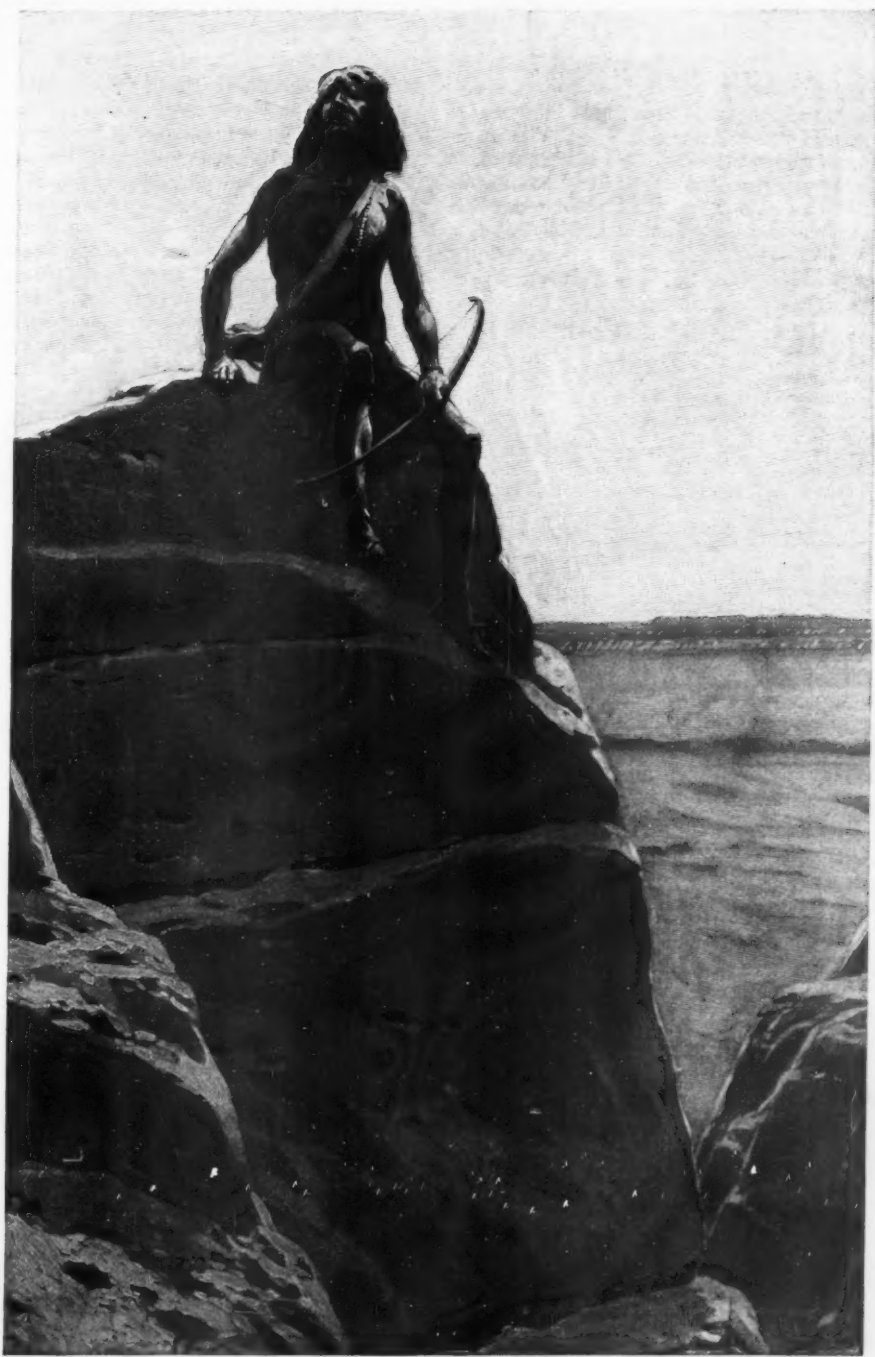
Mounted on a farm-wagon drawn by a large white horse and a mule so small that one had to look twice to be sure it was not a burro, we crept along through the suburbs of the village, where a group of Lagunas were engaged in threshing wheat by the primitive but effectual method of lashing into perpetual gallop a bunch of unshod horses set loose within a rude inclosure. The valley of the Rio San José, named in honor of the patron saint of Laguna, was followed for about eight miles to a point where half a dozen roads turn southward. Of these one takes his choice—they are all bad enough, and all lead to Acoma.

It was not long before the crest of Katzímó loomed above the intervening heights; and as the valley of Acoma was entered we looked with awe at the tremendous isolated pile, and silently wondered at the intrepidity of the Acomas of old. After yielding to a desire to measure with our eyes the distance up the great cove near the southwestern corner, and speculating on the adequacy of our scaling equipment, we proceeded to the pueblo. A score of Navajos dashed across the sands, and made straightway, almost without slackening speed, up the horse-trail, the treacherous pitches of which have been rudely walled.

The Navajo is a veritable centaur. A tale is current in the Southwest that once an American rode a horse until apparently he could go no further; then a Mexican mounted him, and forthwith rode twenty miles more, until the poor beast fell exhausted; but a Navajo jerked him to his feet, leaped into the saddle, and won a ten-mile race!

Night came on, and belated burro-trains labored slowly in, laden with melons, peaches, and wild plums; and, between the constant proddings of their patient little beasts, the drivers bade us welcome. We made a moonlight ascent of the famous Camino del Padre, and found other preparations for the fiesta on the morrow. A flash of light across the night from a housetop-oven gave phantom outlines to the oldest dwellings in our domain, and the dying words of a herald lent a weirdness to the scene long to be remembered.

The start for the mesa was made early on the morning of September 3, the day after the fiesta. The sun burst through the east-



AN ANCIENT OF KATZÍMO.  
("A single man might keep an army at bay.")



ern heights, and set the valley aglow with wondrous beauty. Every shrub seemed magnified, and the placid little pools, born of the storm of yesterday, glistened like diamonds in an emerald field. But the western face of Encantada looked sullen in the cool shadow of the morn, and the great cleft became a mere black gash. We pitched our camp in a clump of cedars at the base of the talus, below the amphitheater. Major Pradt immediately began the determination of the height of the cliff, which at this point proved to be 431 feet above the plain. The top of the talus was found to be 224 feet above the same point. At noon we were ready, with the aid of our two Laguna boys, to make the ascent. We shouldered the ladders, ropes, and instruments, and in a few minutes reached the top of the talus slope, very much out of breath; for the altitude of the valley is over six thousand feet, and the air is light. The real labor was yet before us; but in our anxiety to reach the top we did not tarry long before beginning to scale the steep, rocky slopes above. One of the party passed ahead, and fastened a rope to a gnarled piñon growing from the rocks through nourishment fed by the summit drainage. By this means, repeated at each convenient landing-place, the other members of the party—except the two Indians, who remained below—found a safe and less arduous method of passing the treacherous pitches.

Thus was reached the narrow platform at the base of the thirty-foot wall, the highest point attained during the 1895 visit. While on this bench an interesting observation was made. In a corner of the ledge a large boulder rests, back of which a crack occurs from the top to the bottom of the thirty feet of wall. On each side of this fissure a regular series of holes had been artificially pecked for the reception of ladder-rungs; but they have been so worn away by the wash from above that they are now traceable only on close examination. Behind the boulder were found several freshly pointed oak sticks, placed there evidently by some one who had attempted to gain the summit through their agency, but had failed. Immediately afterward, almost beneath the boulder, several sherds of a modern Acoma vessel, together with an unfeathered prayer-stick, were discovered—a melancholy reminder of a votive offering made at the highest point of accessibility.

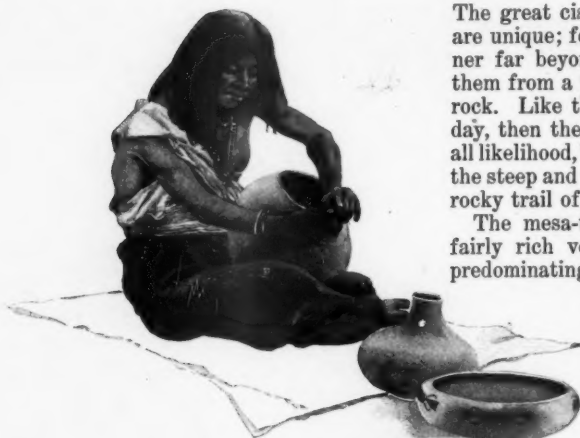
We now adjusted four of the six-foot sections of the ladder, believing that they would

reach the top of the sheer wall. But the height was deceptive, and another section was added. Yet it fell short of the mark; so the last length was fitted and locked, and when the structure was raised to an almost perpendicular position the ladder reached just above the cap of the wall. To keep the ladder from slipping outward and crashing down the chasm, a hole was pecked in the soft sandstone for each leg. Again a member of the party went ahead, the remaining three holding the bottom of the ladder with all their strength. The frail structure swayed and cracked and bent like a reed, but the top of the wall was gained in safety. A rope was secured to an upper rung, and attached to a giant boulder that had found lodgment in a corner of the platform. Then the baggage, wrapped in blankets, was hauled aloft, and the remainder of the party followed, a rope being placed around the chest of each as a measure of precaution. We turned and looked out through the lofty walls of the narrow cleft across the sunny valley to the rugged *peñol* of Acoma beyond, and the vista was one of peculiar beauty. Another perpendicular stretch of thirty feet, and the top was reached.

The passage from the deep shadow of the amphitheater, where two hours had been spent, to the sunlight of the summit, was like entering into a new world—a world like that the Acomas entered when, as half-formed beings, they emerged from the mystic Shipápu, and began to battle anew. And what a view our eyes beheld when they had grown accustomed to the glare of this new light! A thread of blue smoke curled lazily from distant Acoma, as if to remind us that the ancient town was weary from its yesterday's festivities. A moving speck of white across the valley green told of the departure of the last group of visitors. Away in the west, the great frowning Mesa Prieta, fringed with immense pines and skirted by the awful river of glistening black lava, overlooked the beautiful vale of Cebollita. Mount San Mateo (called Mount Taylor for the last fifty years by Americans, unaware that it had been christened a century before) loomed up in all its grandeur, the loftiest peak in New Mexico. The broken pink cliffs on every other side, at the feet of which miniature forests of piñon and cedar have served the Acomas for fuel during generations past, walled in the beautiful grama-carpeted valley, while the whole was ceiled by a dome of turquoise festooned with clouds of burnished silver.



A TRIAL OF SPEED—AT THE BASE OF KATZIMO.



The rocky floor of the mesa-top had been swept and carved and swept again by the storm-demons of centuries since the "ancients" of the fleeting forms we saw on the roofs in the moonlight of the night before had descended the ladder-trail in the early morn of that fateful day.

Although the afternoon was still young, I at once saw that the remaining hours of daylight would not suffice for a thorough examination of the summit. Directing the two Lagunas below to gather together our blankets, and a sufficient supply of provisions for a couple of meals, a reconnaissance was begun, and in a few moments a fragment of greatly weather-worn ancient pottery was picked up.

The storm of the previous day, which drove the Indians from their religious ceremonies, and gave birth to the glittering little pools in the verdant valley below, afforded facilities for observation on the summit that otherwise would not have been possible. Here and there in the rocky floor "pot-holes" had been eroded by wind and rain, and were now filled with water; but nowhere else on the entire summit had the rain found resting-place. Over the brink it had poured in scores of cata-racts, carrying with it stones and such earth as it managed to gather from the scanty store yet remaining. Like the mesa-dwelling Mokis of to-day, the inhabitants of Katzímó doubtless derived their water-supply from springs below—a source since hidden, either by the talus or by the Acomas, just as springs have been covered from sight by natives at El Morro, at Tabirá, and at many other abandoned dwelling-sites of old.

The great cisterns of rain-water at Acoma are unique; for nature built them in a manner far beyond native skill, and sheltered them from a thirsty sun by mighty walls of rock. Like the toiling women of Moki to-day, then the water-carriers of Katzímó, in all likelihood, bore their brimming *tinajas*<sup>1</sup> up the steep and rugged cleft, wearing deep the rocky trail of long ago.

The mesa-top was once covered with a fairly rich vegetation, piñons and cedars predominating; but most of these now stand gaunt and bare, or lie prone and decaying on the bleak surface, their means of subsistence having been long washed away. A few dozen more storms, and the others must inevitably perish. But

the examination of the surface of Katzímó was not essential to a determination of the fact that it was for-



A PRIMITIVE PUEBLO POTTER.

merly mantled with a thick stratum of earth; the talus had already told the story that on the very site of their village the inhabitants of Katzímó had an abundance of material with which to make the balls of adobe mud described by one of the Spanish chroniclers of the sixteenth century. The last remnants of their houses, together with the fragments of their household utensils, save such as we

<sup>1</sup> Spanish for a large earthen jar. Anglicized in the Southwest.

found, passed over the brink generations ago; but one may still find an abundance of the latter scattered through the detritus which in places is piled half-way up the mesa sides.

From Katzímo the pine-fringed Mesa Prieta is a fitting foreground to each dying sun. Black from every point of view, it is gloomier still in the light of the ruddy mesas over which it stands guard. The sun had

the unusual feeling that crept over us when we realized that our camp in the moonlight was pitched on the site of a honeycombed village fraught with life in the days before Columbus set sail, inspired sensations during our waking moments of the night that cannot be described. Before the red sun broke through the distant haze we were out of our blankets, and, after a hasty breakfast, each



THE HORSE TRAIL UP THE ACOMA MESA.

set, and already the moon was spreading its silvery sheen over the placid valley beneath. The smoke still curled from the drowsy village, and rose in phantom outline against the cool gray sky, the only thing of life within our range. The faint strains of a plaintive chant from the two Indians in the cedars at the foot of the great cliff increased the weirdness of our lofty camp, and almost made one wonder if it all were real. A flash of lightning made me aware of a bank of black clouds in the southwest, which sent a chilling breeze across the mesa-top. We built a huge fire around one of the gaunt specters that stood about us with outstretched arms; soon there was a mighty blaze, and a shout of approval reached us from the two Lagunas below.

The exertion of the previous afternoon,

was engaged in his chosen work. While aiding Major Pradt in making a survey of the mesa-top, I was not a little surprised to find three Acoma Indians among us. They were by no means friendly at first; for, having seen our fire the night before, they had come to the top by means of our ladders to learn the cause of this unusual burst of flame from their ancestral home site, and to oust the intruders from the height. The leader, who was the war chief of the tribe, and a medicine-man, asked us our business. We told him. The natives became interested, and said that their people had feared we were after their land. Being assured we had no desire to make our future home on their dry sand-dunes or drier mesas, but that we were merely looking for pottery fragments, the chief expressed serious doubt that any relics



could be found, inasmuch as many ages had passed since his people lived on the great table, and he believed all evidences of former occupancy had been swept or washed away. The interest of the three Indians was quite apparent when I showed them the fragment of pottery picked up by Major Pradt the evening before, and they manifested no unwillingness to search for other potsherds when I made the suggestion. They were engaged in this quest only a short while when they returned with several fragments of extremely ancient, greatly worn earthenware, a large projectile-point, a portion of a shell bracelet, and parts of two grooved stone axes, all lichen-flecked with age, and still moist from contact with the ground. Thoroughly satisfied with the outcome, I decided to bring the work to a close as soon as the survey, the photographic work, and the examination of the general features of the mesa's summit were concluded.

When I considered that the summit of Katzimo is, and long has been, absolutely inaccessible to the Indians; that it has been washed by rains and swept by winds for centuries, until scarcely any soil is left on its

crest, as the bare trees plainly attest; that numberless blocks of soft sandstone, weighing hundreds of tons, have so recently fallen from the cliff that their edges have not had time to become rounded by erosion; that the topography of the summit is such that not a cupful of water now remains on the surface, save in a few eroded pot-holes in the sandstone, but that it rushes over the precipice on every side in a hundred cataracts; that well-defined traces of an ancient ladder-trail may still be seen, pecked in the rocky wall of the very cleft through which the traditional pathway wound its course; and, above all, the large numbers of very ancient potsherds in the earthy talus about the base of the mesa, which must have been washed from above—the conclusion was inevitable that the summit of la Mesa Encantada was inhabited prior to 1540, when the present Acoma was discovered by Coronado, and that the last vestige of the village itself has long been washed or blown over the cliff.

As we wended our way across the arroyo-scarred plain, I still looked in awe at the royal height, and wondered again at the Acomas of old.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. MAUDE & CO.

DANCE OF SAN ESTEVAN AT ACOMA.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROMAN.

THE CLIMB UP THE GREAT CLEFT OF KATZÍMO.

VOL. LVI.—4.

# NOTES ON OLD MESA LIFE.

BY THE ARTIST, FERNAND  
LUNGREN.

**T**HICKLY strewn over the face of the large area comprising the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the southern parts of the States of Utah and Colorado, and indeed the northern portion of



NEARING THE TOP OF THE ENCHANTED MESA  
(KATZIMO).

Mexico, are innumerable remains of former human habitations, ranging from the cavate lodge, or "cave-dwelling," through the so-

called "cliff-dwellings,"—"sub-types," as Mindeleff calls them,—to the form common to the present "pueblo," or aggregation of house-groups. Perched on lofty and sheer-walled mesas, hanging seemingly to the cliff-sides or along the meager

water-courses, they are so numerous as to have given rise to the theory of a once teeming population in this region—a theory which the physical history of the country in no way substantiates. What date is to be fixed upon as having seen their beginnings, the best of research has not yet been carried far enough to say. That some are very ancient, and that others are of a more recent date, one is broadly permitted to state. Their number, at first bewildering, becomes, when better acquaintance with the traditions and customs of the present Indian inhabitants is obtained, together with the physical nature of the country, not so inexplicable. The construction and situation of the habitations were largely matters of topographic and geographic environment; and, in a country where the facilities for building are great, owing to the remarkably convenient lamina-



tion of the sandstone of which nearly all the dwellings are constructed, their abandonment for various causes was not so grave a matter as it would be in other regions. The failure of the water-supply,—the vital question in the Southwest,—pestilence, or preference for a more advantageous site, was sufficiently strong reason for moving from place to place, erecting at each stoppage dwellings to take the place of those abandoned. In a modified degree, the same state of affairs is in progress now, adding others to the already large number of remains that slowly crumble to decay. It would be fairly accurate to say that all of these remains were the work of the present Pueblo Indians and their ancestors. Another theory concerning the cave- and cliff-dwellers, allotting to them a separate and distinct existence, usually giving them another physical type and a mysterious extinction, must give way, in common with their supposed intimate connection with the Aztecs. In the Southwest all aboriginal development is loosely and cheerfully attributed to the latter people.

Careful and prolonged investigation and comparison have proved, without much doubt, the common racial characteristics connect-

ing in direct descent the pueblos with the older stages of life and habitation; presumably because authorities are somewhat undecided whether all three forms were not coexistent, in two localities at least such having been the case—in the Cañon de Chelly, in Arizona, and on one of the old sites of Cochiti, in New Mexico. Leaving the order of priority aside, some of all the forms are of great antiquity, and present most interesting problems in the field of archæology and ethnology. To-day probably there does not exist a more fertile and valuable domain in these sciences than this high plateau, upheaved from the inland sea, carrying with it the story of the world before man came, and now rich with the remains of his occupancy from the earliest to the present day.

In endeavoring to trace man backward or forward, to establish his relationship to this or that family type, or to sever it, the first and always most valuable means is through his arts; and of these the arts of building and the manufacture of necessary implements leave the most indelible impressions. Take the architecture of any of the ruins abounding in this region, no matter how old,—the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROMAN.

MR. HODGE'S PARTY ON THE MESA SUMMIT AT THE TOP OF THE OLD TRAIL.

cliff-dwellings, if you will,—and their resemblance to the present mode of building, such modifications as natural deviation demands being allowed, is at once apparent.

The people, then, who built the present pueblo towns are the descendants of those who built the abandoned and ruined ones; and to-day they live in house-groups, many of which are still crowning the summit of precipitous mesas, where they were built as places of defense when these house-building, agricultural Indians were a prey to the nomadic and predatory tribes overrunning the same country down to within a few years.

The high mesas or flat-topped ridges, great headlands and promontories jutting out into seas of level plains and shifting sands, were the natural places of vantage from which they could resist their enemies, and therefore a large number of ruined pueblos are found upon them.

The "seven cities of Cibola," when Coronado found them in 1540, were on the plain. After the Indian revolt of 1680, when the Indians feared the Spaniards' revenge and punishment, they fled, and lived for twelve years on the summit of Tâaaiyalnoa, commonly known as Thunder Mountain, a thousand feet in the air. Acoma, however, has occupied its present mesa site ever since it has been known to history.

Of the traditions of a great number of these abandoned sites nothing remains; of others, again, fairly accurate accounts are retained—and retained in a truthfulness possible only to a people having no written history, who by necessity have been conservative through hundreds of years, and to-day possess in purity traditions, folk-lore, and religious ceremonials virtually untouched by contact with outside influence.

When Mr. F. W. Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology succeeded in reaching the summit of Katzîmo (la Mesa Encantada, or the Enchanted Mesa), the perpendicular walls of which rise nearly four hundred and fifty feet above the valley, and found by the remains of trails and potsherds the more than probable evidence of a former occupancy, he proved the truth of the legend, and gratified the expectations of those knowing the Indian and therefore valuing his traditions and legends.

To reconstruct the life in such a pueblo as Katzîmo is not so very difficult when change from the old to the new life has been so gradual, and when are applied such valuable data as the researches of Bandelier and Hodge have given. It was undoubtedly, like

that of to-day, a story of constant struggle for existence where the conditions of life are, and always have been, hard.

Then, as to-day, when the men went down to the fields the pueblo was really in control of its rightful owners, the women. In these old communities the woman was the important partner in the household. She was the owner of the house and all it contained. She built it, and furnished it with its utensils of daily use. The children traced descent through the mother, and took her clan name. The man's position, other than mere provider, was that of an honored guest; and if he presumed disagreeably on his position, more likely than not he was sent back to his own home. Far from being the general slave and pack-animal that is her sister of the plains tribes, the Pueblo woman's duties were purely domestic; and if she ever worked in the field, it was for the common good, to save the scanty harvest in time of need.

The grinding of the many-colored corn for bread, the weaving, and the making of pottery were her principal occupations, and are to this day. The Pueblo Indians are, *par excellence*, the potters of the Southwest, and it will be confessed that they come fairly by the title, as an examination of some of the old-time ware will prove, although in this case, as in some others, the evolution has not been for the better.

In the small house-cell or in the white sunlight the potter sat, and, with scarcely any tools at all, fashioned such specimens of the potter's art as to challenge admiration from us, with all our appliances. The use of the potter's wheel was unknown, and the "throwing" of a shape by this means out of the question; but with a hollow bit of basket-ware or a piece of broken pot for a support, all the forms, from a simple food-bowl up to the largest and most elaborate water-jars, were built up by coil on coil of clay, smoothed or modeled in pattern as the vessel grew; and when one examines some of the ancient pieces, notably those excavated by Dr. Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution, one can but marvel.

Then came the decorating; and in every case, from the simplest to the most elaborate and intricate symbolic design, one must confess that the Indian uses the truest inceptive and fundamental art principles. There never is any waste of energy in "effect"; the design always means a concrete thing which appeals to the understanding of the Indians for whose use the utensils are. Through these same pottery forms and their decoration runs one of the



PRIMITIVE PUEBLO WATER-CARRIERS.

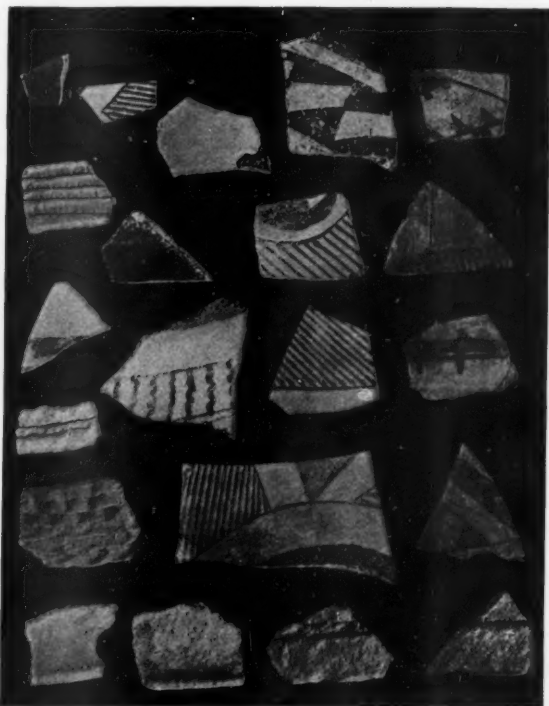
strongest chains binding the old to the new. Near me are two *tinajas*, or water-jars. One is many generations, perhaps centuries, old, the other perhaps five years; and yet in shape and general decoration they are much alike, and if the newer one was properly "toned" they would pass as of the same period. Near the potter, gossiping with her neighbor, sits a woman weaving; and here a change is seen.

They had no wool then, cotton and skins being, with the yucca, the only textiles. Yucca was to the Indian what the bamboo is to the Asiatic. It gave them needles and thread, and cloth to use them on, and entered in a hundred ways into the economies of daily life.

Near by, young girls and old women hung over the "mealing-box" of stones, and with the rubbing-stone ground the bright red,

blue, and yellow corn into fine-grained, variegated meal upon the *metate*;<sup>1</sup> and others, mixing it to a paste, quickly spread it in thin layers on a broad, hot stone, and then, deftly picking it up, rolled or folded it into many-hued bundles of peekee (*matsu*), or "paper" bread. So the day wore on, and when the sun had melted his way into the mesas in the west, flooding all the valley with a golden glory, barred at the horizon by long lines of blue

religious ceremonials. The subject is of such magnitude and importance that it cannot be discussed here, even briefly. It is enough to say that the ceremonials called "dances," for want of a better term, are survivals of thought and religious training going back over an indefinite time until lost in tradition. The yearly celebration of the dance and fiesta of San Estevan at Acoma, while owning a Christian saint's name, has nothing Chris-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WELLS M. SAWYER.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC POTSDHERDS FOUND BY MR. HODGE ON THE TALUS OF KATZIMO.

and purple cliffs, up the trail, between great towering masses of rock, came the women from the springs at the base of the mesa, each with graceful carriage poising upon her head an *olla*, or *tinaja*, of water for her household's comfort. Then the still, blue night, hung with great calm, golden stars, came softly down, or the moon, large and full, witched the world to fairyland.

In no one particular can one look for a closer connection between the old and the modern life than is found in the celebration of

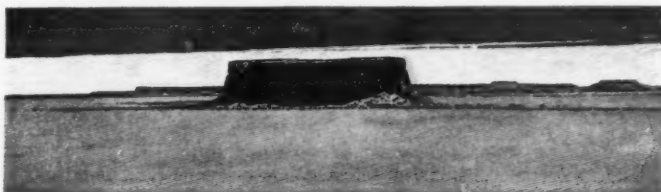
tian about it; it is absolutely pagan. It is a savage celebration of an event widely distributed among all peoples, in all times, being, in fact, a "harvest home," or thanksgiving, primarily, with growths accruing from environment and natural causes. In nearly all of the Rio Grande pueblos the principal pagan ceremonial was given the name of that saint in the calendar whose day fell the nearest to the beginning of the celebration. This is only one of the opportunities seized upon and made the most of by the missionary monks in an endeavor to ingraft the Christian upon the pagan religious expression, being a repetition of the methods

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from the Aztec *metate*, a stone on which grain is ground by rubbing with a *mano*, or muller, held in the hands.

of the early Christian church. Pagan these Indians are, and so they will remain for many generations; and this fact it would be well to bear in mind in the attempt to "civilize" them.

Associated with the religious ceremonies, and usually occurring afterward, come sports and contests of skill and endurance, hardly less religious in their inception than those which went before; for probably the Pueblo Indian is one of the most thoroughly religious creatures to be found on the earth. The most apparently trivial action or undertaking has religious significance for him. Races and fleetness of foot have for all time, in common with other peoples, been esteemed and cultivated by the Indian. A form of foot-race to be witnessed among the Pueblos during such ceremonials is a species of relay races, and is of much antiquity. The contestants are two groups, selected often from the married and unmarried men respectively; and these are stationed in equal numbers at each goal, which is marked by members of each faction gathered about a religious emblem attached to an upright pole. If, for convenience, the two groups of racers be designated by the terms "red" and "black," then the start is made by a couple, one "red," the other "black," who, at a signal, dart upon the course, which is usually about three hundred yards in length. At the goal to which they are running await another couple with tense nerves and ready muscles. The instant the foremost runner reaches the mark, the waiting man of his own color springs away over the backward

course like a startled deer, while the loser's partner must await his arrival before he may try to overhaul the already started one, each finding at the goal another partner to take up the race. In this way the advantage fluctuates according to the speed of the contesting runners, as, cheered on by the adherents of the opposing sides, they put forth every effort to gain time for their side, or to cut down the opponent's advantage. It is a "time" race, and often is kept up for hours together, ending at an appointed hour. The record throughout is accurately kept, and there is no dispute with the umpires. In some of the races the "points" aimed at are the number of times each runner can touch the *pungo*, or cue, of a runner in advance of him or save his own from capture. To-day the Indians frequently make numerous wagers on the result, and at the conclusion victors and vanquished join good-naturedly in a feast, for they are "good losers." The level plain about the base of Katzimo, sparsely dotted with cedars, offered an ideal selection of courses; and on a bright day, the air quivering with light and stimulus, the opposing contestants from the mesa-top must often have gathered about their respective standards, and cheered on the runners, who, striving in the splendid symmetry of sinewy nakedness, put forth renewed efforts, or husbanded their strength, as the occasion demanded, and finally won or lost—the victors, by some especial burst of speed or "generalship" of endurance, receiving, in panting pride, names from which to fashion a totem.



## THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

**T**IS joy to feel the spirit leap  
 Angelic from its childhood sleep,  
 Pure as a star, fair as a flower,  
 Eager with youth's unblasted power;  
 Where every sense gives soft consent,  
 To burst into love's element;  
 To be all touch, all eye, all ear,  
 And pass into love's burning sphere.



(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

## THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-  
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



"HE STAGGERED TO LEFT, TO RIGHT, AND AT LAST TUMBLED IN A HEAP."

XIII.—*Citizen Amar, meeting the Marquis, is  
unlucky and vindictive.*

A FEAR vast and oppressive was upon the great city. The white cockades were gone. François burned all he could find. For a week no one came to fence in the morning. The afternoons were full, and there was much inquiry for Citizen Gamel. On the night of the 24th of this terrible January, 1793, François went out. Paris was recovering, and, as usual, forgetful, was eating and drinking and dancing, while all Europe was ringing with the news of this murder of a good man too weak for a mighty task.

When, later, François returned to the school of arms he smelt the odor of a pipe. "Ah!" he cried, "Toto, he has come. 'T is none too soon." Candles lighted dimly the large hall and the rooms beyond it. He heard no sounds, and, suddenly more uneasy, hastened to enter the little salon. It was empty, as were all the rooms. On the bedroom floor lay scattered clothes. A heap of scorched leaflets were fluttering like black crows over the ashes of a dying fire. They were fragments of burnt paper. An open desk was on the table, and everywhere were signs of haste.

François ran out to the kitchen, and called





their only servant, a shrewd old woman. She said: "I heard thee, citizen. I was coming to tell thee that Citizen Gamel has gone."

"Gone! *Mon Dieu!*"

"He has paid me, and well; and here is a box for thee, Citizen François. I hid it under the mattress. Oh, I have waited, but I am afraid."

François took the box and its key, and went to his room. The box contained some five hundred francs in gold, and as much more in assignats—the notes of the day, and really worth but little. In a folded paper package were a letter and other papers. One read:

"I am sorry to leave thee. A business affair has failed, and I go westward. I risk this to warn thee to fly. For two days thou art safe, but not longer. If a gentleman calls whom thou knowest, and asks for *Monsieur Achille Gamel*, tell him all. I inclose for thee a passport. No matter how I got it. It is good. Use it soon. I divide with thee my small store. Thou hast been honest; stay so. We may meet in better times."

François laughed. "We must go, Toto. Well, it has a good side; thou wilt get thinner." Then he read the passport. It described him well: Jean François, juggler ("Good!"), returning to Normandy; affairs of family; a father dying. "Good! Now I have one parent at least." It was in due order. "Thou hast no papers, Toto; but thy black head is secure."

At early morning on the 25th of January, he found a vender of antiquities, and quickly sold him, for two hundred francs, the antique arms in the fencing-room. He must remove them that coming night. Next he sought a maker of articles for the jugglers who were still to be found in every town; for neither at this time nor during the Terror did the people cease to amuse themselves. François bought a set of gaily tinted balls and the conjuring apparatus with which he was familiar. Once again in his room, he packed his clothes in a knapsack and his juggler's material in a bag that he could carry. A long cloak that his master had left he set aside to take, and, thus prepared, felt that on the whole he had better risk waiting until the dawn of the following day before he set out on his wintry journey. The old woman had already fled in alarm.

He made his own coffee, and at 9 A. M. went into the great hall to secure pistols and the fine Spanish rapier that Gamel had given him. Here he paused, and re-read the passport. A blank space had been left for the in-

sertion of the special locality to which the bearer might wish to go in Normandy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that must do. I will go to Musillon. Perhaps I shall find Despard. He will help me to recover that desirable papa." He went back to Gamel's room, and carefully completed the passport by inserting the name of the village Musillon.

After this he returned to the hall, talking to the poodle as he went. "Toto, thou art uneasy," he said; "and I too, my friend. Remember to howl no more at Jacobins. Thou art of the Left, a dog of the Left. *Tiens!* the bell." He caught up his rapier, and opened the door. A powerful, broad-shouldered man entered. He was clad in gray, and wore the red bonnet these extremists affected, and which Robespierre so much despised.

"Ah, no one here. That is well. I trust Gamel has gone."

"Ah!" exclaimed François to himself. "T is my confounded marquis. Now for ill luck."

"Is Monsieur Gamel at home? *Monsieur Achille Gamel?*" He emphasized the title. François understood, with no great amazement, that this was the man of whom Gamel's letter spoke. He replied, "This way, please, monsieur." The gentleman followed without a word.

"Read this," said François; "and, pardon me, but read it quickly. My head appears to me to be less securely attached to my body than common."

"*Dame!* you are as jolly as ever, my delightful thief."

"I beg that monsieur will read this letter, and at once. *Nom de ciel!* there is no time to be lost." And still he laughed. "We are in a trap, monsieur."

The marquis was not to be hurried; it was not his way. "St. Gris! you can laugh. I envy you. In France men grin, for they must; but laughter is dead. Ah!" and he fell to considering the letter. Then he folded it deliberately. "Burn it," he said. "So; that is well; and now, my good thief, I came to warn Gamel. He has wisely fled. Of course there was a plot, and, as usual, it failed. You, who are not in it, are like enough to pay other folk's debts. I have a certain mild interest in honest rascality. You are a marked man. No cabbage of the field is more sure of the knife. Go, and soon."

"I have heard from Gamel, monsieur. He assured me that I was safe here for a day or two—I know not how he knew that."

"I do; but I scarcely share his confidence. Go soon."

"I shall go at dawn to-morrow."

"No; go to-day—this evening."

"I will. Monsieur will pardon me if I ask if madame, monsieur's daughter, is well and safe? There are few who have been kind to me, and—"

"My child is well," said the marquis, "and in Normandy; but if safe or not, who can say, while these wolves destroy women and children? Safe! I would give my soul to be sure of that." His face showed the transient emotion he felt; and suddenly, as if annoyed at his own weakness, he drew himself up and said abruptly: "Go—and go quick! I shall leave at once—"

At this moment the bell rang violently.

"The devil!" cried the marquis. "Go and see, and do not shut the inner door; I must hear." With this he entered the pistol-gallery and waited. François obeyed, and, with the sheathed rapier still in his hand, crossed the hall. Again the bell rang.

"He is in a mischief of a hurry. No noise, Toto!"

As he opened the outer door, the man of the warped face broke in, and, passing him at once, walked across the little reception-room and into the great hall beyond. Again his height and massive build struck the fencing-master.

"Where is Gamel, citizen?—and no lies to me! Where is Gamel, I say?"

"He has gone away. Why, I do not know. Will the citizen search his rooms?"

"Search! Not I. I will call the municipals. What are those rooms over there? And arms! Why have they not been sent to the committee for our patriot children on the frontier?"

"Perhaps Citizen Amar would kindly inspect them, and then, if required, we can send them. Many have been already sent. Behold, citizen, a war-club of Ashantee, a matchlock, a headsman's sword. *Parbleu!* the guillotine is better."

"I see, citizen; I see. But now of Gamel. He was to be here to-day, I hear. I will return presently with the officers; and, friend citizen, it will be well for thee to assist, and heartily. This Gamel was in some plot to save the citizen Capet. Like master, like man. Have ready the lists of those aristocrats who fence here in the morning. Thou canst save thy head by making a clean breast of it. I shall return in half an hour. Have everything ready."

At this time the dreaded Jacobin, having looked over the arms and duly impressed the fencing-master, moved toward the door of exit. Should Amar leave the room, François

felt that his own fate was certain. He had been too much with Gamel. Less things every day cost the heads of men. There was death or life in the next five minutes. François was not one to hesitate. Preceding the Jacobin, he quietly set his back to the door, and, locking it, put the key in his pocket. This action was so dexterous and swift that for a moment the Jacobin did not perceive that he was trapped. He was thinking if there was anything more to be said. He looked up. "Well, open the door, citizen." As he spoke, the two strangest faces in Paris were set over against each other. Here was comedy, with long lean features, twinkling eyes above, and below the good humor of a capacious mouth set between preposterous ears. And there was tragedy, strong of jaw, long hair lying flat in black, leech-like flakes on a too prominent brow, and small eyes, deep-set, restless, threatening, seen like those of a wolf in cave shelters—a face no man trusted, a face on which all expressions grew into deformity; not a mere beast; a terribly intelligent bigot of the new creed, colossal, alert, unsparing, fearless, full of vanity.

When the citizen commissioner said, "Open," François replied:

"Not just yet, citizen."

"What is this?" shouted Amar. "Open, I say, in the name of the law!"

"Not I." And François, with a quick motion, threw off the sheath of the rapier. It fell with a great clatter on the far side of the room.

"Open, I say!"

At this moment Ste. Luce came across the hall.

"What the deuce is all this, François?"

Amar turned his square shoulders, and looked at the marquis.

"I presume thee, too, to be one of this rascal Gamel's band. If thou dost think I, Pierre Amar, afraid of thee, thou art going to find out thy mistake. What is thy name?"

"Go to the devil!" cried the marquis. The Jacobin darted toward the window; but François was too quick for him, and instantly had him by the collar, the point of the rapier touching his back. "Move a step, and thou art a dead man." The face, crooked with passion, half turned over the shoulder.

"Misery! What a beauty! Didst thou think I valued my head so little as to trust thee, scum of the devil's dish-water?" For some reason this huge animal filed François with rage, and he poured out a flood of the abusive slang of the cité as the marquis came up.



"Drop that window-curtain!" said the thief. "And now, what to do, monsieur?"

The captured man showed the utmost courage, and no small lack of wisdom. "Dog of an aristocrat! I know thee. It was thou didst kill Jean Coutier, last month. I saw thee, coward! We knew not thy name. Now we shall take pay for that murder."

The marquis grew white to the eyes, with a certain twitching of the lips to be seen as François again asked:

"What shall we do with him? Shall we tie him?"

"No, kill him. What! you will not? Give me your rapier. 'T is but one wolf less."

François was more than unwilling. The intense hatred of the noble for the Jacobin he did not share; indeed, he liked the man's fearlessness, but, nevertheless, meant to provide for his own security. His conscience, such as it was, refused to sanction cold-blooded murder.

"I cannot. Go away! I will take care of this rascal."

"There is no time to lose," said the marquis. "Kill the brute."

"Not I," said François.

"Thou art coward enough to kill a man in cold blood!" cried Amar. "This is the fine honor you talk of. Better go. All thy kind are running; but, soon or late, the guillotine will get thy hog-head, as it did thy Jew-nosed king's."

"The face and the tongue are well matched," said Ste. Luce, quietly. "It will take a good ten minutes to tie and gag him. You will not kill him? Then give the fellow a blade, and—I will see to the rest. Are you man enough to take my offer? Quick, now!"

"Try me. I am no weakling, like poor Coutier."

"Find him a blade, François. I will watch him. Be quick!" He took the rapier, and stood by the motionless figure, whose uneasy eyes followed the thief as he went and came again.

"The blades are of a length, François? Yes. Lock the door. Ah, it is done. Good! Now, keep an eye on him, François. Take care of yourself if he has the luck to kill me. However, that is unlikely. Ah, you have a sword, François."

"The citizen talks a good deal," said Amar, trying his blade on the floor.

"Yes," said the marquis, negligently untying his cravat. "It is so rare, in these democratic days, that one has a chance to talk with one of you gentlemen."

"Bah!" cried the Jacobin, "we shall see

presently." As he spoke, he laid his sword on a chair and began to strip. As he took off his coat and waistcoat, he folded them with care, and laid them neatly on a bench.

The marquis also stripped to his waistcoat, but it was with more haste. He threw his coat to François, and took his place in the middle of the room, where he waited until his slower antagonist, in shirt and breeches, came forward to meet him. Both believed it to be a duel to the death, but neither face showed to François any sign of anxiety. The Jacobin said:

"The light is in thine eyes, citizen. If we were to move so as to engage across the room—"

"It is of no moment," returned the marquis. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

François saw no better method of disposing of an awkward business. Nevertheless, he was uncomfortable. "What if this devil should kill the marquis?" He cried, "On guard, messieurs!" and stepped aside.

The marquis saluted with grave courtesy; but the Jacobin, obeying the fashion of the schools of fence, went through the formula of appearing to draw the sword, and certain other conventional motions supposed to be exacted by etiquette. The marquis smiled as Amar led off in this ceremonious fashion. These preliminaries of the *salle d'armes* were usually omitted or curtailed in serious combats. The seigneur, amused, and following Amar's lead, went through the whole performance. It was Amar's first duel. François looked the two men over, and was not ill pleased. This heavy fellow should prove no match for a practised duelist like Ste. Luce. He was soon undeceived.

Both men were plainly enough masters of their weapon, and for at least two minutes there was no advantage. Then Ste. Luce was touched in the left shoulder, and a distorted grimace of satisfaction ran over the face of the Jacobin. The marquis became more careful, and a minute or two later François saw with pleasure that Amar was breathing a trifle hard. He had half a mind to cry: "Wait! wait! He is feeling the strain." He held his peace, and, with Toto, looked on in silence. The marquis knew his business well, and noted the quickening chest movements of his adversary. He began to smile, and to make a series of inconceivably quick lunges. Now and then the point of either blade struck fair on the convex steel shell-like guard which protected the hand. When this chanced, a clear, sweet note as of a bell rang through the great hall. The Jacobin held his own, and

François, despite his anxiety, saw with the satisfaction of a master how lightly each rapier lay in the grasp of the duelist, and how dexterously the fingers alone were used to guide the blades.

Of a sudden the strange face was jerked as it were to left, and a savage lunge in tierce came perilously near to ending the affair. Ste. Luce threw himself back with the quickness of a boy. The point barely touched him. "St. Gris!" he called out gaily. "That was well meant. Now take care!"

"By St. Denis! 't is a master," muttered François. The marquis seemed of a sudden to have let loose a reserve of unlooked-for power. He was here and there about the massive and by no means unready bulk of Amar, swift and beautifully graceful.

Then of a sudden the marquis's blade went out as quick as lightning, and just at the limit of a nearly futile thrust caught Amar over the right eye. "*Dame!* I missed those lanterns of hell!"

The Jacobin brushed away the blood which, running down his face, made his right eye useless for the time.

The marquis fell back, and dropped his point. "The deuce! The man cannot see. Tie a handkerchief around his head."

The Jacobin was not sorry to have time to breathe.

"Thou art more than fair, citizen," said Amar, getting his breath.

"Thanks," returned the marquis, coldly. "Make haste, François."

François took up a lace handkerchief which lay beside Ste. Luce's coat on the seat where he had cast his clothes. While François bound the handkerchief around the head so as to stop the flow of blood, Amar turned to his foe.

"Citizen," said the Jacobin, "thou hast been a gallant man in this matter. My life was thine to take. Let it end here. Thou art a brave man and a good blade."

Ste. Luce looked at him with an expression of amused curiosity.

"What else?"

"I will not have thee pursued—on my honor."

"Tie it firmly, François. You have just heard, my François, of the last Parisian novelty—a Jacobin's honor! Be so good as to hurry, François."

Had the stern Jacobin felt some sudden impulse of pity or respect? In all his after days he was unsparing, and certainly it was not fear which now moved him.

"As pleases thee," he said simply. Ste.

Luce made no answer. Again their blades met. And now the marquis changed his game, facing his foe steadily, while François gazed in admiration. Ste. Luce's rapier was like a lizard's movements for quickness. Twice he touched the man's chest, and by degrees drove him back, panting, until he was against the door. Suddenly, seeming to recover strength, the Jacobin lunged in quarte, and would have caught the marquis fair in the breast-bone had he not thrown himself backward as he felt the prick. Instantly he struck the blade aside with his open left hand, and, as it went by his left side, drove his rapier savagely through Amar's right lung and into the panel of the door. It was over. Not ten minutes had passed.

"*Dame!*" he cried, withdrawing his rapier, and retreating a pace or two. "He was worth fighting."

The Jacobin's face moved convulsively. He coughed, spattering blood about him. His right arm moved in quick jerks. His sword dropped, and stuck upright in the floor, quivering.

"Dog of an aristocrat!" he cried. His distorted face twitched; he staggered to left, to right, and at last tumbled in a heap, a massive figure, of a sudden inert and harmless.

The marquis stood still and looked down at his foe.

"What the deuce to do with him?" said François.

"Take his head, and drag him into your room. We can talk then."

"Will monsieur take his feet?"

"What! I touch the dog? No, not I."

François did not like it; but making no reply, he dragged the Jacobin's helpless bulk after him, and, once in his room, pulled the mattress off the bed, and without roughness drew the man upon it.

Amar opened his eyes, and tried to speak. He could not; the flow of blood choked him. He shook his fist at Ste. Luce.

"Cursed brute," cried François, "be still! He will begin to howl presently. The sons of Satan are immortal."

"We must gag him, François."

"But he will die; he will choke. See how he breathes—how hard."

"*Diable!* it is he or I. Would he spare me, do you think? Don't talk nonsense. Do as I tell you."

François took up a towel. As he approached, Amar looked up at him. There was no plea in his savage face.

"Go on. What the deuce are you waiting for?" said Ste. Luce.

"I cannot do it," said François. "End it yourself."

"What! I? Strangle a dog! I! *Dame!* Let us go. What a fool you are!"

"Better go singly, then," said the thief. He had no mind to increase his own risks by the dangerous society of the nobleman.

Amar was silent. The handkerchief had fallen from his head, but the wound bled no longer.

"What shall I do with the handkerchief, monsieur?"

"Do? Burn it. Faugh!" François cast it on the still glowing embers. "Now my clothes and my cloak," said Ste. Luce; "and do not lose any time over that animal."

He washed off the little blood on his clothes, and dressed in haste, saying: "Lucky that his point struck on my breast-bone. 'T is of no moment. The fellow has left me a remembrance. I am sorry I did not have the luck to kill him. Good-by, François. May we meet in better days." He was gone.

François locked the door after him, and went back to his room. He sat down on the floor beside the mattress.

"Now listen, Master Amar. Canst thou hear me? Ah, yes. Well, I have saved thy life. Oh, thou wilt get well,—more 's the pity!—and do some mischief yet. Now if I should kill thee I would be pretty safe. If I go away, and send thee a doctor, I am a lost man. What is that thou art saying? Ah!" and he leaned down to hear the broken whisper. "So thou wilt have my head chopped off. Thou art less afraid than I would be, were I thee. What shall we do, Toto?" and he laughed; somehow the situation had for him its humorous side.

"I can't murder a man," he said. "If ever I kill a man, I trust it may be one who hath not thy eyes and thy one-sided grin. To be haunted by a ghost like thee! The deuce! Not I! *Sac à papier!* I will take my chance." He sat down, and wrote a short note to a surgeon on the farther side of Paris, one whom he knew to have been much commended to his pupils by Gamel.

"My unforgiving friend," he said, "I shall lock thee in. Thou art too weak to move, and to try will cause thee to bleed. This note will get thee a surgeon in about six hours. I must leave thee. Be quiet, and be good. Here is a flask of eau-de-vie. Art still of a mind to give thy preserver to the guillotine?" The grim head nodded as the red froth leaked out over the lips. "'Yes, yes,' thou sayest. Thou art in a fine state of penitence. I hope we have seen the last of each other.

One more chance. Promise me not to be my enemy. I will trust thee. Come, now."

But the Jacobin was past speech. As François knelt beside him, he beckoned feebly.

"What is it?" As he bent lower, a grim smile went over the one movable side of Amar's face, and, raising a feeble hand, he drew it across François's neck.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, recoiling, "thou art ripe for hell. Adieu, my forgiving friend; or, as thou hast no God, *au diable*, and may St. Satan look after thee—for love of thy looks. Come, doggie!" He put his pistols in the back of his belt, set his rapier in the belt-catch, threw his cloak over all, and picked up his bag and knapsack. He took one last look at Amar, and saying, "Bye bye, my angel," left him, locking both doors as he went out. François passed into the street, followed by the black poodle. In the Rue St. Honoré he paid the boy of a butcher with whom Gamel dealt to take his note when the midday meal should be over. And thus having eased his conscience and regulated the business of life, he set out to put between him and the Jacobin as many miles as his long legs could cover.

XIV.—*François escapes from Paris and goes in search of a father. He meets a man who has a wart on his nose, and who because of this is unlucky.*

HE had been fortunate. Not more than an hour and a quarter had gone by since Amar's entrance, and the mid-hour of breakfast had probably secured them from intrusion of foe or friend. François, who knew Paris as few men did, strode on through narrow streets and the dimly lighted passages which afforded opportunity to avoid the busier haunts of men. The barriers were carelessly guarded, and he passed unmolested into the country. Once outside of the city, he took the highroad to Evreux, down the Seine, simply because the passport of Jean François, juggler, pointed to Normandy as his destination. Naturally a man of forethinking sense, he had assumed that the village whence came Despard should be the home of that father who was ill. He knew from his former partner enough of the village to answer questions. It lay westward of Evreux. France was then less full of spies and less suspicious than it became in the Terror; and until he arrived at a small town on the north bank of the Seine, not far from Louviers, he had no trouble. He saw no couriers. The post

went only once a week. He was safe, and, to tell the truth, merry and well pleased again to wander. His money was sewed in his garments. He wore his rapier under his cloak, but with it he carried the conjurer's thin, supple blade, which, when he feigned to swallow it, a spring caused to coil into the large basket-hilt. His pistols were strapped behind him, and on his back he carried his knapsack and small bag of juggling apparatus. Thus, clad in sober gray, with the tricolor on his red cap and a like decoration on the poodle's collar, he was surely a quaint enough figure. Long, well built, and wiry, laughing large between his two wing-like ears, he held his way along the highroad on the bank of the winding Seine.

He avoided towns and people, camped in the woods, juggled and told fortunes at farm-houses for a dinner, and, as I have said, had no trouble until he came at midday to the hamlet of Île Rouge. Here, being tired, and Toto footsore, he thought he might venture to halt and sleep at the inn.

It was a little gray French town in the noonday quiet, scarce a soul in sight, and a warmer sun than January usually affords on street and steaming roof-tiles. Hostile dogs, appearing, seemed to consider Toto a royalist. François tucked him under his arm, and entered the stone-paved tap-room of the "Hen with Two Heads." He repented too late. The room was half full. One of the many commissioners who afterward swarmed through France was engaged with the mayor of the commune. François, putting on an air of humility, sought out the innkeeper, and asked meekly to have a room. As he did so, a fat, full-bearded man in the red bonnet of the Jacobins called out from the table where he sat, "Come here!"

François said, "Yes, citizen," and stood at the table where this truculent person was seated.

He was sharply questioned, and his papers and baggage were overhauled with small ceremony, while, apparently at his ease, he liberally distributed smiles and the kindly glances of large blue eyes. At last he was asked why he carried a sword; it was against the law. He made answer that he carried two tools of his trade—would the citizen see? And when he had swallowed two feet of his juggler's blade, to the wonder of the audience, nothing further was said of the rapier. At last, seeing that the commissioner still hesitated, he told, with great show of frankness, whither he was going, and named Despard as one who would answer for him. The mention of this

name seemed to annoy the questioner, who said Despard was a busy fellow, and was stirring up the citizens at Musillon. He, Grégoire, was on his way to see after him. He would like to make the acquaintance of that sick father, and, after all, François might be an *émigré*. He must wait, and go with the commissioner to Musillon.

François smiled his best; and, when the citizen commissioner had done with business, might he amuse him with a little juggling? Citizen Grégoire would see; let him sit yonder and wait. After a few minutes the great man's breakfast was set before him; the room was cleared, and the citizen ate, while François looked him over.

Grégoire was a short, stout man with long hair, a face round, red, chubby, and made expressionless by a button-like nose, which was decorated with a large rugose wart. The meal being over, he went out, leaving a soldier at the door, and taking no kind of note of his prisoner. François sat still. He was patient, but the afternoon was long. At dusk Citizen Grégoire reappeared, and, as François noted, was a little more amiable by reason of the vinous hospitality of the mayor. He sat down, and ordered dinner. When it came, François said tranquilly:

"Citizen Commissioner Grégoire, wouldst thou kindly consider the state of my stomach? Swallowing of swords sharpens the appetite."

The commissioner looked up from his meal. He was in the good-humored stage of drunkenness.

"Come and eat," he said, laughing.

"He hath the benevolence of the bottle," thought François. "Let us amuse him."

The commissioner took off his red bonnet, poured out a glass of wine, looked at a paper or two in his hand-bag, and set it on a seat near by, while the juggler humbly accepted the proffered place. Then the poodle was made to howl at the name of Citizen Capet, and to bark joyously at the mention of Jacobins. François told stories, played tricks, and drank freely. The commissioner drank yet more freely. François proposed to make a punch,—a juggler's punch,—and did make a drink of uncommon vigor. About nine the commissioner began to nod, and François, who had been closely studying his face, presently saw him drop into a deep slumber. The open bag looked tempting. He swiftly slipped a dexterous hand into its contents, and feeling a wallet of coin, transferred it to his own pocket. The temptation had been great, the yielding to it imprudent; but there was no one else about, except the careless



guard outside the door. François concluded to replace the wallet; but at this moment the great Grégoire of the committee woke up. "That was funny," he said. "I did not quite catch the end of it."

"No," said François; "the citizen slept a little."

Grégoire became angry.

"I—I asleep? I am on duty. I never sleep on duty." The citizen was very drunk. He got up, and, staggering, set a foot on Toto's tail. The poodle yelped, and the Jacobin kicked him. "*Sacrée bête!*" The poodle, unaccustomed to outrage, retorted by a nip at a fat calf. Then the great man asserted himself.

"Hallo, there! Curse you and your dog! Landlord! Landlord!" The host came in haste, and two soldiers. "Got a safe place? Lock up this scoundrel, and k-kill his dog!" The landlord kindly suggested a disused wine-cellar. "Now, no delay. I'm Grégoire. Lock him up!" Having disposed of the juggler, the citizen contrived to get out of the room and to bed with loss of dignity and balance.

A few minutes sufficed to set François in a chilly cellar, the poodle at his heels; for no one took seriously the order to kill Toto. Of the two soldiers, one, who was young and much amused, brought an old blanket, and a lantern with a lighted candle set within it. Yes, the prisoner could have his knapsack and box—there were no orders; but he must give up his sword. It was so dark that when François promptly surrendered his juggler's blade it seemed to satisfy the soldiers; for who could dream that a man would carry two swords? With a laugh and a jest, François bade them to wake him early. He called to the young recruit, as they were leaving, that he would like to have a bottle of wine, and gave him sufficient small change to insure also a bottle for these good-humored jailers.

They took the whole affair as somewhat of a practical joke. All would be well in the morning. When Grégoire was drunk he arrested everybody. The young soldier would fetch the wine in an hour. Good night.

François was alone and with leisure to consider the situation.

"Attention, Toto!" he said. This putting of thought into an outspoken soliloquy, with the judicial silence of the poodle to aid him, was probably a real assistance; for to think aloud formulates conditions and conclusions in a way useful to one untrained to reason. To read one's own mind, and to hear one's own mind, are very different things.

"Toto," he said, "we are in a bad way. Why didst thou bite that fat beast's calf? It did thee no good, thou ill-tempered brute. 'T is not good diet; a pound of it would make thee drunk. I shall have to whip thee, little beast of an aristocrat, if thou dost take to nipping the calves of the republic."

Toto well knew that he was being scolded. He leaped up and licked the thief's face.

"Down, Citizen Toto! Where are thy manners? I like better Citizen Grégoire drunk than Citizen Grégoire sober. How about my poor papa? Oh, but I was an ass to name Despard. Didst thou observe that the commissioner's eyebrows meet? And, Toto, he has a great wart on his nose. 'T is a man will fetch ill luck. I knew a thief had a wart on his nose, and he was broken on the wheel at Rouen. Besides, there was the wallet. Toto, attention! Thou dost wander. It is all the doings of that *sacré* marquis. *À bas les aristocrates!* Let us inspect a little." Upon this he pried about every corner, tried the heavy oaken door, still gaily talking, and at last sat on an empty cask and considered the grated window and the limited landscape dimly visible between its four iron rods. The end of a woodpile, about four feet away, was all that he could see. This woodpile set him to thinking.

An hour later the young recruit returned with the wine. "I came to see if thou wert safe," he said. "Like as not Grégoire will forget all about thee to-morrow. Wine hath a short memory."

François laughed: "*Le bon Dieu* grant it. I can tell fortunes, but not my own." And should he tell the citizen soldier's fortune? With much laughter it was told, and the gifts of fateful time were showered on the soldier's future in opulent abundance. He would be with the army on the frontier soon. He would marry—*dame!*—a woman rich in looks and lands. He would be a general one day. And this, oddly enough, came true; for he became a general of division, and was killed the morning after at Eylau. Seeing that this young man had agreeable fashions, the thief ventured to express his thanks.

"Monsieur—" he began.

"Take care! *Mon Dieu!* thou must not say that; 'citizen,' please. The messieurs are as dead as the saints, and the devil, and the *bon Dieu*, and the rest."

As he did not seem displeased, François said:

"Oh, thou art no Jacobin. Hast a *de* to thy name?"

This recruit's manners appeared to Fran-



gois a good deal like those of the young nobles whom he had taught to fence.

"What I was is of no moment," replied the young fellow. "The 'De's' are as dead as the saints. I *am* a soldier. But, pardon me, the citizen may be as frank as suits his appetite for peril. I have had my belly-ful."

"Frank? *Dame!* why not? Up-stairs I was a Jacobin; down here I am a royalist. I was an aide in Gamel's fencing-school, and, *par-die!* I came away. Thou canst do me a little service."

"Can I help thee, and not hurt myself? We—my people—are grown scarce of late. I am the last; I take no risks."

"There will be none. Bring me a little steel fork and a good long bit of twine."

"A fork! What for?" He had a lad's curiosity.

"To eat with."

"But there is nothing to eat."

"Quite true. But it assists one's imagination; and, after all, there may be to-morrow, and to eat with decency a fork is needed. A citizen may use his bare paws, but a monsieur may not use the fingers of equality. Thou wilt observe how the thought of these tools of luxury reminds one of messieurs and the like."

The lad—he was hardly over twenty—laughed merrily. "Thou art a delightful companion. Gamel—thou didst say Gamel?"

"I did, monsieur. Gamel that was the master of arms in the Rue St. Honoré."

"My poor brother used to fence there. By St. Denis! thou must be François?"

"I am."

"Then thou shalt have the tool of luxury. But, good heavens! take care. Thou hast a tongue which—well, I have learned to bridle mine."

"My tongue never got me into trouble; like my legs, it is long, and, like them, it has got me out of a good many scrapes. I thank thee for the warning. One knows whom to talk to. I can be silent. Oh, you may laugh. I did not speak for a day after I first saw that juggler's tool, the guillotine, in the sun on the Place de la Révolution. *Dieu!* behold, there is a man that talks and laughs; and, presto, pass! there is eternal silence."

"*Âme de St. Denis!* thou art not gay," cried the soldier.

"*Tête de St. Denis* were better. He was a fellow for these times—a saint that could carry his head under his arm when it was chopped off."

The young recruit laughed, but more un-

easily. Not to laugh in some fashion was among the impossibilities of life when this face-quake of mirth broke out between these wing-like ears.

He would fetch the tools, and, in fact, did so in a few minutes. Then he bade François good night, and went away. As soon as he had gone, François retired to a corner with his lantern to inspect the wallet. There were three louis, a few sous, and no more. The risk was large, the profit small. In an inner pocket was a thin, folded paper. When opened it seemed to be a letter in due form, dated a month before, but never sent. It was addressed to Citizen de la Vicomterie of the Great Committee. François whistled. It was a furious attack on Robespierre and Couthon, and an effort to sum up the strength which an assault on the great leaders would command in the Convention—a rash document for those days. Clearly the writer, whose full signature of Pierre Grégoire was appended, had wisely hesitated to send it.

"It seems to have been forgotten. Was he drunk, Toto? Surely now we must get out and away. 'T is a letter of death; 't is a passport worth many louis, Toto." He pulled off a shoe, folded the paper neatly, and pulling up a tongue of leather on the inside sole, placed the letter underneath, and put on the shoe again. He took the louis, threw the wallet under a cask, and waited.

When the house was still he set to work. He had found behind a barrel a long staff used to measure the height of wine in casks. On the end of this he tied securely, cross-wise, the steel fork, and then began to inspect the thin rods of the window, which were but ill fitted to guard a man of resources.

"Art still too fat?" he said, as he lifted Toto and managed to squeeze him between the bars. After that he began to fish with his stick and fork for a small log which had fallen from the woodpile and was just a foot or two out of reach. Twice he had it, and twice it broke loose, but now Toto understood, and, seizing the log, dragged it nearer. At last François had the prize. The rest was easy. He set the log between the thin bars, and threw on this lever all the power of one of the strongest men in Paris. In place of breaking, the iron rod bent and drew out of its sockets. A second proved as easy, and at last the window space was free. It seemed large enough. He concluded to leave his bag; but the knapsack he set outside, and also his weapons and the conjuring-balls. Next he stripped off most of his clothes, and laid these too on the far side of the window. Finally

his legs were through, and his hips. But when it came to the shoulders he was in trouble. It seemed impossible. He felt the poor poodle pulling at his foot, and had hard work to restrain his laughter. "Dame! would dawn he found a farm-house which seemed to be deserted—no rare thing in those days. He got in at a window, and stayed for two days, without other food than the crusts he had carried from the cellar. The night



"HE HELD HIS WAY ALONG THE HIGHROAD."

I grin at *Mère Guillotine*? Who knows? How to shrink?" He wriggled; he emptied his chest of air; he turned on his side; and, leaving some rags and a good bit of skin on the way, he was at last outside. Here, having re clothed himself, he broke up the wine-measurer and threw the fork over the wall. In a few minutes he was on the highway and running lightly at the top of his speed. At

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after, weak and hungry, he walked till dawn; and being now a good ten leagues from that terrible commissioner, he ventured to buy a good dinner and to get himself set over the Seine. Somewhat reassured, he asked the way to Evreux, and, for once in his life perplexed and thoughtful, went along without a word to Toto.

He had been three weeks on his way, owing

to his need to hide or to make wide circuits in order to avoid the larger towns. It was now the February of northern France, and there was sometimes a little snow, but more often a drizzling rain. He had suffered much from cold; but as he strode along, with a mind more at ease, he took pleasure in the sunshine. A night wind from the north had dried the roads. It was calm, cold in the shadows, deliciously warm on the sunlit length of yellow highway. He had lost time,—quite too much,—but he still hoped to reach Musillon before that man with the wart arrived. If so, he would see Despard, warn him as to Grégoire, and, with this claim, and their old partnership, on which he counted less, he might get his passport altered, and lose himself somewhere. If he had to remain in the town, he must see, or be presumed to have seen, that sick father, and must be promptly adopted if by cruel circumstances

he became unable to journey far enough from Paris to feel secure. The distorted face of Amar haunted him—the man who, to save his own life, would not even make believe to forgive. He had no power within him to explain a man like Amar; and because the Jacobin was to him incomprehensible, he was more than humanly terrible. What possessed that devil of a marquis to turn up? And was he now at his château? And why had Achille Gamel set down Normandy in the passport? And why had he himself been fool enough to fill up the vacant place for the name of his destination with that of the only small town he could recall in that locality? He had been in haste, and now a net seemed to be gathering about him. He must go thither, or take perilous chances. He was moving toward a fateful hour.

"Toto," he said, "let us laugh; for I like not the face of to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

## SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY PROFESSOR LOUIS BOUTAN,

Lecturer on zoölogy at the Sorbonne.<sup>1</sup>

### THE FIRST ATTEMPTS.



WHEN one follows the line of the railway which runs from Paris to Barcelona, and has crossed the plains of Béziers and Narbonne, covered with vineyards, one catches sight, beyond Perpignan, of the Pyrenees, which bar the horizon. The train now penetrates the mountains, the lower slopes of which push into the sea, and one runs through their high walls by means of tunnels, so that the traveler is plunged at one moment into obscurity, to emerge the next into the brilliant sunshine of the Southern sky.

In this part of France the Pyrenees resemble a gigantic hand laid out flat on the surface of the earth, each finger of which, formed by a mountain-spur, dips its tips into the sea. Between these fingers lie isolated bays, with cities and villages on their shores. Such are Argelès, Collioure, Port Vendres, and Banyuls-sur-Mer.

<sup>1</sup> In response to an inquiry from us, Professor Boutan informs us that he was the first person to make submarine photographs. He was born in 1859, and is a doctor of sciences of the University of Paris. In 1880, at the time of the Melbourne Exposition, he was sent on a mission to Australia by the French government.

It is at the last-named place that Professor Henri de Lacaze-Duthiers founded the Arago Laboratory, which is now a part of the University of Paris. The laboratory is supported by the French government, and is well supplied with all necessary apparatus, including aquariums furnished with continual streams of sea-water, a steamboat, various sorts of fishing-craft, a workshop, etc.; and all these are placed gratuitously at the disposal of zoölogists, of whatever nationality they may be.

The director of the laboratory has long been in the habit of inviting naturalists to make use of the scaphander in order to study marine animals in their native element. Some years ago, acting on his advice, I familiarized myself little by little with the employment of this apparatus.

I soon found out that the bottom of the sea, especially near the coast, is not flat and monotonous, as one might imagine it to be. On the contrary, it is very uneven, and pre-

He was maître de conference at the University of Lille in 1886, and was sent on a mission to the Red Sea in 1890. He has published works upon gasteropods and on reptiles. In 1891 he was maître de conference at the University of Paris. The submarine views here presented were taken by Professor Boutan.—EDITOR.



PROFESSOR BOUTAN AND HIS APPARATUS FOR SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

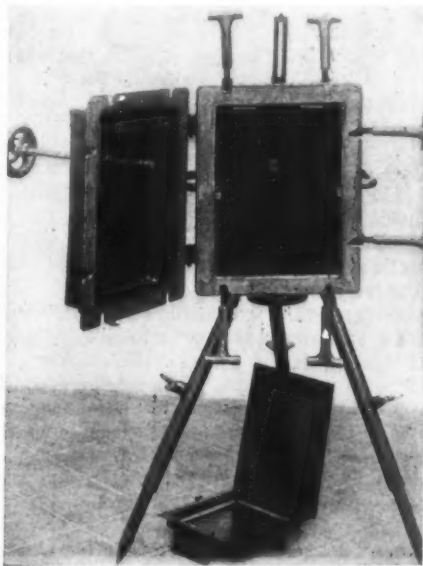
sents most picturesque and varied landscapes. If one happens to have descended on a sandy beach, one sees, as far as the eye can reach, a submarine meadow covered with long grasses, all bent over in the direction in which the current is running. Here and there deep ravines cut up the green surface, while farther away are noticed steep masses of rock formed by fallen blocks or stony precipices. Every boulder is covered with its dress of seaweed, and in the crevices between swarm a whole fauna of invertebrates.

The strangeness of these submarine landscapes made a very deep impression on me, and it seemed a lamentable fact that they could not be reproduced in any other way than in a description which, however exact, was necessarily imperfect. I was filled with the desire, therefore, to bring back from these submarine explorations a more tangible souvenir. But, however good a diver one may be, it is scarcely possible to make a drawing, or even a sketch, under water. I then resolved to try to see if I could not obtain a photograph of this hidden region. As it is not difficult to take a landscape in the open air, why, I asked myself, could I not succeed

in making a photograph at the bottom of the sea? Though it is quite certain that water is a much denser medium than air, still, as the eye can distinguish objects in the midst of water, there should be, I argued, no insuperable obstacle in the way of a photographic plate receiving an impression under the same conditions.

The idea of photographing what I saw under the sea came to me, therefore, quite naturally. But when I tried to pass from the dream to the reality I experienced some difficulties. I first had constructed a rather imperfect apparatus, composed of an ordinary photographic chamber inclosed in a metal case provided with glass and made water-tight. It was with this instrument that I tried my first experiments.

At the start the results obtained were not what I had hoped for; though I took advantage of the most favorable conditions, and observed the most minute care, my efforts were fruitless. When I developed the plates which had been exposed under water, I obtained only shapeless images, irregular undulations, which in no wise reproduced the landscape on which I had turned the objective. The plates, which were only slightly affected by the light coming from the submerged objects, were uniformly beclouded, as if the action of the light had been produced equally over their whole surface. On this account, the landscapes which I had



INTERIOR VIEW OF PROFESSOR BOUTAN'S APPARATUS.



THE DESCENT AT BANYULS-SUR-MER.

sought to reproduce presented an extremely vague outline that was unsatisfactory in every way. It was in vain that I varied the method employed. The length of time during which the plate was exposed was modified. I used the most sensitized plates, or those called "isochromatic." But the results obtained were always the same: a uniform cloudiness still enveloped the indistinct images.

I began to despair of overcoming this first difficulty, when the thought occurred to me to place colored glasses in front of the objective in the interior of the water-tight box. The use, in outdoor photography, of glass plates of various colors has long been tried, and excellent results have thus been obtained in certain cases. When, for example, a mass of deep-green foliage is to be reproduced, this foliage, instead of appearing on the negative as a dark heap of a uniform hue, is brightened by this means, the details come out more distinctly, and the whole presents even a certain relief.

It is found that the rays emitted by variously colored objects other than leaves are weakened in traversing the glass plate, while, on the contrary, those emitted by green

masses preserve in great part their intensity. Thus, by lengthening the exposure, you obtain, in the greens, a picture which is much better in its details. The knowledge of this fact suggested my first trying green-colored plates. By this means I hoped to obtain a clearer image of the seaweeds, which contain in abundance the green principle of chlorophyl. Although the result obtained was not so bad as before, it was not, however, entirely satisfactory. The outline of the objects was perceptibly clearer than in the previous experiments, but the cloudiness was still there. I then tried a whole series of other colors, and, as a physicist before whom I had laid the difficulty had theoretically predicted, it was the blue which produced the best results.

By interposing in front of the objective a perfectly homogeneous blue plate, I succeeded in producing a series of negatives, with the outline of objects clear-cut, and with great delicacy of detail. The cloudy appearance was quite eliminated, at least in the foreground. But there still lingers in the background of the proofs a slight mistiness, due to the medium being denser than air, which I have never been able completely to

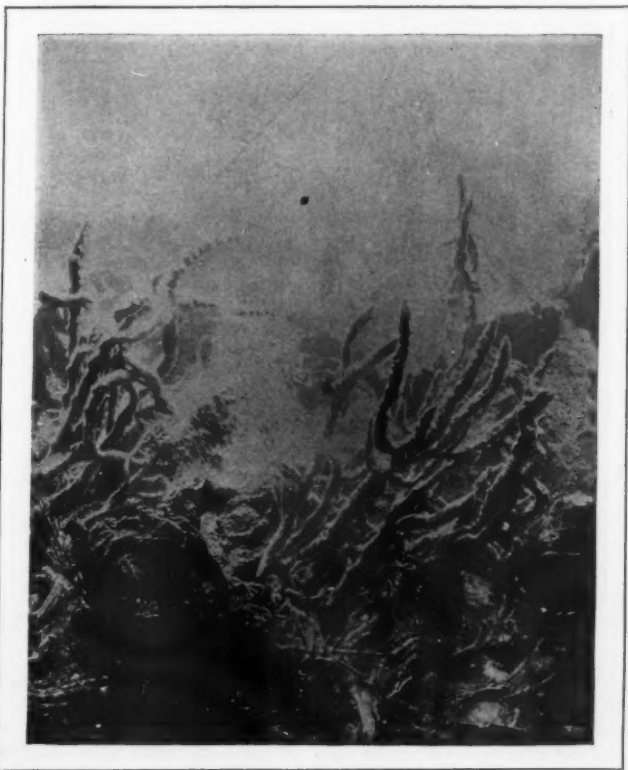


remove. This peculiar cloudiness of the background, this sort of mist which settles over distant objects, seems to me to be the characteristic feature of submarine photography.

Almost all the photographs which accompany this article were taken in the little cove of Troc, on the coast near the laboratory. This bay, which is very much exposed to the north wind, is beaten and cleaned by the billows during a large part of the year. But when the south or southeast breezes set in, the water becomes perfectly calm throughout this little inlet, which then looks as if it were a lake. In France the most favorable time for taking these views is June, July, and August.

Here is the *modus operandi* of taking a

down into the water at the point chosen for the operations. Once at the bottom, and at the desired depth, I signal to the captain to send me down the different parts of the photographic apparatus. The iron stand is let down at the end of a rope, followed by the photographic box and a cast-iron weight for steadying the whole. Then I look about me in order to select the exact spot to be photographed, which having been done, I leisurely set up the stand, and place the box on it, waiting for the disturbed water to become clear. A new signal is now given to the captain by means of the safety-rope which he holds in his hand. This signal tells him that the exposure has begun. I now wait patiently till a return signal from above tells



MASS OF SPONGES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A DEPTH OF SIX AND A HALF FEET.

submarine photograph at the Troc cove. Our boat being solidly anchored to the bottom, and held in a fixed position by a number of hawsers fastened to the rocks on shore, I put on the diver's costume, and go

me that it is time to stop. It will be easily understood that it is quite impossible, or at least very difficult without some special arrangement, to carry in a diving-bell a watch which can give the length of an exposure.

## PRESENT STATE OF THE QUESTION.

It would take too long to describe in detail the new apparatus which I used this last year; but a glance at the accompanying photographs of the model which gave me the best results will afford the reader a clearer idea of it than the most minute description.

After the different experiments made at

clear image, because the submarine landscape which one wishes to photograph, and the animal life which peoples it, are not still.

Submarine photographs may also be obtained by means of artificial light, magnesium or electricity. But the proofs so far obtained are not so clear as one would wish, which is evidently due to the imperfections of the apparatus employed.

In order to obtain a final and successful



INSTANTANEOUS SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT DURING A STORM.  
DEPTH, THIRTEEN FEET.

the Arago Laboratory at Banyuls-sur-Mer, it may now be safely affirmed that it is possible, with the aid of objectives specially constructed for that purpose, to obtain submarine photographs when the diver is several meters under water.

When no artificial light is used, submarine photographs require a rather long exposure, the time often extending to twenty-five minutes, and depending on the depth of the water. Under these conditions it is, unfortunately, impossible to obtain an absolutely

result in submarine photography, and to produce pictures as clear as those secured on land, it is necessary to find the exact formula of the objectives to be used in the water, a medium which is much denser than air, and the index of refraction of which is different. Another *sine qua non* is an exceedingly powerful light, capable of bringing out the smallest details of the object or landscape to be photographed.

But under no conditions will it ever be possible to photograph under water such a

wide extent of surface as on land, and the submarine horizon will always be limited to about one hundred meters. This is due to physical reasons against which we are powerless. When rays of light pass through too great a thickness of water they are absorbed by the liquid, so that they are extinguished before reaching the objective when they come from too distant an object. But, notwithstanding this grave imperfection, the future of scientific submarine photography is of considerable importance, as I shall now try to show.

can go down into them, as the tremendous pressure of the water renders this impossible. For a long time, therefore, it was imagined that the bottom of the sea was one vast extent of mud, without the presence of living things; but numerous scientific expeditions finally proved that such was not the case, and that a multitude of curious and even fantastic animals were to be found there.

The product of even a single catch, including many sharks, as made by us at the Arago laboratory, convinced me that at a depth of eight hundred meters the bottom



SLOPE COVERED WITH ALGAE. DEPTH, SIXTEEN AND A HALF FEET.

#### THE FUTURE OF SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE extent of the surface of the earth covered by water is vast, since it far surpasses that of the dry land. What do we know of this part of the globe hidden by the seas and oceans? Very little, it must be admitted. Except along the immediate edge of these immense bowls which can be explored in diving-bells, the means which naturalists have at their disposal for examining these depths are most rudimentary. Nobody

of the ocean is full of life. All these big sharks (*Centrophorus ganulosus*) are carnivorous. In order to live, these animals must eat other animals; so there must be many other animals whence these come, although we know almost nothing about them.

As regards the sea, the naturalist is in much the same situation as would be an inhabitant of the moon who could live in ethereal space, but could not breathe the air which envelops our earth. Let us suppose that this voyager from the ethereal

regions should come in contact with our atmosphere. He would float above the highest strata without being able to penetrate them, separated from the earth by the gases which surround it. What must he do if he wishes to know something of what exists below the layers of cloud which hide our globe from his view? He would do as our naturalists have done—construct dredges and nets, and, having weighted them, would let

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as perfect as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at bottom the proceeding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of the seas.



VIEW OF ROCKS. DEPTH, SIXTEEN AND A HALF FEET.

them down like the anchor of a balloon, and try and pull them along the surface of the earth. Do you think that with such primitive instruments he would obtain very precise ideas of the terrestrial globe? Every agile animal would flee before the apparatus, which, if it did not get irretrievably caught in some oak, rock, or lofty factory chimney, might bring back, after having scraped for some time along the surface of the earth, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

What a change will come over the situation the moment it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing one hundred square meters of space? And will not such photographs contain a most precious fund of information?

Everything leads one to believe that it will soon be possible to construct photographic apparatus which will accomplish its work successfully at any depth of water. But







without going so far as this, and without launching forth into hypotheses which have not yet been realized, it may be asserted that submarine photography can already produce useful results.

In the immediate vicinity of the coasts, the photographing of landscapes, the interiors of grottoes, animals caught in their medium, furnishes the student useful and precious in-

formation; and, from an industrial point of view, one may see how it can be employed practically. Suppose, for instance, a ship to be at the bottom of the sea. How are we to know its exact position, and to determine the extent of the damage which it has suffered? A good submarine photograph would be more valuable to the engineers than all the information which divers could furnish.

## HIS GRACE THE DUKE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.



AS the Duke of Suffolk no friends? If an English duke is without friends, or what pass for such, who on this earth can expect to have any? An English duke is a very great personage—even to democracy on this side the water. Our most reluctant doors turn quickly on their hinges at his faintest knock. If he chance to occupy our guest-room for a night, a glamour hangs over the apartment forever. We sow bitterness in the heart of Mrs. Leo Hunter by incidentally remarking, "Yes; this is where we put the duke." Beauty strews the roses of her cheek, if one may say it, at his feet. A very great personage, indeed, with revenues (sometimes) that have their fountainhead in the immemorial past; the owner of half a dozen mossy villages, or perhaps a fat slice of London; a sojourner in spacious town houses and ancient castles stuffed with bric-à-brac and powdered lackeys. In his hand lie gifts and offices, and the mouth of the hungry placeman waters at sight of him; the hat of the poor curate out of situation lifts itself instinctively. His Grace is not merely a man of the moment, but a precious mosaic of august ancestors, a personality made almost sacred by precedent. He stands next to the throne, and if he but smile on the various human strata below him, who is not touched by his condescension?

Is it not a remarkable circumstance, then, or does it not at least seem remarkable, that the Duke of Suffolk, as I shall presently show, has no friends? Yet, however incredible it may appear on the surface, the matter is simple and rational enough at bottom; for I am speaking of that last Duke of Suffolk who, in Bloody Mary's time, was always getting himself into trouble, and finally lost his head

in more senses than one. Strangely enough, he is still extant, though in a much altered fashion. His revenues have taken wing; his retainers are scattered; and there is not a courtier or a dependent alive who cares a farthing whether my lord smiles or frowns. Were this poor, dismantled old duke to make even an excellent jest,—a thing he never did in the course of the sixteenth century,—there is not a sycophant of his left to applaud it. In all the broad realm of England there is none so poor to do him reverence. Spacious town houses and haughty castles with defective drainage know him no more. His name may not be found in the London directory, nor does it figure in any local guide-book that I have ever seen, excepting one. His Grace dwells obscurely in a dismal little shell of a church in the Minories, alone and disregarded. From time to time, to be sure, some stray, irrepressible Yankee tourist, learning—the Lord knows how—that the duke is in town, drops in upon his solitude; but no one else, or nearly no one else. The tumultuous tide of London life surges and sweeps around him; but he is not of it.

On the 23d of February, in the year 1554, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the father of a nine days' queen, and the ingenious architect of his own calamity, was led from his chamber in the Tower to a spot on Tower Hill, and promptly decapitated, as a slight testimonial of the Queen's appreciation of the part he had played in Northumberland's conspiracy and some collateral enterprises. Thus, like Columbus, he got another world for his recompense.

This is known of all men, or nearly all men; but not one in a thousand of those who know it is cognizant of the fact that the head of the Duke of Suffolk, in an almost perfect state of preservation, can be seen to this day

in a shabby old church somewhere near the Thames, at the lower end of the city—the Church of Holy Trinity. It may be noted here, not irrelevantly, that an interview with his Grace costs from two shillings to three and sixpence per head—your own head, I mean.

It appears that shortly after the execution of the duke—on the night following, it is said—this fragment of him was secured by some faithful servant, and taken to a neighboring religious house in the Minories, where it was carefully packed in tannin, and where it lay hidden for many and many a year. The secret of its existence was not forgotten by the few who held it, and the authenticity of the relic is generally accepted, though there are iconoclasts who believe it to be the head of Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, who also passed by the way of Tower Hill, in 1513. But the Dantesque line of the nose and the arch of the eyebrow of the skull are duplicated in the duke's portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, and would seem to settle the question.

After the cruel fires of Smithfield and Oxford were burned out, and Protestantism, with Elizabeth, had come in again, and England awoke as from a nightmare—when this blessed day had dawned the head was brought forth from its sequestration, and became an item in the pious assets of the church in which it had found sanctuary. Just when the exhumation took place, and the circumstances attending it, are unrecorded.

It was only by chance, during a stay in London several years ago, that these details came into my possession; but they were no sooner mine than a desire seized me to look upon the countenance of a man who had died on Tower Hill nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. Surely a New Englander's hunger for antiquity could not leave such a morsel as that untouched.

Breakfasting one morning with an old London acquaintance, whom I will call Blount, I invited him to accompany me on my pilgrimage to the Minories. There was kindness in his ready acceptance; for the last thing to interest the average Londoner is that charm of historical association which makes London the Mecca of Americans. Blount is a most intelligent young fellow, though neither a bookman nor an antiquarian, and he confessed, with the characteristic candor of his island, that he had not heard that the Duke of Suffolk was dead! "Only in a general way, don't you know," he added.

His views concerning the geography of the Minories were also lacking in positiveness.

"The cabby will know how to get us there," suggested Blount, optimistically.

But the driver of the hansom we picked up on Piccadilly did not seem so sanguine about it. "The Minories—the Minories," he repeated, smiling in a constrained, amused way, as if he thought that perhaps "the Minories" might be a kind of shell-fish. He somehow reminded me of the gentleman who asked: "What are Pericles?" The truth is, the London season was at its height, and the man did not care for so long a course, there being more shillings in the briefer trips.

However, as we had possession of the hansom, and as possession is nine points of the law, we directed him to take us to St. Paul's Churchyard, where we purposed to make further inquiries.

Our inquiries were destined to extend far beyond that limit, for there seemed to be a dearth of exact information as to where the Church of Holy Trinity was located. Yet the church, rebuilt in 1706, occupies the site of a once famous convent, founded in 1293 by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, for the sisterhood of "Poor Clares." It was from the Minories that the street took its name, and the street itself, according to Stow, was long celebrated for "divers fair and large store-houses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses to the same purpose." Mr. Pepys, in his diary, has frequent references to the Minories, and often went there on business. On March 24, 1663, he writes: "Thence Sir J. Minnes and I homewards, calling at Browne's, the mathematician in the Minnerys, with a design of buying White's ruler to measure wood with, but could not agree on the price. So home, and to dinner." Dear old Pepys! he always makes a picture of himself. One can almost see him in the dingy little shop, haggling with Browne over the price of White's ruler. It is still a street for shops in Browne's line of trade. Here, above the door of John Owen, dealer in nautical and astronomical instruments, may be observed the wooden image of the Little Midshipman, introduced to all the world by Mr. Dickens in the pages of "Dombey and Son"—the Little Midshipman, with one leg still thrust forward, and the preposterous sextant at his eye, taking careful observations of nothing.

But to return to the church. Singularly enough, the ground upon which it stands is a portion of the handsome estate granted by Edward VI to the Duke of Suffolk in smoother

days. So, when all is said, there seems a sort of poetic fitness in his occupancy of the place. I wish it had been easier of access.

I do not intend to enumerate the difficulties we encountered in discovering the Duke's claustral abode. To mention half of them would be to give to my slight structure of narrative a portico vastly larger than the edifice itself.

After a tedious drive through a labyrinth of squalid streets and alleys—after much filling and backing and a seemingly fruitless expenditure of horse—we finally found ourselves knocking at a heavily clamped door of wrinkled oak, obviously belonging to an ancient building, though it looked no older than the surrounding despondent brickwork. There was a bit of south wall, however, not built within the memory or record of man.

The door presently swung back on its rheumatic hinges, and we were admitted into the vestibule by a man who made no question of our right to enter—the verger, apparently: a middle-aged person, slender and pallid, as if he were accustomed to dwell much in damp subterranean places. He had the fragile, waxen look of some vegetable that has eccentrically sprouted in a cellar. It was no strain on the imagination to fancy that he had been born in the crypt. Making a furtive motion of one hand to his forehead by way of salute, the man threw open a second door and ushered us into the church, a high-arched space filled with gloom that seemed to have soured and turned into a stale odor. The London idea of daylight drifted in through several tall, narrow windows of smoky glass set in lead, and blended genially with the pervading dust.

The church was scarcely larger than an ordinary chapel, and contained nothing of note. There were some poor monuments to the Dartmouth family, and a mural tablet here and there. The woodwork was black with age, and not noticeable for its carving. A registry kept here of those who died in the parish during the plague of 1665 scarcely stimulated curiosity; nor could the imagination be deeply impressed by the circumstance that the body of Sir Philip Sidney once lay in state in the chancel, while preparations were making in St. Paul's for national obsequies to the hero of Zutphen. The *pièce de résistance*—indeed, the sole dish of the banquet—was clearly that head which, three centuries and more ago, had had so little discretion as to get itself chopped off. I was beginning to query if the whole thing were

not a fable, when Blount, with an assumed air of sprightly interest, demanded to see the relic.

"Certingly, sir," said the man, stroking a fungus growth of grayish side-whiskers. "I wishes there was more gentlemen in your way of thinking; but 'ardly nobody cares for it nowadays, and it is a *most* hinterestest hobject. If it was in the British Museum, sir, there 'd be no hend of ladies and gentlemen flocking to look at it. But this is n't the British Museum, sir."

It was not; but the twilight, and the silence, and the loneliness of the place, made it the more proper environment.

"You must have *some* visitors, however," I said.

"Mostly Hamericans, sir. Larst week, sir,"—and a wan light that would have been a smile on any other face glimmered through the man's pallor—"larst week, sir, there was a gent 'ere as wanted to buy the dook."

I recognized my countryman!

"A descendant of the Greys, no doubt," I remarked brazenly.

"Begging your parding, sir, that branch of the family was hexinct in Mary Tudor's reign."

"Well," said Blount, "since you did n't sell his Grace, suppose you let us have a look at him."

Taking down a key suspended against the wall on a nail, the verger unlocked a cupboard, and drew forth from its pit-like darkness a tin box, perhaps eighteen inches in height and twelve inches square, containing the head. This he removed from the case, and carefully placed in my hands, a little to my surprise. A bodiless head, I am convinced, has dramatic qualities that somehow do not appertain in a like degree to a headless body. The dead duke in his entirety would not have caused me the same start. After an instant of wavering, I carried the relic into the light of one of the windows for closer inspection, Blount meanwhile looking over my shoulder.

"'E used to 'ave a very good 'ead of 'air," remarked the verger, "but not in my time; in my great-grandfather's, maybe."

A few spears of brittle hair,—not more than five or six at most,—now turned to a reddish brown, like the dried fibers of the cocoanut, still adhered to the cranium. At the base of the severed vertebra I noticed a deep indentation, showing that the executioner had faltered at first, and had been obliged to strike a second blow in order to complete his work. A thin integument, yellowed in the process of embalming, like that of a mummy,



completely covered the skull, which was in no manner repulsive. It might have been a piece of medieval carving in dark wood, found in some chantry choir, or an amiable gargoyle from a cathedral roof. Skulls have an unpleasant habit of looking sardonic. This retained a serene human expression such as I never saw in any other.

As I gazed upon the sharply cut features, they suddenly seemed familiar, and I had that odd feeling, which often comes to me in cathedral towns in England, and especially during my walks through the older sections of old London—the impression of having once been a part of it all, as perhaps I was in some remote period. At this instant, with my very touch upon a tangible something of that haunting Past—at this instant, I repeat, the dingy church, and Blount, and the verger, and all of the life that is, slipped away from me, and I was standing on Tower Hill with a throng of other men-at-arms, keeping back the motley London rabble at the point of our halberds—rude, ill-begot knaves, that ever rejoice at the downfall of their betters. It is a shrewish winter morning, and nipping airs creep up, unwanted, from the river; for we have been standing here these three hours, chilled to the bone, under the bend of that sullen sky. Fit weather for such work, say I. Scarcely a day, now, but a head falls. Within the fortnight my Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,—and she only in her fewers,—and others hastening on! 'T is best not be born too near the purple. Perhaps 't were better not be born at all. What times are these!—with the king's death, and the plottings, and the burnings, and the bodies of men hanging from gibbets everywhere, in Southwark and Westminster, at Temple Bar and Charing Cross—upward of twenty score of silly fellows that had no more brains than to dabble in sedition at mad Wyatt's bidding. Kings come and go, but Smithfield fires die not down. Now the Catholic burns, and now the heretic—and both for God's glory. Methinks the sum of evil done in this world through malice is small by side of the evil done with purblind good intent. 'Twixt fool and knave, the knave is the safer man. There's no end to the foolishness of the fool, but the knave hath his limits. The very want of wit that stops the one keeps the other a-going. Ah, will it ever be merry England again, when a mortal may eat his crust and drink his pint without fear of halter or fagot? What with the cruel bishops, and the wild gospels,—crazy folk, all!—and this threatened

Spanish marriage, peace is not like to come. Why should English Mary be so set to wed with a black Spaniard! How got she such a bee in her bonnet to sting us all?

Hark! From somewhere in the Tower the sound of a tolling bell is blown to us across the open. At last! A gate is flung back, and through the archway advances a little group of men. The light sparkles on the breast-plates and morions of the guards in front. The rest are in sad-colored clothes. In that group, methinks, are two or three that need be in no hot haste to get here! On they come, slowly, solemnly, between the double lines of steel, the spearmen and the archers. Nearer and nearer, pausing not, nor hurrying. And now they reach the spot.

How pale my lord is, holding in his hand a lemon stuck with cloves for his refreshment! And yet he wears a brave front. In days that were not heavy like this day my lord knew me right well, for I have many a time ridden behind him to the Duke of Northumberland's country-seat, near Isleworth by the Thames. Perchance 't was even there, at Syon House, they spun the web that tripped them—and I not sniffing treason the while! My lord was not wise to mix himself in such dark matters. I pray he make a fair end of it, like to that angel his daughter, who, though no queen, poor soul! laid down her life in queenly fashion. These great folk, who have everything soft to make their beds of,—so they throw it not away,—have somehow learned to die as stoutly as any of the baser sort, who are accustomed. May it be so with my lord! . . . He motions as if he would speak to the multitude. Listen! Yes, thank God! he will die true Protestant; and so, stand back, Sir Priest! He hath no use for thy ghostly services. Stand back! (I breathe this only to myself, else were my neck not worth a ha'penny!) Thus did she wish it in her prayers, the Lady Jane; thus did she beg him to comport himself—she, at this hour a ten days' saint in heaven. Death shall not turn him from his faith, he says—and proves it. Ah, Master Luther, what a brave seed thou hast sown in Wyclif's furrow! . . . And now the headsmen kneels to beg my lord's forgiveness. "God forgive thee, as I do," he answers gently, and no tremble in the voice! I could weep, were I not a queen's man and under-officer, and dared do it.

And now he binds a handkerchief about his eyes, and now he kneels him to the block. Once more his lips move in speech. What



is it he saith? "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"—

"What you 'ear rattling, sir," observed the verger, "is a tooth that 's dropped hinside. I keeps it there for a curiosity. It seems to hadd to the hinterest."

The spell was broken. The spell was broken, but the rigid face that confronted me there in the dim light was a face I had known in a foregone age. The bitter morning on Tower Hill, the surging multitude, the headsman with his ax—it was not a dream; it was a memory!

I silently placed the relic in the verger's hands, and turned away, whispering to Blount to fee the man.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Blount, rejoining me at the church door. Then he said thoughtfully—thoughtfully, that is, for him: "Do you suppose a fellow takes any interest in

himself after he is dead, or knows what 's going on in this world?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio Blount, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Perhaps he does."

"Well, then, if a fellow does, that old boy can't be over and above pleased at being made a peep-show of, don't you know?"

I agreed with Blount. And now that so many years have gone by—and especially as I have seen the thing myself!—it seems to me it would be a proper act for some hand gently to inurn the head of that luckless old nobleman with the rest of him, which lies, it is said, under the chancel pavement of St. Peter's, in the Tower, close by the dust of Anne Boleyn in her pitiful little elm-wood case originally used for holding arrows. This brings me back to my starting-point: Has the Duke of Suffolk no friends?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since this sketch was written, the Church of Holy Trinity has been demolished. His Grace the Duke has

consequently sought a domicile elsewhere; but the present writer is unable to say where.

## HEART'S CONTENT.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

"A SAIL! a sail! Oh, whence away,  
And whither, o'er the foam?

Good brother mariners, we pray,  
God speed you safely home!"

"Now wish us not so foul a wind  
Until the fair be spent;

For hearth and home we leave behind:  
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,  
With canvas flowing free?

But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,  
Where may that harbor be?

For we that greet you, worn of time,  
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,

By sun and star, in ev'ry clime,  
Have searched for Heart's Content—

"In ev'ry clime the world around,  
The waste of waters o'er;

And El Dorado have we found,  
That ne'er was found before.

The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,  
Where East and West are blent—

All these our eyes have looked upon;  
But where is Heart's Content?

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,  
And ere the hearths are cold,

And all the embers ashen-gray,  
By which ye sat of old,

And dumb in death the loving lips  
That mourned as forth ye went

To join the fleet of missing ships,  
In quest of Heart's Content;

"And seek again the harbor-lights,  
Which faithful fingers trim,

Ere yet alike the days and nights  
Unto your eyes are dim!

For woe, alas! to those that roam  
Till time and tide are spent,

And win no more the port of home—  
The only Heart's Content!"

## THE SECRET-LANGUAGE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY OSCAR CHRISMAN.

"WILLVUS youvus govus withvus me-vus?" To-night, as this sentence goes chasing across my brain, a thousand memories come flocking in: the old brick school-house on the hill; the branch back of my boyhood home, babbling, murmuring along, and almost lulling me to sleep; the river, with its night sounds, heard so often while fishing, singing songs of future greatness to the heart of a boy; the river-bottoms turning brown in the early frosts, and the wooded hills beyond, showing the beautiful tints of autumn that only the limestone region of the Hoosier State can show; the hushed memories of a father and mother gone. Thus the joys and pains of childhood come to all as the secret languages come trooping back from the almost forgotten past.

How these languages do cling to us! Many years may have passed, and yet come ringing out, as in joyous childhood, these sacred things. Some who read this article will at once rummage among their treasures, and out will come the faded brown paper with the hieroglyphics made by one sleeping amid the sighing pines of a Southern hill, or on a sloping side of Gettysburg, it may be in blue, it may be in gray; and the key will be hunted up, and the messages of childish days will be read again and again. By the side of a lock of hair or a faded ribbon will be a paper with



or, 8 4 8, or, 4 7

or other devices, the paper having been laid aside to be finished in the morning; but when morning came the little fingers were no more for this work, for during the night the spirit had fled; and the mother, finding the bit of paper, lays it away religiously with the other things. Some one will slip away, and from the corner of a drawer will pull out a little package tied with a blue ribbon, and read again a little love-letter beginning

J O J F 3 J F 6  
*Dear Mary*

and, looking across to the old gray-headed fellow nodding over his evening paper, wonder if in reality he was once a little, teasing,

mischievous boy of twelve who wrote such loving epistles.

Of nearly five hundred specimens of secret languages used in childhood, I know only one instance where the children obtained such from a book. A boy twelve years of age states that he got a language (cipher alphabet) from another boy, who found it in a book. At my request, he asked the name of the book, which is Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" (Vol. I, p. 320). Upon looking up this reference, and comparing the cipher given me by the twelve-year-old boy, I found it to be identical with that in Lossing; thus, even after two copyings, it had remained unchanged. All the other secret languages had been either handed down to the users or made up by them. In the great majority of the spoken languages they were given by somebody to the ones using them, while in the written languages a greater number were made by the users.

These languages are found everywhere. I have discovered some existing in widely separated localities. A homesick Boston boy in San Francisco may be made happy by a fellow-boy exclaiming, "Wigery yougery playgery wigery megery?" and from that moment they are friends. A little Chicago girl playing on the beach at Galveston is delighted by her Texas friend saying to her in the Tut language: "Tuthushisus isus nunciuce susanundud." The Honolulu girl, just in from her long ride, must be reminded of home when her Nantucket friend, pointing toward a swell young man on the veranda of a watering hotel, says "in Berkshire gable," "Pippadolify."

This secret-language period is a thing of child nature. There are three distinct periods in language-learning by the child. The first is the acquiring of the mother-tongue. The second period comes shortly after the time of beginning to learn the mother-tongue, and is a language made up by children who, perhaps, find themselves unable to master the mother-tongue. Very few children have a complete language of this kind, but all children have a few words of such. Then comes the secret-language period. Although in a very few cases the learning of secret

languages began about the sixth year, and in some instances the period ran till after the eighteenth year, yet the vast majority of cases are covered by the period between the eighth and the fifteenth year, while the greatest use is between the tenth and the thirteenth year.

There are many reasons why children learn and use these languages. One lady confesses that she originated a language, and introduced it into a mysterious set of ten, in order to write notes in school; and she truly adds that had their teachers discovered the key, they would have learned many truths.

It can never be known whether these languages originated in the very first cases with children. The names would in many instances imply that children had to do with them, as they show things familiar to the child and loved by him. So in the secret languages we find animals playing an important part in the naming. The hog, dog, goose, pigeon, pig, fly, cat, and other animals, are attached to these languages. The child in the old-fashioned school, where all sat together, hearing the (to him) senseless and unknown Latin, would naturally attach the name to his language, and thus give birth to Hog Latin, Goose Latin, etc. Seeing or hearing a language, one letter may strike the child's fancy, as in one the letter *h* is "hash," and so Hash language is the result. In another "bub" (*b*) finds the funny spot in child nature, and so Bub talk comes forth. The child in former days, so frequently hearing of the a-b-c's, would, upon the construction of an alphabetic language, at once recur to such, and so name this the A-Bub-Cin-Dud language.

We are just beginning to learn that we do not know our children. In our school-work we find the learning of Latin and Greek and modern foreign languages is a great burden to many pupils; they are soon forgotten, and, if ever used, only in a very clumsy fashion. If we could know just how the child learns a language, much could be saved to us and to him. It is remarkable with what skill the secret languages are used. A boy trying to learn German seems to have hardly mind enough to open and close his mouth; but this same boy will use with skill a most intricate secret language. Nor is the secret easily learned. Many of these languages are to the ones not knowing them just as unintelligible as are foreign tongues. Yet the children will use them with a fluency as though born

with them. Also, in writing, the characters are almost, if not quite, as difficult to master as those in shorthand. Yet these young masters will write them off as rapidly as ordinary writing, and with much more ease. Nor are these languages open secrets; for many of them are so jealously guarded that only a very few know them, and they must be so familiar with them as to speak them so rapidly that no one will get the key. To test this, say over to some one these very simple sentences, as rapidly as does a child when using them, and see if they are easily acquired (add "fus" to each letter and "jig" to end of each word):

Ifustfusjig ifussfusjig rfusafusifusnfusifusnfusgfusjig hfusafusrfusfusjig.

"It is raining hard."

Alullullie isus a bubadud gugirurlul.

"Allie is a bad girl."

Arwa oota elleha? (final *a* long).

"Are you well?"

Ohio, mon dieu; go wagon oak horse?

"Good morning, my dear; have you sweet plums?"

Although there are many varieties of these languages, they narrow down to a few classes. The most numerous class—the syllabic—add or prefix a syllable to a word, or insert it between syllables or letters in a word. This form is the most common, and the syllable most in use is *gery*, with variants of *gry*, *gary*, *gree*, *gere*, as, Wigery yougery gogery wigery megery? Next in use is *vus*, with the variants *vers*, *ves*, and *vis*, as, Willvus youvus govus withvus mevus?

In the second class—the alphabetic—a very common alphabet is made by placing a short *u* between a consonant repeated, letting the vowels stand as they are; thus, *b* is *bub*, *c* is *cuc*, etc.

Cipher alphabets are common. Many are arbitrary, being made up by the children using them, while others have been early formed, and used in several generations. One cipher sentence is given so:

BJ+ fAp b p x f b

"Are you going?"

An alphabet often met with is made thus:

a	b	c
d	e	f
g	h	i

j	k	l
m	n	o
p	q	r

s	t
u	v

w	x
y	z



One of the most remarkable things which I obtained in my collections is the "Berkshire gabble," both spoken and written, furnished by two young ladies eighteen years of age. What is given here is taken from a graduating essay of one of the young ladies, and from very full letters written by the other.

This is from the graduating essay:

I know two little girls who hit upon a device which to others, who could not understand it, sounded like an unintelligible cry for expression; but to them, besides giving all the relief afforded by a cry, it was the embodiment of their inmost life. They made up words or names for any appearance, quality, or feeling they could not express by means of the English language. Most of the words were made up by a purely mechanical process. For instance, one day, when these two girls and one other were together, they decided to make a word for "the feeling you have in the dark when you are sure you are going to bump into something." One shouted, "I choose first syllable"; another, "I choose second"; and the remaining child had to take the last one. Each thought to herself a syllable, and when all were ready they fitted them together in the order chosen; the result was *ku-orbie-kuorbie*.

If the word sounded to them like the sensation, they left it as it was; if it did not, they changed it. A word so changed was one to describe the class of city girls who, when they go to the country in the summer, sit on the piazza, dressed up in fine clothes, doing fancy work; who can't climb, won't run, and are afraid of cows. The word at first was *raggadishy*, but finally became *rishdagy*. They approved of the latter because in order to pronounce it they had to turn up their noses in reality, which mentally they always did at such people.

Another word of some picturesqueness is *pippa-dolify*, which means young men who wear very stiff collars, newly laundried duck trousers, and walk as though afraid of creasing them or soiling their shoes.

*Trando*. The thing which first suggested it was a gate on a hilltop, sharply outlined against the sky. Beyond it they could see nothing except the blue heavens, stretching on, on, forever. But because there was a path to the gate, and paths always lead somewhere, there must be something beyond. What that something was no one could tell without seeing it. To the imagination it contained as many possibilities as the future. This feeling of the semi-transparency of vastness they called *trando*.

There was one thing that troubled one of these children very much: Where did utterly lost things go, such as the water which vanishes from a mud-pond or the cloth which gradually disappears from the elbows of dresses? There must be some place apart from the earth for such things; so she made up a name for it—*Bomattle*. The idea of the place gradually grew. She realized that some of the things which went there came back, as the

water came back to the puddle in the form of rain. It came to embrace larger things as the child grew, and she has never outgrown it.

When one struck a match there was light; when the match was blown upon there was no longer light. Where did the light come from and go to, and where did the darkness it chased away go to and return from? That place must also be *Bomattle*.

The following, from the letters, is also about the "Berkshire gabble":

Our words did not make up a language, being mostly comprised of adjectives to express our "feelings which did n't seem to be already expressed in English." I should say we were from ten to fourteen years old when we were most interested in building up our collection of words. Every new friend I met, I introduced to them. . . .

We went so far as to make a dictionary, which, I think, must contain over two hundred words. I am afraid I can explain most of the definitions to our words in anything but a lucid manner; but, as I have found our dictionary, I can at least give you the best ones, which, however, were not the ones, always, which we used the most.

I will begin alphabetically:

*ANKERDUDDLE, adj.* Weird and spectral and romantic feeling of a big, solitary house by moonlight.

*BOGEWATSUS, adj.* Fluttering, though determined, feeling before a high jump or dive (as in bathing).

*BOZZOISH, adj.* A person lacking individuality in his looks.

*BUTTOR, adj.* Peaceful summer Sunday morning feeling out of doors, with the hum of bees and the fluttering of butterflies.

*CLONUX, adj.* Grown up for one's age.

*CREAMY, adj.* Desire to squeeze a little fat cat or baby.

*DINX, adj.* Vulgar and "showy off."

*DOVEY, adj.* When one seems to resemble one's name.

This last is very hard to explain, as many of them are—*especially* in good English.

*EVO, adj.* Instinctive feeling that some one whom you do not see is in the room with you.

*FAXSY, adj.*, is one of our best and most used words, and explained in our dictionary as "stuffy-parlorish," which means a close little country parlor, its water-lilies under glass domes, its dried pampas-grass in tall vases at each end of the mantelpiece, its shell and seaweed designs, its parlor organ, etc.

*FOMO, adj.* Nervousness about squeaking slate pencils, etc.

*GOATY, adj.* The kind of person who uses long words to express very ordinary emotions.

*HALALA, adj.* Exultant feeling, wild and inspiring, from the influence of being out in a wild wind-storm by the sea, etc.

*HAMALET, adj.* The indulgent cheeriness of mothers.

*HAWFLOW, adj.* Sinking feeling, as in a marsh.



- HEELY, *adj.* Feeling of some one close behind you in the dark.
- KUAWBEE, *adj.* Feeling, with one's eyes shut, as if running into something.
- LULLISH, *adj.* Feeling, in going up or down stairs, that there is one more step (thinking there is, and taking it).
- MONIA, *adj.* Presentiment that something is about to happen.
- MOUSY, *adj.* Applied to your unfortunate companion who is not wanted, is in the way, and is staying in the hope of getting something by it.
- MUNCHY, *adj.* Up-to-date in every way—dress, speech, manners, and ideas; that is, up-to-date in a worldly way rather than intellectually.
- NOTTLE, *adj.* The kind of practical children who play dolls and "horse," etc., as a matter of course.
- OPPLE, *adj.* Crackly and glimmering, as sheets of bright tin or copper.
- OWLY, *adj.* Feeling one has when one has found anything.
- PALDY, *adj.* Feeling of the world being like a theater.
- PATBOORAY, *proper n.*, was the name of a club about six of us had for anti-slang-using.
- PILTIS, *adj.* Feeling when one has made something all alone, or bought something with one's own money.
- PUSSY, *adj.* A child capable of making up funny faces.
- QUONO, *adj.* Feeling of delicious sense of perfect rest—drowsy and luxurious.
- REWISH, *adj.* Feeling numberless eyes on you as you are about to recite something, etc.
- SABBA, *adj.* Individual house smell.
- SPAILY, *adj.* Old-fashioned and awkward—I may almost say directly the reverse of "munchy."
- STOWISH (or STOISH), *adj.*, is one of our best, but one I really cannot possibly explain. Out of a large number of persons or things, there is always one that is stowish—and, considering all points, is the one *least conspicuous*. We used to differ as to what was stowish. It is a word which is wholly comparative, wholly relative. One thing alone can never be stowish; *i. e.*, from the alphabet, *d*, *k*, *n*, and *t* are considered most universally among us as *most stowish*. Thursday was the most "stowish" day in the week, and April and November of the months. This is very vague, but the best I can do.
- THUKS. An unexplainable sensation about an old blue pump.
- VANDIES, *n.* The "sillies."
- WILLISH, *adj.* When a thing smells as something tastes (or taste reminding one of smell).
- ZONCE, *n.* Terrible hatred.
- ZUMMY, *adj.* A closely knit, neatly built, short-haired dog.

These are a small per cent. of all our words, and ill explained, and, as you see, for the most part very childish and foolish. I think, however, we derived more enjoyment out of them than the children whom I describe above in the definition of "nottle."

There are some important things to be considered in reference to this secret-language period of children. Its highest stage, coming between the ages of ten and thirteen, marks a very important time in the child's life. At this very period nature is secreting material preparatory to the changing of the boy into a man and the girl into a woman. Nature, acting thus on the physical part of the child, reacts on the mental part, and so makes his whole being secretive; hence the development at this period of secret means of communication. Pedagogically this period shows that, next to the mother-tongue period, it is the very best time for the learning of foreign languages. Thus a very strong argument is given for the beginning of the work in foreign languages in the lower grades of the school. A very important matter here has reference to the origin of linguistic stocks and varieties therein. Many are familiar with the late Mr. Horatio Hale's theory that "the origin of linguistic stocks is to be found in what may be termed the linguistic-making instincts of very young children" (the second language period of children). It appears to me that as good a theory may be woven out of the facts of the secret-language instincts of children. When, in an early community, the secret-language period came upon the children of a family, this strong and much-used language found a place among the weak parents, and was used by them, and then they moved away by themselves, and a new variety of language was formed. Thus, following Mr. Hale's theory, the linguistic stocks might arise from the second language period of children, and the varieties in the individual stocks might come from the third (secret) language period of children. If we should hold that the child passes through all the periods of the race,—an epitome of the race,—this secret-language period again becomes an important matter; for it may show that at a corresponding period in the race man had an instinct for secret-language-making. One family would have its own language, and another family its own language; these in time separating, and each family keeping up its language, would give to us the linguistic stocks or the varieties in the linguistic stocks.

Laying aside theories, we have a great fact here which must be accepted and acted upon—the great inventiveness, acquisitiveness, patience, and language-forming ability of children at this secret-language period.

## THE SCRAMBLE FOR THE UPPER NILE.

BY R. DORSEY MOHUN.

Formerly United States Agent in the Kongo Free State.



**W**HEN General Gordon was murdered, and Khartum fell into the hands of the Mahdi, in January, 1885, the whole of the Egyptian Sudan was abandoned to the wild tribes and fanatical Mohammedans who people it. The only parts of Egypt's southern possessions left with any semblance of authority were the Equatorial Provinces, with Emin Pasha as governor. When Stanley brought Emin and Major Casati back to the east coast of Africa, Darfur and the Bahr-el-Ghazal were in consequence virtually given up to the tender mercies of raiding dervishes, who were intent upon obliterating from the minds of the population any good which may have resulted from the effects of civilized rule as represented by Christian officials of the Egyptian government.

Egypt made no attempt to recover this enormous territory until an expedition, under the command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, and composed of Egyptian, Sudanese, and British troops (the latter representing the army of occupation), was, without previous warning, suddenly despatched from Cairo, in March, 1896.

This campaign of recovery has been going on ever since, until now the Egyptian gunboats have reconnoitered the Nile as far south as Metemneh, one hundred miles north of Khartum.

Of Khartum, one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the whole of Africa, splendidly situated at the junction of the White and the Blue Nile, nothing now remains but ruins. Where civilization of the outer world stood boldly in relief against barbarity and savagery, there remain only a few half-starved natives begging succour from passing strangers. The buildings once occupied by the Egyptian officials, foreign consulates, missions, and European traders have all been razed to the ground, and now form the haunt of dogs and hyenas. The Mahdi's successor, commonly called the Khalifa, has moved the Sudan capital to Omdurman, on the left bank of the White Nile, three miles below.

Here reigns this African despot, a Mohammedan of the very worst type, a man born in a lowly state of life, and one absolutely unfitted to rule over his fellow-men. He has now been for years at the head of affairs; but his days are numbered, as numerous expeditions are hurrying forward to take possession of his southern states, and he will be driven out of the country, or will acknowledge the sovereignty of either England or France. These two nations represent the scramblers for the Upper Nile.

Egyptian and British troops are steadily pressing southward. British troops are slowly but surely advancing from Uganda. The road from Suakim to Berber, now effectively occupied by Egypt, is open to the Red Sea. Kassala, in Abyssinia, strongly fortified, and the only place kept intact by the Italians during their last disastrous war, has been turned over, with its full complement of arms, ammunition, artillery, food, etc., to an Egyptian garrison made up of Egyptian, English, and Indian troops.

The Emperor of Abyssinia has signed a treaty with the British government to the effect that he will assist it in every way, and will not, while hostilities last give any assistance to the Khalifa.

In the Kongo Free State, Baron Dhanis has a large expedition scattered over a vast area of country known as the Zone Arabe; but his best officers and men are in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where every now and then they have a battle with the natives, who are more or less in sympathy with the dervish party. There seems to be not much doubt but that England and the Kongo Free State are acting together.

The expedition coming from Uganda, which started under command of Major Macdonald, and left Mombasa, on the East African coast, north of Zanzibar, some months ago, with the published intention of delimitating the southern boundary of Abyssinia, where it touches British East Africa, had absolutely no intention of doing any such thing, Major Macdonald had orders to march with all possible despatch to the Nile, proceed north, and occupy for Egypt, in the

name of Great Britain, the abandoned territory, thus thwarting Captain Marchand's French expedition, of which I shall speak hereafter. Unfortunately, when four hundred miles (one half the distance) up country, his soldiers, five hundred strong, mutinied, killing four officers, and deserting with rifles and ammunition. England, undismayed by this unlooked-for occurrence, immediately sent to his relief from Mombasa Captain Scott, and two hundred picked men from the Indian Contingent that were stationed at that town, and wired Bombay orders for the Twenty-seventh Bombay Light Infantry, eight hundred and fifty strong, to sail immediately, and proceed up country without delay.

I feel convinced that this regiment will also go to the Nile, and thus, by Major Macdonald's misfortune, England will get the splendid opportunity of reinforcing her African forces without exciting undue comment. These troops have been ostensibly sent to capture and punish the mutineers; and when this has been done, on they will go to the northwest.

We see now, by the above, what England is doing to regain for Egypt her lost provinces. Now we shall examine the proceedings of the French.

About eighteen months ago, the Marquis de Mores, well known in America, a French nobleman of a wildly adventurous turn of mind, conceived the mad idea of entering the Sahara desert from Tripoli, and of making his way to Omdurman, where he was to open negotiations with the Khalifa to get the latter to recognize a French protectorate over the Egyptian Sudan. However, M. de Mores was assassinated by Arabs two days after leaving Tripoli, and a certain portion of the French press began a fierce growl against England, saying that De Mores had been murdered by men in her pay. Of course this is arrant nonsense.

Captain Marchand left Loango last year with another French expedition composed of twenty-three officers and five hundred soldiers, and, by way of the Ubangi River in the French Kongo, arrived finally in the Darfur province, and is now believed to be at Kordofan. When there was talk of sending this expedition three years ago, broad hints were given in the French press that its objective point was the Nile; and these rumors seemed to have such good foundation that Sir Edward Grey, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, put in a most energetic protest to the French government, saying that if this was the intention of France, England would look upon it as an unfriendly act.

If the French have established themselves at Kordofan and claimed the country for France, the foundation for such a claim would rest upon the fact that it belongs to no power, having been abandoned by the Egyptian government when Hicks Pasha's army was slaughtered and Slatin Bey surrendered to the Mahdi, and also that the Egyptian government has never made an effort to reoccupy it. If this occupation is true, it remains to be seen whether England will permit it.

Prince Henry of Orléans has also left, or is on the point of leaving, the West African coast with another French expedition, with the same object in view as Captain Marchand. He expects to meet, near Kordofan, Colonel Leontieff, governor of southern Abyssinia. Last year M. de Bonchamps, another Frenchman, left Abyssinia, when the emperor of that country was being beset by foreign diplomatic missions, and headed for the Nile, to make a junction with Captain Marchand.

If these three French parties come together, England might sit tight, say nothing, and let the three commanding officers get into a row as to which is the representative of France; and when the row is at its height, slip in, take everything in sight, and politely request the others to leave; as her Majesty's government had occupied everything, and did not purpose to have foreign armed forces traveling through British territory and disturbing its peace.

Many will ask, Why this feverish haste to occupy this wretched country in the heart of Africa?

Reasons are many, and most of them are sound. First and foremost, the power which holds the southern countries through which the Upper Nile and its tributaries flow has the fate of Lower Egypt in her hands. It has been stated many times that it would be quite feasible to divert the course of some of these rivers, thus decreasing the annual rise, which means everything to the agriculturist of Lower Egypt. Without her agriculture there would be no future for the country; and unless the river overflowed its banks annually, and made its deposit of rich soil from hundreds of miles south, the situation would be absolutely desperate.

Secondly, the districts of Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal are rich in gum-rubber and ostrich feathers, and a certain amount of gold has also been found.

The Bahr-el-Ghazal abounds in elephants, and great stores of ivory are said to be held by native chiefs, only waiting for traders who

will deal honestly with them. The two districts of Dar-Senaar and Dar-el-Fungi are more or less agricultural countries, and before the fall of Khartum Greek planters had been successful there. Therefore, from an agricultural point of view the country is valuable.

Thirdly, the finest soldiers in the Egyptian army, commonly called the Sudanese, come from these southern provinces. These men are in demand as soldiers, not only in Egypt, but on the east and west coasts of Africa. The black battalions of the Egyptian army are composed of Sudanese, and are reckoned among the best soldiers to be found anywhere.

Who will be successful in this scramble for the Upper Nile? I say most emphatically, England, although France seems to have a temporary advantage in the occupation of Fashoda. This occupation England cannot, and will not, permit to remain permanent; and, following up the numerous protests made by Lord Rosebery's government, the present government must, in order that the prestige of England may be undimmed, give notice to France to leave Fashoda and return to her west-coast hinterland.

From the point of view of commerce and progress, it would be preferable for this vast territory to be under the indirect control of England. Her possessions are never encumbered with large numbers of military and civil officials, and she does everything in her power to foster and develop trade on strict lines of partiality to none. With England at the head of affairs in this benighted country, there can be no doubt but it will develop its resources in a comparatively short time, although there has been no semblance of authority of government there for thirteen years.

The French wish to retrieve their error of 1882, when the British fleet bombarded Alexandria, temporarily in possession of Arabi Pasha. Her Majesty's government offered France the opportunity of taking part in the bombardment of Alexandria; but the day before this took place, all Europe beheld with astonishment the French fleet putting to sea, leaving the English sole masters of the situation. In the face of this stupidity, how can France expect the sympathy of Continental powers in her effort to seize what is undoubtedly an Egyptian possession? If she had acted in concert with England in the beginning, we should see to-day, instead of England solely directing Egyptian affairs, a

dual control of the whole of Egypt from Alexandria to the Victoria Nyanza. By sending of these expeditions France will undoubtedly acquire new territory; but England will never allow a claim to any part near the Nile, or near the mouths of its larger western affluents.

If France should finally get possession of Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal, what would she do with them? By rude caravan roads trade could be carried on from Loango, on the west coast, and Djibuti, on the Gulf of Aden, with Fashoda as a central point. In order to make such a trade remunerative, hundreds of thousands of human beasts of burden would be required to bring in articles of commerce necessary to purchase the export commerce. No doubt the French would abandon the west-coast route, and, through the influence of Colonel Leontieff, extend the proposed Djibuti Railway to the eastern bank of the Nile; but in order to do this it would be necessary to seize another large district bordering on Abyssinia—Dar-el-Fungi. The probabilities are that France would do nothing to develop the country, but merely maintain a military occupation in order to have a thorn continually in the side of England.

Now, with the provinces under Egypt, what would the Egyptian, or rather the British, government do? Extend the Transcontinental Railway, now at Bulawayo, South Africa, to meet the Cairo Railway, being pushed south by Sir Herbert Kitchener; bring the Uganda Railway, being rapidly built by the British government, from Mombasa, East Africa, to the Victoria Nyanza, up to the Nile, and connect it with the South African system; run a branch line from Suakim to Berber on the Nile; and erect a system of telegraph-lines which would extend from Cairo to the Cape, Mombasa to the lake, and on to the Nile at Wadelai or Lado, and from there connect with the Kongo Free State system now being built from Boma. All the larger towns would be connected, and communication with Europe would be established; gunboats would patrol the river; and when the country had fully realized the benefits of good government, mounted police could be substituted for the military. England knows just how to do these things, and one can be absolutely certain that they would be done properly.

I believe England, and not France, will be mistress of the Upper Nile.



# AN OUTLINE OF JAPANESE ART.

BY ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA

WITH UNIQUE AND UNPUBLISHED EXAMPLES.

WE cannot yet measure the value for the world of its progressive contact with Oriental culture. Already an introduction to Eastern art has transformed our theory and practice. It may be only the first revelation of a new order of ideals.

A nation's art is more than its technical methods, or an aggregate of its collections; it is the flower of its spiritual life—the breathing out upon its world the flavor of its inward conceptions of man and nature. Of the many great national arts that Asia has known through the last two millenniums, Japanese art has in a special sense become the heir.

## JAPANESE ART.

If our prevalent theory of the stagnation of Oriental culture were correct, the history of Japanese art would be simple. In fact, the torch has flamed high or low, clear or smoky, with the shock and ebb of many a spiritual crisis; and the color of the flame has changed with the new fuel of thought caught up in the contact of races. In this way Japanese art has risen to five successive and distinct heights of illumination. The outline of these is the outline of its history.

### I.

#### PRIMITIVE JAPAN.

OF ancient continental ancestry, Indian, Chinese, and Korean, Japanese civilization and art were born late in the sixth century of our era. Before that date lay a Peruvian-like, barbaric age of unglazed pottery and angular stone images of a sparse and crudely agricultural people possessing no large cities or permanent buildings, and in a state of transition from clan organization to the village commune. Upon them lay lightly the bond of allegiance to a patriarchal house, a religious submission akin to the worship of those semi-human spirits with whom they peopled all nature, and before whose rustic shrine in each local deme they offered, in

purity of heart, the flowers and fruits of the fields blessed by its care. No Chinese hierarchy of court and ceremony, no Confucian formulation of social inequalities, interfered with their simple but free individualities. The peasants' language was one of poetry; they addressed one another in primitive verses glowing with a child's love of nature. The recent introduction of Chinese characters for written records had only whetted a passive wonder at the possible secrets of scholarship. The genius of this island race, perhaps already fusing together Tartar, Aino, and Malay elements, was waiting for some mental shock, some moral ideal, potent enough to kindle its latent energies into flame.

#### THE COMING OF BUDDHISM.

THE spark leaped from the neighboring peninsula of Korea. It bore the fervor of a gospel. It fell upon tinder. In this rich, secluded soil of gentle spiritualism were suddenly planted the new, vast, and continental institutes of northern Buddhism. With them came literature, the constructive arts, the self-examination of philosophy, the conviction of sin, moral aspiration, and the conception of the divinity and solidarity of human relationships.

#### THE FIRST CIVILIZATION.

It was a revelation. The fresh, untried imagination of the race found worthy stimulus. New industries were introduced. An elaborate architecture on lofty scale for temples suggested more substantial palaces, the permanent character of which might adduce an aggregation of city dwellings. Population, fed by Korean immigration, rapidly increased. By the eighth century, Nara, Japan's first capital, covered some thirty square miles with half a million dwellers. The patriarchal emperor, become the chief patron of the new religion, derived dignity and power from the alliance. The lyrical gift in Japanese speech now burst forth in conscious fullness. The



seventh and eighth centuries are the golden age of native poetry, and in the latter were compiled the first historical treatises.

a prophecy. The language of translation should be the beauty of pure form. Such was the art of the first period.

#### THE FIRST PERIOD OF ART.

BUT in art the awakened genius was most conspicuous. Imagination seemed inborn in the race. The new life was embowered in its tracery. The court encouraged the refinement of industries. The chant of the priests was mingled with the mallet's stroke, the furnace's roar, the loom's rattle, and the whirl of the potter's wheel. Man looked into his soul, and beheld the images of transcendent faculties rising up like airy gods. It must have been the graceful symmetry of this virgin vision which focused the eye upon the primary beauty of form. Design was severe and architectural. The new faith proclaimed the creative power of spirit, the right of thoughts to become things, the value of the human symbol, the joy of sacred labor. Hence the first-born of imagination, as in Greece, was the art of sculpture.

#### RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE.

THE Buddhism which thus found its purest interpreter was a form of northern Buddhism, known as the Lesser Vehicle. It was a gentle, exoteric doctrine, which, while it insisted on the impermanence of earthly forms and hopes, inculcated a positive faith in man's spiritual capacities as deliverance from the illusions of sense. The world was no hopeless dream, as with the Hindu, but a storehouse of forms to be idealized. The ecstasy of its saintship readily absorbed the simpler aspirations of Shinto. Its temple altar-pieces were the personifications of all great forces in man which make for holiness—Reason, Pity, Charity, Fortitude, Beauty. Their worship consisted in offerings of flowers, and in prayer, in contemplation of their eternity and power, and in reverent thankfulness for their beneficence. These deities' majesty and purity of aspect should detach thought from its ordinary center in the lower self, and focus it upon transcendent values dimly imaged beyond. The noblest of problems was thus afforded to sculpture, the majestic expression of the religious ideal in human form. But, naturally, it could not, like Greek sculpture, aim to make its ideal immanent in the bare human personality. It aimed at a form suggested, indeed, by the human, but transfigured by the requirements of spiritual proportion. Man for it was no finality, but

#### INDIAN AND CHINESE PROTOTYPES.

THE source of this art in motive was, of course, India. The primitive Buddhist art of the cave-sculptures, of the gigantic monoliths, of the burial-mounds, elaborate and massive but meager in its spiritual iconography, was imported into the great empire of Han early in our era, but did not take deep root there until the partition of China in the third century by Tartar conquerors. Little but the figures of Buddha and a few of his attendant spirits was represented, and in these Chinese solidity supplanted Hindu sensitiveness. Primitive Chinese art had impressed on bronze a style of decoration which was apparently either derived, like the Celtic, from the interlacing of bands of cut leather, or, like the Egyptian, an intaglio of pictorial design related to the inscriptional nature of writing. The clinging, gauzy drapery of Indian Buddhas was now simplified to a system of a few concentric curves, more formally disposed, and more deeply cut into the substance of the wood which often supplanted stone. Thus arose a Chinese school of Buddhist sculpture, which prevailed from the third century to the sixth, heavy and square in its proportions, severe and restrained in its curvature, smooth and abstract in its treatment of nude portions, hollow-chested, and with something almost Semitic in its features.

#### COREAN IMPORTATIONS.

It was this Chinese type which inspired the young kingdoms of Korea in the fifth and sixth centuries. There can be no doubt that the special genius of their peninsular race was for modeling, especially in pottery and in bronze. Hence they softened the hardness of Chinese dignity with a feeling for a more mellow line, suggestive of spirit. Korean art thus forms an intermediate link between Chinese and Japanese. In images the lines become fewer, and reduced almost to the boundaries of essential masses. In decoration, as for scrollwork in low relief, or upon perforated screens and gilt coronets, it transforms the tough bands of early Chinese bronze into a light, flame-like spring of interlacing curves.

The finest known specimen of such Korean art, probably of the end of the sixth century,

was discovered by Mr. Okakura and me in 1886, sealed up in a shrine at Horiuji. The profile view here reproduced (Fig. 1) shows a most sensitive modeling of the sharp features, superior to early Chinese. It is beautifully human, yet at the same time superhumanly severe and benign. Though this statue, a little larger than life, is of wood, it preserves the simple, strong lines of drapery characteristic of early Korean bronzes. It was from this statue, chief among Korean exportations at the end of the sixth century, that the first Japanese sculptors derived their finest inspiration.

#### EARLIEST JAPANESE SCULPTURE.

By the year 600 of our era not only had the Japanese empress Suiko become the devoted patron of Buddhism, but Shotoku, the imperial prince, himself a priest, was expounding the new religion at court, and sending to Corea for architects, bronze-casters, weavers, and scholars, with whose help he designed to erect and maintain Japan's first great monastery, Horiuji. Still in existence, it is her finest art museum to-day, though few parts of its architecture date further back than the end of the seventh century. Japanese artists were associated with their Korean teachers in this work of years, and the temple's bronze altar-piece, a trinity of small statues on the Korean model, is said to have been designed and cast by Japan's first professional sculptor, Tori.

But the first great original Japanese statue was carved, nearly life-size, out of hard, dark wood, by the prince Shotoku himself. It represents the Spirit of Providence, seated in thoughtful attitude. (Fig. 2.) Severe and unornamented, without losing Chinese dignity, it adds to Korean spirituality a more human proportion and a more human charm of naïve sweetness. Nude from the waist up, its abstract beauty disdains, without offense, all suggestion of muscular detail; and, though it is almost clumsy in parts, its presence at the nunnery Chuguji is so powerful as almost to compel the obeisance of the beholder.

#### THE BRONZE STATUETTES.

AFTER this beginning, interest centers in the efforts of a school of bronze-casters who established themselves at the temple Iwabuchi, on a mountain slope later included in the city of Nara. Their work, consisting of bronze statuettes from six inches to three feet in height, supplied the demand for altar-pieces of the many temples founded throughout the

seventh century. The series of more than a hundred known to exist, while experiments in combining the several imported continental types, on the whole exhibit every stage of a steady advance from the awkwardness and severity of Indian, Chinese, and Korean models to an artistic conception of elegance and delicate modeling which is a new revelation in Buddhist art. It is as if the spirit of Japanese poetry had been poured with the gold-alloyed metal into the wax mold. Details of drapery and ornamentation are given a higher relief. A beauty almost Greek in its sensitiveness slowly emerges, which, carrying to perfection the hints in Korean design, is yet a pure product of native Japanese genius. The head of the finest specimen, a bronze Bodhisattva three feet high, executed, we may conjecture, about the year 680, and now preserved at Horiuji, is here reproduced. (Fig. 3.)

#### THE TRINITY OF THE SCREEN.

BUT the triumph of the school—that to which its series logically leads—is a complete, though small, bronze altar-piece consisting of a trinity of statuettes in full relief upon lotus-flowers which rise from a base of waves, and backed, first by a detached openwork halo, and second by a screen the ornaments of which are treated in three degrees of relief. (Fig. 4.) This uniquely complex work, also preserved at Horiuji, while retaining the naïve charm of primitive art, unites its many systems of lines into a symphonic splendor which nothing in later art surpasses. The folds of the Buddha's drapery are few, but disposed like those of primitive Greek sculpture. The hands, strongly modeled, are organically related to these curves, down to the motions of the very fingers. The deities at the side, now draped in graceful girdles which cross the body from arm to arm, sway lightly at the hip, as their weight rests on one leg. Blending with these main themes, long, strenuous curves of angels' mantles, caught upward as in some ethereal draft, and mingled with lotus stems and leaves, which also spring like flames, play in accompaniment from the screen's low relief.

#### THE OPENWORK HALO.

THE most beautiful single feature of this group is the openwork halo. Every detail of its thin tracery is fully modeled. Its three organic parts, border, lotus, and interspace, are clearly differentiated by the color produced in the disposition of the patterns. The



FIG. 1. COREAN WOODEN SCULPTURE OF A BUDDHIST DEITY; SIXTH CENTURY: A LITTLE LARGER THAN LIFE.

First large work of sculpture brought to Japan. Preserved in Yumedono of Horiuji, Japan's first Buddhist temple.

derived, through China, from that northern Indian school of sculpture which archaeologists have called Greco-Buddhist. Leaving Yamato for a moment, let us glance at this new wave as it passes slowly across Asia from the Hellenic archipelago to the Japanese.

#### GRECO-BUDDHIST ART.

ATHENIAN sculpture of the fifth century B. C. had reached its climax in expressing the divine through the purely human. But in Asia Minor, Greek art, becoming frankly human, had lost ideality in heaviness, violence of action, and high-relief cutting, as in the dull features of Mausolus. This phase of it, carried to the heart of Asia in the wake of Alexander's conquests, remained for centuries the tradition of Seleucid and Cashmerian sculptors, the latter of whom, not far from the time of Christ, were privileged to

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quality of the curvature in the border so combines wealth, power, and grace as to stand, more than almost any other work in the world's art, for a visible symbol of the nature of spirit. In casting, these exquisite surfaces came perfect from the mold, requiring no after-touch of file or chisel. It is hard to conceive to what excellences Japanese art can next advance.

interpret a new religion, Buddhism, which, pressing northward from the heart of India, was to adapt its needs to Asia's stronger races, even as St. Paul was to make Christianity Roman. Here was a second rich world of conceptions for Hellenic art to conquer. Instead of meager Indian Buddhas and confused composition, were now produced strong, dramatic groups, clad in highly modeled and graceful drapery, and massed upon the semi-classic architecture with decorative intention. This art in its purity did not reach China until the seventh century, when it worked a radical change in sacred sculpture. How finely the Chinese then came to model can be seen from the seated statue of a Buddha in rough clay,

#### THE SECOND STAGE OF SCULPTURE.

YET at this very close of the century two new influences are about to carry it to greater height: one is the discovery in Japan of the materials for bronze in quantities sufficient for works of colossal size; the other is the importation of new esthetic canons, de-



FIG. 2. LIFE-SIZE WOODEN SCULPTURE OF THE BODHISATTVA KWANNON.

Japanese, early seventh century. The earliest creative work of Japanese art. At Horiuji.



FIG. 3. HEAD OF A BODHISATTWA, IN BRONZE.  
Japanese, end of seventh century. Statue three feet  
in height. At Horiuji.

probably imported into Japan late in the seventh century, and still preserved at Ud-zumasa, near Kioto. (Fig. 5.) As the reproduction shows, it is essentially Greco-Buddhist work; and it became one of the clearest types of all later Japanese Buddhas.

#### CULMINATION OF BRONZE SCULPTURE.

THIS new Greco-Chinese art now poured into Japan, through Corea, in considerable masses. We have seen the triumph of Japan's primitive school, about the year 680, in the bronze Trinity of the Screen. In solving the problem of expansion to colossal scale, two features were to be united—the human dignity, proportion, and modeling of Greco-Buddhist art, and a refined, decorative beauty, purely Japanese, which had been evolved in the discipline of the statuette school. The first attempt, in 695, to cast a trinity of separate statues, twelve feet high, was a failure; but in 715 a far finer trinity, of larger proportion, was cast from a unique black bronze by Giogi, Ja-

pan's greatest sculptor, as an altar-piece at Yakushiji, near Nara. The gently swaying bodies, though smooth and abstract in their flesh surfaces, have the main muscular contours well marked. The grace of the lines, accentuated by the rich catenary loops of mantles and festooned jewels, is unsurpassed. Not only is this the culmination of Japanese bronze, but it is perhaps the finest embodiment in art of northern Buddhist ideals, in that it startles us with the adequate presence of a being like a man, but higher and purer. Hardly inferior artistically is the more decorative group, four feet high, of a dog and dragons supporting a bronze drum. (Fig. 7.)

#### SCULPTURE IN CLAY.

STILL another triumph of early eighth century sculpture was achieved in clay. This fine gray clay, found in Nara, and mixed with shredded vegetable fiber, hardened of itself without baking, and was then either left of its natural color, or was painted and gilded. The most beautiful remaining specimens are a pair of standing Bodhisattwa, larger than life, at Sangatsudo in Nara, so finely modeled on classic lines that they hold their own in exposition beside photographs of Greek sculpture. (Fig. 8.)



FIG. 4. BRONZE TRINITY, WITH SCREEN.  
Japanese, end of seventh century. About five feet in width. At Horiuji.



## SCULPTURE IN LACQUER COMPOSITION.

STILL a third material invented at this time by Japanese sculptors, and which for its lightness tended to supplant both bronze and clay, was thin lacquer, mixed with powdered bark, and spread in layers of progressive fineness over a model of coarse cloth, stiffened with glue upon a slight wooden frame. This could be modeled by the hand, receive a final polish, and dry as hard as stone. Such statues were sometimes left black, sometimes completely gilded, and sometimes painted.

## THE THIRD STAGE OF SCULPTURE.

THE ripeness of Japan's first civilization was reached with the advent to his permanent capital, Nara, of the emperor Shomu, in 724. Self-established as head of the church, he united splendor of living to pomp of ritual. He built the Sun Buddha of gilded bronze, fifty feet high. At its dedication thousands of priests, chanting through the corridors, heaped its courts with flowers. Its hierarchs were the confidants of his palace. His empress, Komio, a beautiful woman, was herself worshiped as an incarnation of Kwannon, and is said to have stood for the model of Japan's most feminine statue, now at Hokeji. (Fig. 9.) Like this, most of the sculpture of the day was in wood. From this time art suffers a progressive degeneration up to the year 765. At Shomu's death he bequeathed to the church the total contents of his palace, which still prove the splendor of his costume and environment.

## CAUSES OF DEGENERATION.

In all this there is a hint of a self-consciousness and luxury which must have clogged the first naive impulse to create of a young race warmed by a new faith. The very familiarity of church and state was ominous of un-

spiritual abuses. The land-rights of the people were ignored by greedy aristocrats. The infiltration of Chinese forms more and more disturbed the purity of early ideals. It is clear that esthetic interest was rapidly passing from pure form to color. The wooden statues, growing fat and clumsy, were over-

loaded with the most gorgeous pigments and gold. Paintings began to usurp the precedence of statues for altarpieces. Also, when a sudden edict could compass the erection of temples in every province, demand for the cheap and hasty must have outrun the supply of native talent. From 765 to the end of the century almost complete stagnation supervened; no work of importance was produced. It seemed as if the first inspiration had died away, and the nation was waiting for a new prophetic voice.

Such a sudden rise and fall of civilization is no unique thing in history. Art is its most sensitive barometer. In this case the failure was the insufficiency of abstractions, the withering of delicate flowers in a soil

needing the fertilization of deeper experience.

## II.

## DIRECT CONTACT WITH CHINA.

BUT Japanese energy was not exhausted; it was lying fallow. It had to recover from the intoxication of a first vision. The rapid, thoughtless growth at Nara from patriarchalism to imperialism had outrun the strength of Japan's institutions. Thinkers foresaw the need in government of more complex organization, in religion of more practical experience, in education of riper literary training. For such reconstruction Japanese scholars at last penetrated into China, the pure fountainhead of Asiatic culture. Hereafter importation was direct. Hence, if we may call the first age the Korean Period, we may call the second the Chinese Period.



FIG. 5. CLAY SCULPTURE OF THE BUDDHA OF HEALING.

Chinese, late seventh century, showing the transmission of the Greek tradition. This became the model for all later Japanese Buddhas. About four feet high. At Udzumasa, near Kioto.



## ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

THE pioneers who came to Japan after an absence of many years were mostly Buddhist priests. They had studied at the great monastic universities of the Tang dynasty. If they were to reorganize civilization, it

from vague abstraction. The influence of the exoteric Nara faith had been mildly restraining—in fact, negative. It refused to recognize value in the transitory and the personal. It detached itself from activity of career, and, lost in its dreams of bliss and form, was incapable of corrupting abuses. Not such the



FIG. 6. THE BODHISATTWA OF THE SUN, FROM THE TRINITY AT KOFUKUJI IN NARA, WHICH IS THE CULMINATION OF THE ORIENTAL ART OF BRONZE SCULPTURE. Japanese, early eighth century. Black bronze. Side piece 14 feet in height.

was because they were primarily apostles. It was a new and more vital Buddhism which they taught—the mystical doctrine of Nagarjuna, which had transplanted into China, during the seventh century, its centers of spiritual teaching. Though professing the loftiest idealism, it was the furthest removed

esoteric Buddhism of the second period. It sought for positive, concrete powers. Its contemplation was not passive, but creative and masterful. It professed to penetrate to the spiritual law which underlies the healthiness of change. Its precept was, not to eschew the world as illusion, but from within



FIG. 7. JAPANESE DECORATED BRONZE DRUM SUPPORTED BY DRAGONS.

Early eighth century. Four feet high. At Kasuga Temple, Nara.

to purify the world of its illusion—to evolve the kingdom of spirit out of the kingdom of matter. For this reaction the civilized social state is the normal alembic. The reagent is severe monastic discipline and psychical exaltation. Its monks conceived the visible world as two front ranks of warring hosts, whose vast alliance of spiritual cohorts is clouded out for the fleshly eye. So far from deadening interest in human affairs, such spiritual knighthood spurred them on to the founding of colleges, libraries, hospitals, fine-art academies, and schools of statesmanship.

#### THE SECOND CIVILIZATION.

It was no narrow sectarian triumph which the Japanese prophets planned on their return to Nara. They had studied Chinese institutions throughout. They knew the splendid record of Chinese civil administration, based on educational proficiency. China was at the height of her political and intellectual power. Dengio and Kobo, the founders of the new era, designed nothing less for their land than a complete social and intel-

lectual renaissance. Continental literature should be bodily imported. Japan should become the paradise of a cultivated and devout aristocracy of officialdom. The conflict in China between Confucianism and Buddhism was wisely excluded from their importations; these two authorities should come only as coöperating friends; and thus Japan was fortunately spared the mortal crisis of Chinese history.

#### REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL TO KIOTO.

IN 794 the great priest Dengio persuaded the Emperor Kwammu to remove the capital from Nara to the present site of Kioto. Nara was walled in with monasteries of the older, more shadowy faith. Its nobles were sunk in luxury, ignorance, and sloth. He felt the necessity for a complete break with local associations. He must rebuild from the



FIG. 8. BODHISATTWA IN UNPAINTED CLAY.

Japanese, early eighth century. Eight feet high. At Saugatsudo of Nara.

foundation. His own apostolic temple he founded on Mount Hiyei, overlooking the new city; and thus began that double imperialism of church and civil authority which is so characteristic of the second period, and which reminds us of a somewhat similar European alliance in the Holy Roman Empire.

#### THE PERIOD OF ARISTOCRACY.

FROM the personal imperialism of Nara, where Shomu was at once king, judge, general, and lay hierarch of religion, and whose functionaries were but his household officers, it was a great step to the conception of administration as the carefully defined coöperation of state ministers and minutely subdivided ranks of officials. Chinese law, civil, court, criminal, and military, imposed itself upon the semi-democratic patriarchalism and the village organization. The inheritance of ranks and professions intensified both the good and the bad in this deliberate centralization. The founders of civil houses schooled their successors in the complex literary and artistic education of the day. The tradition of fine living became as hereditary as the rank. Thus a new and numerous class, a cultivated aristocracy, was slowly built up between the emperor and his subjects. And since, of the many rival families, the Fujiwara succeeded, after several generations, in monopolizing most of the offices, and even in marrying its daughters to the emperor, we may call this age the period of the Fujiwara aristocracy.

#### SOCIAL CULTURE.

UNDER such conditions urban society was rapidly transformed. Caste, ceremony, learning, delicate living, and patronage of art

well-nigh bred a new race. Kioto became a nest of palaces. Elaborate architectural interiors were sometimes decorated in black lacquer, inlaid with ivory, pearl, and polished silver, and brightened with plates of gold. Ladies wore many silk robes at once, the

edges of the linings of which showed a gradation of color. A school of fiction, reflecting the polished manners of contemporary life, ranked many women among its famous authors. The intercourse of ladies and gentlemen was upon the basis of freedom and equality, as with us in the West to-day. Clubs and parties were frequent, where the latest work in literature and art was discussed, and extemporizing and sketching were indulged in. Thus the courts of the emperors Uda and Daigo at the beginning of the tenth century are in some respects like Henry VIII's at London. Noble ladies drank deep of Chinese classics, as Lady Jane Grey of Greek. Michizane, who was the prodigy of his day, critic, poet, historian, and legislator, was able to promote the new ideals as prime minister. The new poetry was purely Chinese, and was based upon the severest continental models, and utterly unlike the Japanese lyrical verse of the seventh century. Like Sir Thomas More, whose career his some-

what resembles, he suffered martyrdom.

#### THE SECOND PERIOD OF ART.

BUT amid all this secular wealth must not be forgotten the dominance of Buddhist idealism. The new aristocracy was, above all things, devout. Those of its members who did not aspire to office found an equally honorable and influential calling in the priesthood. The largest monasteries were ruled by imperial princes. Even emperors abdicated



FIG. 9. LIFE-SIZE WOODEN STATUE OF THE BODHISATTVA KWANNON.

Japanese, middle of the eighth century. The empress is said to have stood as model for this. At Hokkeji of Nara.

to become monks. Thus palace life, instead of degenerating into mere material splendor, was for a while kept pure by profound faith. One of the noblest instruments of this faith was art. What to the inward eye was visible of that shining spiritual hierarchy which guarded man should be externalized in his environment. Altars were no longer, as in Nara, open for public congregations; shrines and altarpieces, whether in temple or palace, gave secluded sanctuary for the private devotee. This daily exaltation was the incense of personal life. Bodhisattwa and men might mingle together as one. Hence representation could be no longer confined to the colossal image, but had to employ the wealth and universality of painting. If the art of the first period was religious sculpture, we can say that the chief art of the second period was religious painting.

#### RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

THE subjects of this art were most unlike the abstractions of the Nara illumination. It was now the spiritual drama of the universe—Miltonic forms enthroned in gold and glory, or whirled into the flaming path of action. Now it is the transfiguration or the magical beneficence of saints in the flesh; now hosts of ethereal beings descending like clouds across a background of mountains, elemental imps of wind and wave, archangels of sword and fire, the whole iridescent hierarchy of heaven. Painting alone could have filled in the wealth of landscape background, atmospheric phenomenon, and spiritual suggestion of color demanded by such subjects. Such color was by no means the overloaded decoration of the later Nara period, running to a riot of scarlet and violet pattern. Rather was it the more solid coloring of sky, rock, wave, tree, and cloud,

and the undecorated masses of robes flashing against these.

#### CHINESE PAINTING.

THE dominance of painting in Japan's second period of art was derived from Chinese practice.

If the genius of primitive Corea was sculptural, that of China was primarily inscripitional. Only secondarily have the Chinese been modelers. Theirs is the art of the supple brush, the same facile pen which objectifies thought to the eye in written characters. Hence, the primary feature of such art is not color, but line—a free and flexible outline, drawn mostly in ink by an unwavering stroke, and as firm as the lead-lines in our stained-glass windows. The majesty of such line-work was brought to perfection in the eighth century by Godoshi, the Polygnotus of Chinese art. But Ririoin, its Apelles, in the eleventh brought out such harmony and rhythmic flow in his complicated systems of curves as to challenge comparison, in this regard, with Parthenon types. In the picture of one of his saints, while we are hardly able to expect anatomical correctness, we can feel a majesty in the "lead-lining" from which our modern art has much to learn. This quality is seen again in his saint with a snake entranced upon the water.



FIG. 10. KANAWOKA'S PORTRAIT OF PRINCE SHOTOKU.

At Ninnaji, near Koto.

#### THE SCHOOL OF KOBO DAISHI.

THIS art was transplanted to Japan by Kobo Daishi, the founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism, only a few years after Dengio had removed the capital. It was Kobo who had been in China a most diligent student of painting and calligraphy. He rose to mastery in the grand style of the Tang. He is

the paragon of Japan's writers, and one of the greatest of her artists. His work has great simplicity, but enormous power. The lines in his remaining portraits of priests and deities are few, thick, and severe, the filling of colors flat and undecorated.

#### THE SCHOOL OF KOSE KANAWOKA.

THE whole ninth century was a progressive experiment in grafting the new culture. But

#### THE SCHOOL OF YEISHIN SOZU.

By the beginning of the eleventh century still a third creative movement prolonged the life of this second school. Its founder, Yeishin, was a priest, who may be called the Fra Angelico of Japan. In his meditations he saw the whole heavenly host descending to him across Mount Hiyei, as he dreamed by the shores of Lake Biwa. So dazzling were they that only gold pigment could in-



FIG. 11. KEION'S "FLIGHT OF THE COURT."

by the beginning of the tenth the plant grew in its own soil, and was strong enough to re-absorb something of the delicacy of the first period, without losing its Chinese force. In art, Kanawoka, the founder of the first lay family of professional painters, and the contemporary of Michizané, was the master of the movement. He has been called the Godoshi of Japan. With him Japanese landscape backgrounds for deities sometimes supplanted Chinese backgrounds. The power of his conception, combined with grace, is shown in his standing portrait of Prince Shotoku, in which the colors of flesh and robe fill up the pure lines with a glowing tone that is almost Venetian. This rare work is kept in Ninnaji, near Kioto. (Fig. 10.)

dedicate their splendor. Hence he introduced a new style of painting the lead-lines in thick gold, and the interstices with fine hair-tracery of exquisite gold pattern. Behind lay a background of dark blue, cut with clouds or mountain-peaks.

#### DECAY OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

SEVERAL other professional families of artists followed one or another of the styles indicated. The most famous is the Kasuga, whose founder, Motomitsu, was the contemporary and rival of Yeishin, and whose descendants, under the name of Tosa, were to become the leaders of a succeeding age. Yet, on the whole, during the eleventh century and the first part of the twelfth there







is a progressive decay in art as in civilization. The Fujiwara aristocracy had abused its privileges, and was neglecting the state in the personal rivalries of its members. The drift of things was toward an oligarchic tyranny. In religion, form and ritual tended to supplant insight. In art, line became weak, proportions abnormal, composition spotty. The professors of mystic illumination found themselves heirs of a prescribed iconography. In literature little was produced. In politics the emperor had become the plaything of his ambitious ministers. But of the second period as a whole we may say that it embodied the first complete national civilization, rich in the products of a profound faith.

## III.

## JAPAN'S ISOLATION.

ANOTHER cause of decay was the virtual isolation of Japan from China after the fall of Tang in the tenth century. This was partly due to the Fujiwara themselves, who punished students for trying to go to Sung in the eleventh. Japan was thus ignorant of the contemporary crisis in Chinese civilization. No new idea could come to her from without or from within. Her repressed mental energies could concentrate only upon physical revolt.

## CIVIL WAR.

VENGEANCE fell on the Fujiwara at the hands of the hereditary generals of the northern and southern armies, which, never disbanded, had to live upon the soil won from barbarian enemies. It was only a matter of time when these military lords, tired of allegiance to the pampered aristocracy of Kioto, should lead thither picked troops, take sides in its quarrels, and supplant it by dictating their own appointment as executives.

Again it was only a matter of time when these rivals, Minamoto and Taira, the Caesar and Pompey of the twelfth century, should begin a mortal duel. Thirty years of the most ferocious civil war left Yoritomo, the head of the northern clan, master of the land. These wars had bred a new race of Japanese, hardy, fearless, cruel. The polite culture of centuries had disappeared in a holocaust of burning palaces. Chinese learning was forgotten. The only faith left was that in self-prowess. The new element that now leaped to the front was Japanese character.

## THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

IN 1192 Yoritomo was invested by the helpless emperor with the title of shogun and

full executive functions. Wary of the narcotics of Kioto, he built a new capital for himself far to the east, at Kamakura, whence he governed the land with his own ministry. Kioto was left to the mikado and his dwindled aristocracy, a court of high-sounding titles, but without function or revenue. The real wealth of the country, its soil, Yoritomo parceled out among his victorious generals and captains. Centralization of the civil service was greatly weakened. Each locality was largely left to its own devices. And thus the ancient and carefully erected institutions of the realm were overlaid, at a blow, with the ruder logic of a feudal system. So began a third and distinct civilization in Japan. The germs of the preceding two had been derived from Corea and China respectively. This was a product of revolution from within. We may, therefore, call it the first Japanese Period, or, from its capital, the Kamakura Period.

## THE THIRD CIVILIZATION.

THE thought of this as the first purely Japanese age is an important one. It is opposed to prevalent Western estimates of it as the break-up of Japanese culture. On the contrary, I believe this to be the freeing of native genius. Had Japan then known Sung, she would have become only a brilliant echo of China. Barbarian before the advent of letters from Corea, the Japanese race had since experimented with two continental civilizations. But now, cut off from Asia without by the rise of the Mongols, and from tradition within by revolution, pure Japanese character was forced to face the problems of self-expression and self-government. Now arose that spirit of intense romantic, military loyalty the latest outburst of which we witness among the heroes of Ping Yang and the Yalu; now became self-conscious the dauntless freedom of the Japanese soul.

## INDIVIDUALITY.

THE history of the race attests its ever-youthful power of recreation. Remove the pressure of tradition, and its latent tension carries it forward with vital spring. Thirty years of civil war on a national scale had bred vigor in the tissue and decision in the nerve. The head was all the clearer for a little blood-letting. Personal forces supplanted religion and state with a keener, if a narrower, ideal. The courts of baronial castles, built at every important center, dispersed throughout the country a tincture of such culture as remained from the monopoly of

Kioto. The rivalry of turbulent captains intensified the individuality of each group. The military nobles were nearer to the people than were the civil. They had themselves been farmers in the north. It is, relatively speaking, a democratic age. The village commune tends to become again the social unit, the self-government of which guarantees freedom and justice. Temperament, too, becomes genial and imaginative. Knight-errantry and romance are as wide-spread as they were in medieval France. Manners are franker and more simple. Literature takes a new turn, poetry a wild, romantic freedom. Historical epics in prose are improvised and sung through the country by troubadours. A little later, the adventures of heroes take on the inconsequent form of fairy-tales.

#### DEMOCRATIC BUDDHISM.

BUT the true meaning of this movement might be gathered by scholars from the course of religion. This, the most conservative of human institutions, could have evolved no new forms in an age of decay. It is an eloquent fact that the only two purely Japanese sects of Buddhism were then originated. Shinran and Nichiren, the Luther and the Calvin of their day, sought to reconstruct the church on a more popular basis. Ignoring abstruse Indian philosophy, the mysticism of the esoteric bishops, and the impersonal socialism of China, they adapted creed and right to the intelligence of the common people. These had been, for the most part, excluded from aristocratic ceremonies. Now public preaching and personal exhortation succeeded secluded reverie as the business of monk and priest. Mendicant orders carried grace to every home. Child-like faith and simple prayer were inculcated. The populous hierarchy of supernatural beings was discarded, and their images were swept from the temples. Amida Buddha was invested with much of the direct Fatherhood of the Christian God. Heaven was to be sought as his semi-materialized paradise.

#### THE THIRD PERIOD OF ART.

BUT though such iconoclasm left temples bare and undecorated, art, turning its attention to the secular, remained, as ever, the supreme expression of the age. In it a new and a purely Japanese world opens to the eye. Its finest work is still pictorial, but now of purely human conceptions. The great deeds of the age in which it is born are its dramatic subjects. Thus, in contradistinction to reli-

gious sculpture and religious painting, we may speak of it as historical painting.

#### THE WORTH OF MAN.

IN this new pictorial art Japanese society is reduced to its ultimate elements. Man stands for just what he is and what he can do. Whether it be in the heat of combat, the private interview, arbitration of village disputes, the passion of the troubadour's song, or amid the pageantry of courts and the sports of the populace,—cock-fights, horse-races, street fairs and brawls,—all pretense, all form and adventitious value, are laid aside, and the direct worth of man's service to man is the only thing that counts. Japan is for the first time face to face with her own true self, vigorous, keen, objective, generous, and daring. Farmers, artisans, peddlers, even beggars, become as interesting to court and emperor as to knights and to themselves. Nothing is mean or low or unpoetic in this clear illumination. All facts stand out with equal intensity.

#### THE MAKIMONO.

FOR such representation a new form of panoramic composition, the makimono, had to be invented. What Italian painters threw in fresco over endless mural surfaces, the Tosa artists drew rapidly over narrow paper scrolls, to be opened laterally upon the floor. The few that remain after seven hundred years of friction and neglect teem with life and fun. Landscape is reduced to the vaguest background; the whole attention is centered on the dramatic human interest.

#### DRAWING.

FOR this draftsmanship a new technic had to be found. The figures are seldom more than six inches in height, yet they are rendered alive with character by the rapid, free strokes of a soft brush. The muscles and turns of limb are given with force; and, in the best, the faces are all individual studies—living types which one sees on the streets to-day. Animal life, too, is drawn with great power. Indeed, the ideal of this school of art is action. In this it differs from most other Eastern, as from much of Western, art. Both the sculpture and the painting of preceding periods had been reposeful. Here there is no dignity; no one figure stands forth to be posed; there are no large primary lines. Each man is an atom of force and action, swept into masses whose unity lies in their totality of motion. Line has to be short, crisp, supple, and minutely expressive, like

the cursive characters in which their poetry is written. In this piled composition, the spotting of dark and light, and of rich local color, supplants much of the unifying function of form. Modern French cavalry charges, with all their instantaneously photographed action, seem to have less "go." The Japanese has seen that this impression must lie in the total structure and sweep of the mass.

#### THE FOUR GREAT MASTERS.

THOUGH the great artists of this age may be numbered by the hundred, we must confine our notice to the works of four among the greatest.

Of these, the first in time was Toba Sojo, a priest who flourished during the civil war. His drawing is mostly in outline, and of terrific force. He is the arch-impressionist of motion by line alone. The action of his animals is finely exemplified in his "Battle of the Bulls." (Fig. 12.)

The second, Kasuga Mitsunaga, whose son for the first time takes the name of Tosa, lived at the end of the twelfth century, the center of the feverish individuality which followed the wars. It is significant that some twenty of the greatest artists of Japan were his contemporaries. The "Illustrated Diary of Kioto," in sixty rolls, was his greatest work.

Keion, Mitsunaga's brother, is the third. He is the greatest draftsman of the military

pageants. As we unfold his panoramas of the civil wars, we see first the flight of a noble's court before some unseen enemy. Warriors, princes, pages, chariots, bulls, and horses are swept on in one terrified mass, parts of which, turning, are broken and trampled. Each face is a portrait. Fig. 11 shows the body of this fleeing mass. The unity is given by the placing of the black-lacquered chariots.

The fourth is Nobuzané, a dethroned Fujiwara, who has the greatest imaginative genius of the four. He is probably Japan's greatest colorist. He has left us a humorous picture of his own poverty.

#### DECAY OF THE PERIOD.

I SHALL not stop here to trace in detail the slow degeneration of this art. In brief, the cause was the weakness of feudalism as a basis for civilization. Though freeing individuality, it could hardly preserve it without furnishing a reconstructive principle. Could scholarship then have rediscovered the tradition of Shinto, Japan might have spiritualized her energies. As it was, an attempt to revive the sole sovereignty of the mikado caused the fourteenth century to become a new theater of prolonged civil war, in which culture was well-nigh buried beneath the ruins of castles. From this second baptism of blood emerged the Ashikaga shogunate.

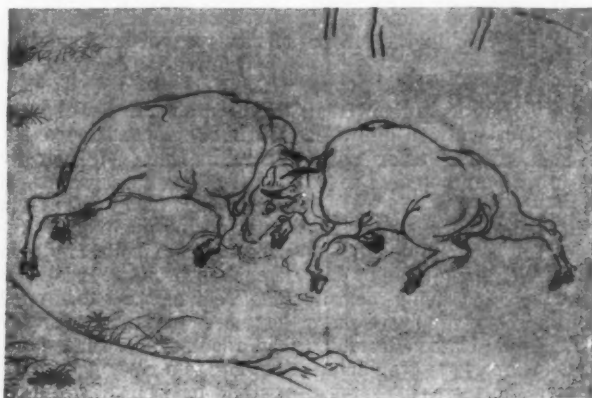


FIG. 12. TOBA SOJO'S "BATTLE OF THE BULLS."



## THE CANAL-DWELLERS.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.



IT was a cheerless evening. According to the calendar, it was spring; according to the almanac, it was a moonlight night; according to facts, the moon had taken a night off, and winter was lingering in the lap of spring.

As a gust of wind shook the shutters viciously, Reginald Torrey looked up from his writing to remark casually to his wife: "What a beast of a night!" after which he resumed his pen with an increased sense of comfort.

They looked very happy, those two, in the modest luxury of their surroundings. The room, a composite affair, dining-room by day, library in the evening, and living-room at all times, contained a roomy fireplace, where oak logs of promising size blazed cheerfully. There was a shaded lamp on the oval dining-table, and a pretty Japanese tea-service, clustered about a brass tea-lamp, reflected the fire-light gaily from its bizarre and delicate figures.

Mrs. Torrey, a brown little woman with warm, dark eyes and a determined chin, sat before the fire in a low chair, busy with the formation of a small white garment which

she held up from time to time for inspection, baby's first short frocks being matters of great importance to all normally constituted women. Mr. Torrey's remark on the weather elicited only a dreamy "Awful!"

After which there was again silence, except for the snapping of the fire, the lashing of the storm, and the soft swish of Mrs. Torrey's gown as she rocked to and fro.

All at once Mr. Torrey ceased writing, and looked up. Mrs. Torrey stopped rocking, and did likewise. It came again, faint, but unmistakable—the tinkle of the front-door bell.

"Some one from the office," said Mr. Torrey, with a little show of impatience; and, both servants being out, he himself answered the bell.

Mrs. Torrey heard the rush of the rain and wind through the open door, and mingled with it a voice, seemingly a child's. In a moment her husband came back, a blank look on his face.

"You'll have to come, Cassie," he said helplessly. "It's children—two of them. I cannot understand—"

"Don't they speak English?" interrupted Mrs. Torrey, rising, and hurriedly disposing of her lapful of lawn and lace.

"Oh, a sort of English—yes. But, all the same, I do not understand. It is too much to ask of a *man*. Do go, Cassie!"

Mrs. Torrey hastened to the vestibule. There in the open door stood two small girls, holding their rain-drenched outer garments together with raw-looking fingers, water oozing plentifully from their ragged shoes and dripping in streams from the shapeless brims of their queer head-gear. The elder of the two, from her size, might have been eleven or twelve, though her face had a look of shrewdness and experience belonging to a riper age. The other girl was a stolid innocent of seven or eight.

With an exclamation of dismay, Mrs. Torrey drew the two children into the vestibule, and shut out the storm. Before she could frame a question, the elder girl started off in a sort of monologue, delivered in the soft, drawling patois of the Maryland "poor white" class, her pale-colored eyes wandering greed-

ily over the details of Mrs. Torrey's pretty tea-gown, and the tasteful furnishing of the hall.

It was a curiously jumbled recital, but certain facts stood out of it that sent shivers through the listener. She knew now what it was that her husband could not understand. A family of seven, the youngest child a baby two weeks old, crowded into the tiny cabin of a condemned canal-boat,—their home,—afloat on the turbid waters of Rock Creek; the father too ill to work; nothing to eat; etc.

Without a word, Mrs. Torrey ushered in the dripping waifs, and placed them on low seats by the fire. Mr. Torrey, not altogether pleased by the interruption, yet already lost in calculations as to its possible value as material, heard himself summoned to the kitchen, which in this modest establishment adjoined the room described.

"Reginald, what shall I do?" was the question that confronted him, as he obediently followed. He looked at his wife, realizing that she was in what he had denominated one of her "eleemosynary frenzies." Her cheeks burned, her eyes blazed through tears, her mouth quivered. "What shall I do, Reginald?" she repeated, with some asperity.

"Do?" responded Torrey. "Why, give them something, and let them go—as soon as possible," he added, sniffing the unfragrant steam that rose from their sodden garments and penetrated even to the kitchen.

"What? Not let them dry themselves? I am ashamed of you, Reginald!"

"Why *dry* themselves," persisted Mr. Torrey, "since they must inevitably get wet as soon as they go out? Besides, if, as they say, they live in an old canal-boat on Rock Creek, moisture must be their normal condition. You remember the frog-mother in the story who warns her offspring not to get their feet dry? Why, Cassie, you are recklessly exposing those children's lives at this moment! I am surprised at you!"

"Oh, *do* be serious!" wailed Mrs. Torrey.

"I never was more so! And then, who knows if this story is true?"

"Of course I shall investigate the matter right away, though I believe every word," maintained Mrs. Torrey. "Meantime—"

"Meantime I shall watch the spoons!" interrupted her husband; and, returning to his desk, he made an effort to resume his work.

The two girls sat quietly by the fire, their eyes wandering furtively about the room. Now and then one would nudge the other

with a sharp elbow, and point one scarlet finger at some object, after which they would exchange glances of amusement or approbation.

Mr. Torrey, turning an occasional glance upon them, observed in these bits of social flotsam a physical well-being and a spiritual placidity quite upsetting. In accordance with recognized laws, these children should have been pale, pinched, and piteous of aspect. In fact they were fat, red, and contented-looking. The elder girl wore her unspeakable hat with a jauntiness not to be conquered by such trifles as soiled ribbons and soaked feathers; her tow-colored braid was tied with a bit of red silk; a tawdry breastpin fastened her adult jacket; her mud-incrusted shoes had pointed tips and French heels, and were crossed "dancing-school fashion" upon the fender; and her eyes encountered Mr. Torrey's with a boldness disconcerting to a man of retiring manners.

"I feel positively wicked, Reginald," said Mrs. Torrey, when the darkness had swallowed up her visitors and the well-filled basket with which they had been dismissed.

"And I feel positively nauseated!" retorted her husband. He had already opened a window on the least exposed side of the house. There was evident irritation in his manner, until, turning, he met his wife's reproachful eyes.

"I can't help it, Cassie!" he exclaimed. "You ought to remember that the area of human misery is not diminished by bringing it into our own household."

"I remember that, Reginald," said his wife, softly; "and I remember something else, too: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—'"

Her husband smiled—a shamefaced sort of smile. "You are right, dear. They were a pitiful pair of kids, and you had to take them in, of course," he said good-humoredly.

That night the Torreys stood longer than usual by the side of their sleeping babies; and as the wind howled, and the rain shuddered and sobbed at the windows, their eyes met in a long look of perfect understanding. "You are the truest and sweetest woman in the world, and I am utterly unworthy of you," whispered Torrey, penitently.

The morning dawned brightly, and, true to her resolve, Mrs. Torrey started out immediately after breakfast in search of the Frissels. Retta, the elder of her two visitors, had been cleverer in her directions than is generally the case, and she had no difficulty

in finding the place indicated. She had only to follow one of the streets that lead down from Georgetown Heights, where the Torreys resided, to the main thoroughfare of the ancient burg, and turn a little way to the left, to find herself on one of the two bridges that span the creek at this point. Here, midway of the structure, she paused, and, leaning on the low parapet, took a survey of the scene.

About fifty feet below rolled the sluggish yellow creek, deepened and broadened by the dam erected by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company where the stream empties itself into the Potomac. The banks on each side showed an unsightly array of the rear ends of buildings, of tall chimneys, of lime-kilns, gas-houses, and other malodorous establishments, interspersed with refuse-heaps of immemorial origin. In one place great blocks of reddish stone lay strewn about like the ruins of a forgotten city. Off in the distance the low green hills of Virginia undulated along the horizon, and the flag at Fort Myer showed itself against the sky. Down near the water there were patches of grass, and some gnarled old willows were flinging scant yellow-green tresses to the breeze. Just below the bridge, where the lock leading to the canal was situated, two canal-boats lay moored, a narrow plank connecting them with the bank. Black and moldering hulks, with grass and weeds growing from their crevices, they looked hardly capable of holding together; yet the smoke issuing from the bit of stove-pipe that protruded from each cabin, and the lines stretched across the decks, and hung with fluttering garments, gave proof of human occupancy, and among the children playing along the bank Mrs. Torrey easily recognized Retta and her sister.

Crossing the bridge, and following along the high board fence which then separated the bank of the creek from the world outside, Mrs. Torrey found and opened a narrow door, and, following one of the paths that zigzagged down to the water, was smilingly received by Retta and a following of children of all sizes and every degree of patchiness.

At the same time a woman came out of the cabin of the nearest boat, and, tripping like a goat along the narrow strip of deck at its side, paused, and directed at Mrs. Torrey a cordial, though toothless, smile from the depths of a flat-bonnet of great size.

"Won't ye come in, lady?" said a soft, drawing voice issuing from the same source.

Mrs. Torrey looked at the narrow, wet

plank, and the turbid water beneath it. "No, I thank you," she answered promptly; and a moment of embarrassment followed—an embarrassment entirely on Mrs. Torrey's side, however; nothing could have been more entirely self-possessed than Mrs. Frissel's manner.

She was a small, lean woman, straight as the rudder-post which still asserted itself quite superfluously at the stern of the boat. Prematurely aged and faded, she had preserved an infantile guilelessness of expression, curiously accentuated by her toothless and very nearly hairless condition. Such wisps of hair as remained were of a whity-brown color, and drawn smoothly away from her narrow forehead. One long, wiry arm held against her shoulder a very small bundle; the other was raised as a further shade to the china-blue, white-fringed eyes that continued to blink with mild curiosity and welcome upon her visitor.

"Ye better come in, lady," she repeated. "Ye need n't be afeard. Here, you Retty, take the baby, an' I'll help the lady acrost."

But a dismal cough from the interior of the cabin strengthened Mrs. Torrey's resolution not to go farther, and Mrs. Frissel therefore glided across the plank to the shore.

"You have the baby there?" Mrs. Torrey asked.

The woman smiled, and parting the blanket's folds, exposed a pink dot of a face singularly like her own. The children drew nearer, joined now by a yellow dog, very doubtful as to breed, but very genial as to tail.

"How old is it?" asked Mrs. Torrey, feeling herself now on familiar ground.

"She's a-goin' on two weeks," was the smiling answer.

"Two weeks! And these others—are they all yours?" asked Mrs. Torrey; whereupon there was much giggling and nudging among the children.

"Naw, lady," Mrs. Frissel answered with a deprecating smile; and, after a vigorous shoving and pulling about with the disengaged arm, she added proudly:

"Thar! Them four is mine. Them others belongs to the lady that lives on t' other boat."

In point of fact, there was, to the casual eye, no marked differentiation among the children, all being alike tow-headed, smudgy, and unabashed; but Retta and her sisters having drawn aside with an exclusive air and the yellow dog, the left-over children also withdrew a short distance, permitting their resentment to find expression in turnings-up

of the nose at the young Frissels, accompanied by remarks of a subdued, but distinctly derisive character.

Meantime "the lady who lived on the other boat" came out, and seated herself flat on the deck, with her knees drawn up and her back against the cabin wall where the sun shone warmest. She was of the same type as Mrs. Frissel, but her print dress and slat-bonnet were newer and gayer in tone. She had brought out with her a dilapidated masculine garment, toward which, if one might judge by the brass thimble conspicuous on one hand, she cherished beneficent intentions; but at present the charm of *dolce far niente* evidently held her in its grasp. A Venetian beggar might be more picturesque, but not more suggestive of that delicious vagabond idleness which belongs to the state of having absolutely nothing and being perfectly satisfied with it.

What with the warm sunshine, and the deep-blue sky, and the yellow waters where the black hulks rocked so gently, and the green grass and tossing willows and singing birds, and the placid-faced children with their hands full of dandelions, Mrs. Torrey began to feel that she had been dropped suddenly into some sunny, sleepy, old-world nook, where stress and strain and haste are unknown. The New England blood in her veins grew warmer and ran more slowly. After all, there were worse things than being poor and shiftless and ignorant, and living in a canal-boat! With no responsibilities to society, no ambitions, no aspirations, with nothing to do, and a long, sunny day to do it in, how restful and dreamful and easy life might be!

She began to feel in a vague sort of way that her visit was an intrusion, her intentions superfluous, if not insulting. What had she to offer these people who seemed, in having nothing, to have everything worth possessing?

Then there came from the cabin a hollow cough. The visitor shivered and looked at Mrs. Frissel. The woman's vapid face clouded slightly.

"You Retty! run an' give your pappy his drops," she said indifferently.

"How is your husband to-day?" Mrs. Torrey asked.

The woman shifted the squirming bundle from one shoulder to the other. There was not much feeling in her voice as she answered:

"Oh, he 's po'ly, lady; mighty po'ly!"

"Has he been ill a long time?"

"Ma'am?"

"Has he been sick long?"

"Oh, yes 'm, lady; he 's been sick a right smart time. He used to work for the company, but they ain't been no boatin' to mention fur goin' on two year; an' Chawley he was a night-hawk,—drivin' hacks, ye know, lady, all night,—an' he tuk col', an' never could seem to git shed of it. It 's brown-keeters, ma'am—brownkeeters in his throat; an' he 's been a-gittin' worse ever sence the ole boat keeled over. I reckon Retty tole ye 'bout it. Naw? Wall, 't was yis'day three weeks, right after the big rain. The crick had been a-raisin' an' a-raisin'; but we-all did n't think nothin' of it, 'cause it 's allers a-raisin' an' a-goin' down ev'y time it do rain. But that night me an' him an' the chil'n was all in bed an' asleep, an all to oncet I woked up, an' thar was the things a-fallin' off the stove an' out o' the cubbord, an' 'fore I could say a word the ole boat jes keeled over on her side, an' thar was him an' me an' the chil'n in a heap on the flo', an' the water jes a-pourin' in! Skeert? Wall, I reckon we was skeert! The chil'n jes whooped; an' Chawley he jumped out into the water up to his armpits, an' hollered; an' some men come along an' hauled we-all out, an' arter a while they got the ole boat righted. Ye see, she had kinder floated up onto the bank, like; an' when the crick begun to go down she jes natchly keeled over. Oh, she 's all right now; but it did n't do Chawley no good, stan'in' up to his middle in water all night. Naw, indeed, lady!"

"And of course everything in the cabin was wet," said Mrs. Torrey, in dismay.

"My lan', lady! Ev'rythin' jes floated! We had to set roun' the stove in t' other boat the endurin' night, a-dryin' of our clo'es."

"And the wet beds? You have not been sleeping on those beds?"

"Naw, lady," tranquilly explained Mrs. Frissel. "Them 's the mattrisses layin' up thar on the rocks. It ain't stopped rainin' long enough for 'em to get dry yit."

"But how have you managed without beds?" asked Mrs. Torrey, a sinking sensation in her breast.

"Oh, me an' him an' the two youngest chil'n has been sleepin' on some quilts laid on the bed-slats, an' the res' o' the chil'n has been sleepin' over in t' other boat."

Mrs. Torrey looked from the group of children, now amicably engaged in a game of "follow my lady tipsy-toes," to the tiny cabin, recalling the miserable infant who, having emptied the contents of its Noah's ark upon the floor, undertakes to put them back again, a result to be achieved only



by a resort to the most ruthless decapitation and dismemberment.

The sun still shone ardently, the boats swayed gently, willows waved, and birds warbled, but the spell was broken.

"You must not be another night without beds," Mrs. Torrey said at last. "I will see that you are provided with them."

"Yes 'm, lady. Thank ye, ma'am!" the woman responded, but without effusion. It was apparently the sort of thing that, in her world, might be expected to happen.

"And you have no means of support since your husband stopped work? How have you managed?"

"Oh, wall," Mrs. Frissel answered cheerfully, "we don't pay no rent, an' the Mission Chapel ladies sends us coal an' wood sometimes, an' I does some washin' fur the men round here when I kin; an' Retty an' Cora Belle they picks up a good deal. I do' know what I *would* do ef 't war n't fur Retty an' Cora Belle."

Retty smiled,—a smile full of knowingness.

"Yes, Retty seems very intelligent," Mrs. Torrey admitted; "but it is a pity for children to go about in that way."

Retta scowled behind her mother's back. Mrs. Frissel, too, stared at Mrs. Torrey with something like annoyance.

"There is the 'Associated Charities,' a society formed for the relief of such cases as yours. Have you applied there for help?"

Mrs. Frissel's face turned a dull red; her eyes darkened.

"Naw, lady, I ain't," she answered, dandling the baby with energy; "an' I ain't a-goin' to, nuther! Some lady whar Retty went sent a man from that thar s'ciety down here; an' he ast a powerful lot o' questions, an' writ somep'n' down in a book, an' went off, an' I ain't seen nuthin' on him sence. An'," she continued with unexpected fire, "I don't want to, nuther! We ain't no beggars, ef we are po'!"

Mrs. Torrey was silent for the moment. The distinctions drawn by Mrs. Frissel were too subtle to be immediately comprehended. It was she who took up the conversation again, in a slightly softened tone.

"I 'm mighty partickler whar Retty an' Cora Belle goes, lady. They ain't 'lowed to go to no stores, nor common people's houses, like niggers; an' they 'most allers goes after dark, an' rings the front-door bells. Ye ain't never been to no *back* doors, hev ye, Retty?" she added, with severity.

"No, indeedy!" answered the girl.

"Naw, indeedy, lady," went on Mrs. Frissel, with a dignity that not even a slat-bonnet of red calico could impair. "My chil'n has been raised keerful. They ain't never been 'lowed to steal, nor play with niggers. An' nobody ain't got no call ter think we-all is beggars jes 'cause the chil'n goes to nice ladies' houses an asks little favors, like."

There was an embarrassed silence, broken by a more violent coughing spell from the invalid in the cabin.

"I am keeping you from your husband—" began Mrs. Torrey.

"Naw, indeed, lady. You Retty, go an' give yer pap his tea."

The girl slowly departed, casting suspicious looks backward. Mrs. Torrey improved her opportunity.

"I am glad to know that you have a feeling of pride about your children, Mrs. Frissel," she said cleverly; "and I hope you will now be assisted so that you will not need to send them out again. There are always people ready to help if they know help is needed, and you certainly need a great deal. And, first of all, you ought to have a different place to live in. That boat must be fearfully damp!"

Mrs. Frissel smiled.

"Naw, indeed, lady! *She* ain't damp! We keeps her pumped out, an' a fire a-goin' night an' day. *She* ain't damp!"

"But for your husband's bronchitis—so near the water must be bad for him. And so small a room, too. I could easily arrange for him to be taken to a hospital, where he would have every care and comfort."

Mrs. Frissel's face turned scarlet, and then pale. A scared, rebellious look came into her eyes.

"Naw, lady; Chawley ain't a-goin' to no horspittle!" she said firmly. "He tried it oncet. The doctor worried him tell he give in, an' they took him to Providence Horspittle. He stayed about two days, ma'am, an' then he jes runned away an' walked all the way home! Not that he had no fault to find, ma'am; but says Chawley: 'I cayn't die tell my time comes, nohow; an' I ain't a-goin' to die in no horspittle,' says he, 'as long as I 've got a home to die in.' An' he 's right! Ef you 've got a home, says I, be thankful *fur* it, an' *stay* in it, an' *die* in it, if it 's the Lord's will ye *should* die, as Chawley says."

The fire faded from her face, leaving it vague and placid as before.

After some further cautious questions, Mrs. Torrey took her leave, and climbed thoughtfully up the steep path to the street.



As she crossed the bridge, she stopped for a moment to look down into the valley she had just left, which seemed already so far away.

Mrs. Frissel stood on the deck, baby in arms, the other children ranged in a row by her side; the yellow dog, his tail in excited motion, completed the group. The lady on the other boat had at last brought herself to the point of carrying out her plans regarding the dilapidated garment, and was slowly sewing, the brass thimble flashing in the sunshine. And the yellow water rolled sluggishly on, rocking gently upon its bosom its burden of humanity.

"Reginald," said Mrs. Torrey to her husband, that evening, "I am a female Columbus. I have discovered a new world!"

"And are you going to try to carry this new world on your shoulders, Cassie? My dear—"

"Not alone, Reginald," interrupted his wife, with dignity. "There are plenty to help me."

"I see that I am to be left out, at least," Mr. Torrey said, laughing; "for which I am duly grateful. And I suppose I shall have to let you wrestle with this problem, as with others of the same sort. Your nature seems to require these experiences. So that you make sure that your interesting amphibia have nothing to impart in the way of contagious diseases, and will promise not to tamper with my Sunday clothes, you may go on with your thankless task, accompanied by my blessing and my worst hat."

Mrs. Torrey went into the work she had undertaken with all the enthusiasm and energy to be expected of a woman with her eyes and chin. It was not difficult to find in her own circle a number of warm-hearted coadjutors, and the result was that before forty-eight hours had passed the sick man had been provided with every comfort, and the tiny cabin was converted into a veritable cornucopia overflowing with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

Mrs. Torrey was happy, yet not entirely so. It was something of a trial to a woman endowed with rather more than the average amount of common sense when one of her associates plied the young Frissels with sweets until they became unpleasantly ill, and hardly less so when a lady of more wealth than brains sent as her contribution a tattered ball-dress and a white silk parasol; and the appearance of Retta, soon after a contribution of money for a special purpose, in a new spring hat, elaborate hair-ribbons of pale-blue satin, ear-rings of startling gor-

geousness, and the white parasol, was a little disheartening. But these things faded into nothingness in the presence of certain other facts that gradually came to light.

Mrs. Torrey made the discovery that always amazes the neophyte in charitable work—the discovery that every class of human beings has its code of morals and manners, which its members are ready to suffer and die for rather than relinquish. So, while the Frissels showed themselves receptive of tangible contributions to the last degree, accepting anything and everything offered with cheerful alacrity,—though, it must be admitted, without that vulgar effusion of gratitude which some people insist upon,—any proposition to remove them to *terra firma* was stoutly resisted.

"Deed, lady, I reckon we would n't know how to live in a house," almost tearfully protested Mrs. Frissel. "I was borned an' raised on a boat, an' so was all the chil'n; an' 't would n't never seem like home—livin' in a house would n't!"

With equal firmness did Mrs. Frissel resist any suggestions as to the ventilation of the well-scrubbed but stifling cabin.

"The air," she insisted, "set Chawley to coughin' fit to kill hisself, the minute it struck him."

And after five minutes in the atmosphere of the tiny room Mrs. Torrey did not wonder. The change to the outer air was sufficient of a shock to produce almost any result. As for sleeping in his clothes,—which, to her unspeakable horror, Mrs. Torrey discovered was the invalid's habit,—that also Mrs. Frissel sought to justify.

"Why," she protested, "ef Chawley was to take off his *clo'es*, or put a drop o' water on his *body*, them brownkeeters would choke him to death in no time! It's that kin' of a disease, ye know, lady. Ye cayn't fool with it!"

Against stupidity "the very gods themselves contend in vain"; and, there being no law that would reach the case, the conditions that surrounded the invalid were left virtually unchanged.

One good had been effected. Though it was impossible to induce Mrs. Frissel to send the older girls to school, they no longer needed to go about "asking favors"; and, indeed, what with the washing, and the baby, and the sick husband, their services were needed at home, and the self-constituted band of workers decided to insist upon no further changes at present.

Mrs. Torrey did not so much wonder at

the poor woman's preference for her floating shelter. Compared with the streets and alleys where the city's poor usually congregate, the valley of the creek at this season certainly offered some advantages. There was space and sunshine all about the boat, if not within it; the breezes that fanned it, if not always laden with the odors of Araby, were better than no breezes at all; and the grassy banks where the children gamboled in company with the exuberant yellow dog (called "Poodle"—probably because that was the only strain not present in his composition) afforded a more desirable playground than the swarming gutters of the town.

As the days lengthened and grew warm, the sick man, lank, hectic, unshaven, and stupefied with drugs, began crawling out into the open air, and lay stretched his length upon the hot planks, his head protected by the white sunshade, which his wife contrived to prop over him. Mrs. Frissel took her washing out to the bank; and the whole family, Poodle included, seemed to revel in their slipshod, out-at-elbows existence.

The days went on growing in length and warmth, making existence under almost any circumstances a delight. Then, in the middle of May, a long, cold rain set in, that in spite of her bravery of green made the face of nature desolate, and worked great havoc among the ill and delicate.

It was near the end of this unfavorable spell of weather that Retta appeared at Mrs. Torrey's door, clothed with importance as with a garment.

"Pap is mighty low," she announced. "The doctor says he can't last more 'n till ter-morrer. He's got the cravin'."

"The—er—what?" inquired Mrs. Torrey, a creeping horror in her veins.

"The cravin'," repeated the girl, with a stare. "What people has jest before they die—cravin' for things to eat."

Mrs. Torrey breathed a faint "Oh!"

"Yes 'm," continued Retta. "An' pap says, will you please, ma'am, send him a green-apple pie?"

Mrs. Torrey sank upon the nearest chair. The words 'green-apple pie' awoke vague memories of mingled pleasure and pain. The Torreys were New Englanders. They had survived an infancy largely nourished upon pie, green-apple and otherwise, but the customs of their youth had long since been abandoned. No pie had ever crossed their threshold; indeed, pie may be said to have ceased to exist for them, except when, as now, in some reminiscent moment it

would flit across memory's mirror. And Mrs. Torrey found herself suddenly confronted with the fact that there were still people who not only ate pie, but with whom it amounted to a ruling passion, strong in death.

"Mammy says, if ye ain't got no pies in the house, a baker's pie would do," the girl said presently.

Mrs. Torrey was grateful for the suggestion, yet—

"Does your mother think that your father ought to eat pie?" she could not help asking. "Is there not something else more wholesome—more—"

Retta shook her head.

"Dyin' people has to have what they want!" she said firmly.

And Mrs. Torrey, after furnishing Retta with the means of purchasing the desired delicacy, tried to shift the burden from her conscience.

It was Cora Belle who appeared the next morning, soon after breakfast,—Retta having been sent elsewhere,—to announce the death of her father, and to state that the funeral arrangements had been taken in charge by the Mission Chapel ladies.

"And," added Cora Belle, with stolid assurance, "mammy says, will you please, ma'am, send her a black dress an' veil an' bunnit to wear to the funeral?"

The black dress was forthcoming, and a neighbor, herself a widow, pledged herself to send the "veil an' bunnit," and Cora Belle departed in a state of great complacency.

A few days later Mrs. Torrey paid a visit of condolence to the widow. Mrs. Frissel was seated in state on the only chair in the cabin, slowly rocking the baby; but as Mrs. Torrey entered she rose, looking, in her skim black gown, very much like an exclamation-point, resigned the chair to her, and dropped on to the edge of the bed.

Mrs. Torrey's gentle condolences were received without any great outburst of grief.

"Yes 'm, thank ye, ma'am, he's gone—po' Chawley's gone! He was a good man, lady; he cert'nly was. Though he *was* a sinner, you'd never 'a' knowed it. He never cussed, nor nothin'. I ain't a-goin' to say as he never come home *full*, but he never hit me, nor made a mite o' fuss; he jes laid hisself down, an' slep' it off like a lamb. 'N' him an' me tuk right smart o' comfort together—'deed we did, lady! He'd come home arter he'd got through for the night, an' I'd git up, 'n' we'd take a bite o' sump'n' t' eat, an' a good

smoke together. Lordy, lady"—scant tears oozing slowly from the lack-luster eyes at recollection of these lost delights—"Lordy, lady, a woman ain't nothin' 'thout her man! 'Deed she ain't!" After a pause she added: "People has been mighty kind, lady! One lady sent me a whole suit o' black—down to stockin's. The veil jes sweeps the groun'!"

The loving fondness with which her gaze rested upon the "suit o' black," suspended on a nail behind the bed, showed that Mrs. Frissel was deriving rather more than the average amount of consolation from her sable insignia.

It hardly need be stated that all efforts to induce the widow to move to terra firma failed. Not even the promise that removal expenses should be paid, the house-rent for a year guaranteed, and all the washing she could do secured for her, could shake Mrs. Frissel's resolution in the slightest. As one argument after another was presented her countenance grew more obstinate, her pale eyes glancing from one face to another sharply, suspiciously, entreatingly, like those of a hunted rabbit cowering in a corner.

"No, indeed, ma'am, ladies!" she repeated, clutching the baby as if with the design of using it as a projectile against her enemies. "No, indeedy! I could n't live in no house. 'T would n't never seem like home; an'—with a helpless terror growing in her face—"I 'm goin' to buy her" (referring to the boat), "an' have a home o' my own! The comp'ny 'll sell her to me for fifteen dollars, an' lemme pay in washin' fur the men. An' I could n't buy no house fur fifteen dollars—now, could I, please, ma'am, Mis' Torrey?"

This clinched matters, and the subject was dropped. Some minor points being settled, the ladies departed, and soon after dispersed to various parts of the globe for the summer.

That was a summer made memorable by disasters at which the world looked on aghast. Heavy rains, succeeded by inundations,—first in date and magnitude the unforgettable Johnstown flood,—caused widespread destruction and horror.

The Potomac River and its tributaries overflowed their banks; the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was virtually destroyed; and Rock Creek became, after two days of heavy, incessant rain, a foaming, turbulent torrent. Gnawing hungrily at its banks, swallowing trees, rocks, everything, in its devouring maw, it spread over meadows and farms, and swept on toward the dam, bearing on its

seething bosom all manner of debris, which, lodging against that frail structure, threatened it, too, with destruction.

For several days a curious crowd hung over the parapet of the bridge which spans the creek just above the dam, intent upon two things—the almost certain giving way of the dam, and the absolutely certain fate of the two canal-boats, which, firmly attached to the bank, had so far withstood the continuous assault of the waters and their burden of uprooted trees, shattered buildings, carcasses of animals, and the like.

It was a self-evident fact that the boats must go,—it was merely a question of time,—and the sentiments of the crowd as to the foolhardiness and stupidity of their inhabitants in refusing to leave their imperiled shelters were freely expressed.

From time to time, as the boats were seen to strain at their moorings, a shout of mingled alarm and encouragement arose from the crowd. At intervals a policeman standing on the bank would hail the dwellers in the boats; and from one cabin a frowsy man, from the other a slender woman in a black gown and slat-bonnet, would come out, and enter into conversation with the policeman, the conversation ending, in each instance, in a shake of the head on both sides. Then the man and the woman would disappear, and the policeman saunter off, and things would resume their previous aspect.

This little drama, several times repeated, always had a stimulating effect upon the crowd.

"Ef the blamed lunatics ain't got sense enough to see what 's goin' to happen, let 'em be drowned!" grumbled one morose-looking man.

"Them canal people ain't like nobody else, nohow!" remarked another. "But there 's children on them boats, man! An' it 's the duty o' them police to save 'em. An' I 'll be doggoned if I 'm a-goin' to stan' here an' see 'em drowned. I 'm a-goin' to see somethin' done! Some o' you fellers come along, an' we 'll git them women an' children off them boats, anyhow. Ef that blamed old chuckle-head of a man wants to be drowned, he kin stay, an' welcome; an' no loss to nobody!"

Apparently some such heroic treatment was demanded, for it was only a matter of a few minutes for the speaker to collect a sufficient number of helpers; and a little later the crowd had the satisfaction of seeing a boat, manned by two strong fellows, push out from the bank to each canal-boat.

After some parley, success seemed to crown their efforts, so far as the frowsy old man was concerned; and the removal of himself, his family, and the most of their worldly goods was safely accomplished.

The occupants of the other boat seemed to be less persuadable. The little woman in black had looked imperturbably on at the rescue of her neighbors, the yellow dog barking excitedly at her feet. A young girl had joined her,—a girl in a gay pink gown and fluttering hair-ribbons,—and seemed to be adding her entreaties to those of the rescuers, meeting with the same resolute shake of the slat-bonnet, the same obstinate planting of her back against the cabin.

Two children came crying from the cabin, being immediately hustled back again by the girl in the pink gown, who followed them, after a coquettish fling of the head at some one on the bank.

There was a moment of irresolution on the part of the men; then one of them, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, planted his pole, and began pushing off to the shore. But at that instant a wild yell arose from the crowd on the bridge, a chorus of cries and warnings from those on the bank, and the boat just abandoned was seen whirling along the current toward its doom. Shout after shout arose. The man who had begun to push off turned back. The woman had started at the first shout. For a moment she gazed at the whirling boat; then she was seen to throw up both arms, and to dart into the cabin. In a moment she returned, baby in arms, and followed by four panic-stricken children; and as quickly as possible all were transferred to the little boat. It was not an instant too soon. As the last screaming child had been taken on board, followed by the woman with the baby,—before even the unhappy yellow dog, who continued to yelp defiance at the rescuers, could be reached,—the strained rope parted, and the second boat whirled away, like the other, to destruction.

The excitement of the spectators on the bridge had now reached a climax. Yells, shouts, and laughter followed the dazed woman and her homeless brood as they landed and passed through the crowd, to be placed under municipal care.

"Them canal people ain't got no sense!" was the unanimous verdict. "Could n't git that there little woman to stir a peg till the other boat went; and then, great Jehoshaphat! did n't she holler! And never saved a derned thing!"

THE Torreys, far away in their quiet Northern retreat, read an account of the flood and its accompanying incidents in the Washington papers, some days later. Mrs. Torrey was naturally touched and interested; but, as she justly observed, there was one good thing to be derived from the disaster: "The Frissels will have to live on dry land now, in spite of themselves; and there will be some hope of having the children grow up like Christians."

"Which is to say that Christianity is not an aquatic plant," observed Mr. Torrey.

Mrs. Torrey chose to ignore this levity on the part of her husband.

"Poor things!" she continued, "I must hunt them up the moment I get home."

And, indeed, before a trunk was unpacked, Mrs. Torrey started out on this errand. As she came near the bridge overlooking the familiar scene, she saw a woman, all in black, leaning over the parapet. It was Mrs. Frissel.

At sight of Mrs. Torrey a faint smile appeared in the depths of the slat-bonnet, and one hand—the parboiled hand of the washerwoman—came out from under the little black shawl.

"You heard about it?" she began in funeral tones. "Yes, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; we lost her. She went to pieces ag'in' the dam; that's a piece on her stickin' out o' the dam yonder—that blue piece; it's one o' the cabin window-shutters, lady. She struck an' went to pieces in no time—in no time at all! I would n't 'a' believed it! No time at all, lady!"

Her voice sank to a whisper, and again her wistful gaze fixed itself on the distance.

"I read an account of the flood in the papers," said Mrs. Torrey; "and I was much concerned about you. You ran a great risk in staying on the boat as you did; you were lucky to escape at all."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon," assented the woman, absently.

"And you did not save anything at all?"

"No, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; I did n't. Not a stitch, 'cep'n' jes the clo'es we hed on. Not an airthy thing!"

"But you must have known," Mrs. Torrey urged, "that you would be obliged to leave the boat, and you had plenty of time to save everything."

Mrs. Frissel turned a slow, weak-eyed gaze on the speaker, and smiled deprecatingly.

"Yes, ma'am," she assented impassively; "I reckon I might." Then, with some feeling, she added: "Ye see, lady, the crick hez allers been a-raisin' an' a-goin' down, an'



a-raisin' an' a-goin' down ag'in, ev'y time it rained, an' I jes natchelly kep' on a-thinkin' 't war n't nothin'. An' I never believed she'd go tell I saw t' other boat go; an' then thar war n't no time to git nothin' together. My land, Mis' Torrey! They jes barely snatched we-all off 'm her, an' away she went! An' Poodle—you heared about Poodle, lady? Yes, ma'am; Poodle went with her, po' creeter! Ye could hear him a-yelpin' an' a-ca'yin' on tell she struck. Po' Poodle!"

She stopped a moment to clear her voice, then went on gloomily: "I lost ev'y las' stitch o' black I hed, 'cep'n' what I hed on. A nice bombyzine dress, 'n' bunnit, 'n' veil—that veil, Mis' Torrey, jes swep' the groun'!"

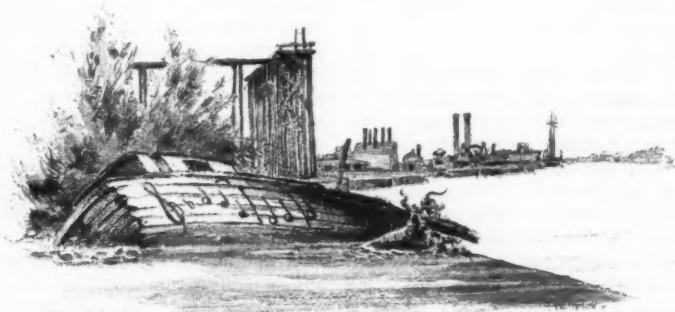
No words can express the utter desolation of tone that accompanied these words, nor

the unspeakable mournfulness of the gaze that fastened itself upon the cruel water which had devoured "every last stitch" of the "black" that had afforded such consolation to the bereaved widow.

"They tell me you have a nice little house," Mrs. Torrey said cheerfully; "and that you have been made very comfortable again."

Mrs. Frissel smiled—doubtfully. The slat-bonnet wagged slowly to and fro.

"Yes, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; people cert'n'y hez bin mighty kin'. An' it 's a mighty nice little house; it 's got four rooms, an' a doorbell, an' water in the yard. But"—with a long, yearning look toward the creek, now lapping the muddy bank with treacherous gentleness—"t won't never seem like *home*!"



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

"THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

## AN EFFORT TO RESCUE JEFFERSON DAVIS.<sup>1</sup>

BY JOSEPH WHEELER,

Formerly Lieutenant-General, C. S. A.



ON the twenty-seventh day of April, 1865,—I think that was the date,—I arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, where Mr. Davis had summoned me. This was about a fortnight after

Appomattox, and the President, accompanied by officers of his staff and by several members of his cabinet, with a number of other officers of government and many clerks of department, had recently reached this point, traveling by rail to Greensboro', thence in the

saddle. While he saw the necessity of further retreat; he did not yet realize the completeness of our undoing. He still hoped that the tide of calamity might be turned. Around him was preserved the semblance of power and routine of government, and on the day of my arrival I remember that a young cadet underwent a regular form of examination for promotion to the office of lieutenant.

One of the first questions put to me by Mr. Davis was how many men I could bring from my command to serve as a guard for him in the execution of new plans. He was surprised and disappointed when, speaking preparation. I have, however, rewritten much of it, and the entire article has received my final revision. J. W.

<sup>1</sup> I desire to say that Mr. Cleveland Moffett suggested this article, and in the first instance assisted me in its



with the authority of one just come from the army, I told him it was very evident that our soldiers regarded the war as over, and their allegiance to the Confederate government as no longer binding. I think I was the first officer to bring him authentic news of the situation. He had supposed that our army was in better shape.

We had with us at this time General Wade Hampton, who had also been summoned for counsel, and he was not less disconcerted by my words than President Davis. The general had left with the army two Virginia brigades, but, having been absent from his command for some days, was not well informed as to what had happened. I told him that only the day before I had passed through the camps of these brigades, and had found the artillery dismantled and many of the men gone.

"I can do this, Mr. President," I suggested; "that is, gather from my command a body of new men who will stand by you in a new enterprise." At this he brightened up, and said he wished I would do so. It then became a question whether I should get him a large or a small force, my own preference being for the latter, provided they were picked men. Mr. Davis, however, preferred a more considerable number, and I proceeded to carry out his wishes to the best of my power.

That night General Hampton and I left President Davis, and, riding all night in a box-car, reached Greensboro' the next morning. There I said good-by to General Hampton, who set out for his command to see what forces he could muster. My troops, numbering about three thousand men, were encamped at Company's Shops, a little place some distance east of Greensboro'; and immediately on my arrival I gathered them about me, and in a short speech told them plainly that I wanted volunteers for a desperate venture—men who would be willing to stand by Jefferson Davis to the death. They listened with solemn faces, and there was no cheering to speak of, but about six hundred men came forward and agreed to cast their lot with me.

There was not an hour to waste, and before noon we had started southward, our objective point at first being Cokesboro', South Carolina, where Mr. Davis had instructed me to join him, and where he had ordered supplies sent.

In my interview with Mr. Davis at Charlotte, I had explained to him that General Stoneman was then in the western part of North Carolina with a large cavalry force, which would make the establishment of a

rendezvous at Cokesboro' of very doubtful expediency; and very soon after leaving Mr. Davis I received instructions from him to change my course, and march to Washington, Georgia, where it was expected I would meet him.

On Sunday evening, May 1, I reached Yorkville, and went at once to pay my respects to Mrs. Hampton, the general's wife, with whom I took tea. She was naturally much worried about her husband, and asked me many anxious questions. That night, after I had left her and joined my men, I received a note from her, sent in haste, saying that General Hampton had arrived, and asking me to call in the morning. I did so, and was shocked at the broken appearance of my fellow-officer. He was harassed in mind, and worn in body; and the story of his march from Greensboro' made it plain to us all how sadly our fortunes had fallen. General Hampton, who was as fine a cavalry officer and as brave and gallant a soldier as there was in the country, had started south with his staff and escort, about thirty men in all. One by one they had fallen away, some begging off on account of their families, others alleging that their horses could go no farther. Their spirit was gone; they felt that the expedition was without a purpose or hope. Their heart was not in what they were doing, and, seeing this, and realizing that all efforts were vain, the general had let them go, officers and men, each day of the march seeing his little band dwindle until there remained only his chief of staff, Major McClellan, a most excellent officer, who had bravely fought many battles by the side of his chieftain.

These two had pushed on until they reached the river Peedee, when McClellan expressed the fear that his horse could not swim the river, and spoke of his wife and child, who were waiting for him at home. Seeing how it was, General Hampton acquiesced, and bade him good-by. McClellan turned back and rode away; and then, all alone, without a single one of the men who had set out with him, General Hampton drove his horse down into the water, and swam the Peedee River. Now he was home, and Mrs. Hampton insisted that in his condition, worn as he was by arduous service, he ought not to attempt to overtake Mr. Davis. I fully concurred in this. He had a family, and his vast business interests, which had been left to others for four years, demanded his attention. I explained that it was very different with me, as I had no such obligations. He finally yielded, and giving me a letter for

Mr. Davis, asked me to tell the President that if, in the future, there should appear any way in which he could serve him, he would do so to the last.

Continuing our march toward Washington, Georgia, I soon realized that I could not keep a large body of Confederate soldiers together without encountering and becoming engaged with Federal troops; therefore, soon after crossing the Savannah River, I adopted a plan which Mr. Davis and myself had agreed upon in view of such an emergency, this being to divide my force into small detached and compact bodies, which I directed to move rapidly upon different routes.

It was my hope that these numerous detached bodies of cavalry would facilitate Mr. Davis's escape by putting the pursuers on a false scent. I placed the various detachments, as far as possible, under the command of discreet officers, informing them of the purpose sought to be attained. I detailed several of my staff-officers for this important duty, retaining with me only Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, Captain Rawls, Lieutenant Ryan, and some seven or eight soldiers, brave and determined men, all armed with two or more pistols, and the soldiers also carrying repeating rifles.

There were bodies of Federal troops all around us, and we were informed by citizens that they were eager to capture the fleeing President, and win the large reward which had been put upon his head. We also learned from citizens and newspapers that the feeling against him throughout the North was very bitter, popular clamor going even to the length of demanding his death.

Finally we reached Washington, Georgia, and found it full of Federal troops. I learned that Mr. Davis had arrived there some twelve hours before, with a force of seven or eight hundred, part of the command of General Dibrell and General Duke, who were both with him. Being informed of the near presence of a large body of Federals, Mr. Davis had decided to disband his following, and had done so before leaving Washington. He realized that to keep so many men around him would be to precipitate a battle; and his high sense of honor made him feel that it would be wrong, now that the war was practically over, to imperil the lives of so many. So his force had broken up, scattering in small groups, each to look after itself as best it could, and to choose its own destination. In this way they faced no special danger, since, by the terms of Sherman and Johnston's agreement; the privilege of returning home

on parole was extended to all Confederate soldiers who reported or surrendered to any Federal officer east of the Chattahoochee River.

Having bade his men farewell, retaining only a few men to act as scouts for himself and his personal party, Mr. Davis, some twelve hours before my arrival in Washington, had started on a rapid march toward southern Georgia. His wife and children—Winnie, then a baby less than a year old, and the elder daughter (now Mrs. Hayes), and two boys—had gone ahead. With them was also Mrs. Davis's sister, Miss Howell. The ladies and children rode in light army ambulances; the members of their escort were mounted; their baggage-tents and supplies were in the wagons. As far as practicable, they kept to the main road, making all possible speed; but after some days they were overtaken by Mr. Davis and his party. We supposed it was Mr. Davis's purpose or hope to attain safety among the large body of troops still in arms west of the Mississippi. We fancied he also put some faint trust in rumors then circulating, namely, that France or England might do something to revive the chances of the Confederacy. At any rate, he pushed on as bravely as might be; he never despaired.

You may well believe I did not linger long near Washington, where capture would have been inevitable, but started westward through the woods, bent chiefly now on escape. As we went along we were joined by other soldiers and officers, the remnants of Dibrell and Duke's force, who had all been under my command, and who, seeing me now, tried to attach themselves, influenced by the old feeling of loyalty, and also, doubtless, by the hope that with me they would get better rations. We met so many of these stragglers that, in their interest and my own, I was obliged to say frequently: "Gentlemen, we must break up again; we are too large a body."

One evening, toward dark, we were suddenly overtaken by a force of about forty Federal soldiers, who galloped down the road, firing upon us as they approached. I stopped at the first favorable point, and with a gallant private soldier, M. A. Whaley, fired upon and checked the advancing Federals. It was soon dark, and we turned off the road and sought the cover of a thick pine undergrowth. The Federals knew we were in the woods, and halted in the main road directly opposite us. I sent two men back to find out, if possible, what these Union soldiers were doing. My men saw no better way of obtaining this information than by sauntering up to them

coolly, as if they were Confederate stragglers going home. One of the first remarks they heard was this: "They had fine equipments and bouncing horses; it must be Davis and his men." I myself had meantime crept up close enough to hear them talking, and overheard similar words. There was no doubt that we would be hotly pursued.

I immediately went back to the men in the woods, and waited anxiously for the return of my two scouts. Presently they came, their appearance showing that they had been in trouble. They brought with them two Federal guns, which they had captured in a curious way. It seems that the officers, becoming suspicious, had placed them under arrest, and sent them, guarded by two soldiers, to a neighboring house for supper. Arrived there, the guards had stood their guns in a corner, and fallen to at a tempting meal, in the midst of which my men had sprung up suddenly, seized the guns of their captors, and made them prisoners. Then, cautioning them not to leave the house on pain of being shot, they had made their escape and rejoined me.

I saw at once the danger that menaced us, and, calling my men to the saddles, told them we could not remain a moment where we were. I again divided my force, retaining with me but three officers, our two negro servants, and three or four privates. We rode all that night, taking by-paths when possible, and frequently riding through the woods in the hope that the enemy would lose our trail and cease their pursuit. About sunrise we drew rein in an open space, and, seeing a negro, gave him money to bring us food. He went away, and presently returned with dishes and cups containing a steaming breakfast. Having eaten, we wrapped ourselves in blankets, and lay down on the ground for a few hours of the sleep we so much needed. The negro, meantime, in taking back the plates, knives, and forks, had been intercepted by the Federal soldiers, who had been pursuing us more closely than we knew. They had followed our tracks along the road, and found the point where we had entered the woods. After that they had a plain trail before them.

The negro's appearance aroused their suspicions, and they were not long in frightening him into betraying our presence. Advancing stealthily to the place where we were sleeping, they came upon us quickly, and, before we could resist, were standing around us, guns in hand. The chase was up; we were captured; the spot being, as

I learned afterward, a few miles east of Atlanta. The Federal soldiers did not fire upon us; there was no need of that, for we were at their mercy; but some of them took aside our negro servants, and I could see them pointing to me and asking questions. Presently an officer approached me, and, talking about various things, kept looking sharply at the collar of my coat. Some time before, as a precaution, I had removed the three stars of a general; but the cloth underneath showed a different color from the rest, so that the marks of the stars could be seen quite plainly. I saw that our captors had discovered our identity, and, after taking counsel with my officers, I asked the Federal leader if he was aware of the agreement that had been arrived at between Sherman and Johnston regarding the parole of Confederate soldiers. He said he was. "Then, sir," said I, "as we are in the territory covered by that agreement, being east of the Chattahoochee River, I wish to take advantage of its provisions, and will declare to you the true names of these gentlemen and myself."

This I did; but the officer, in some doubt, replied that he did not feel justified in setting us free, but must insist on our going with them until he could consult with his superiors. Accordingly, we took to the saddle again, and were taken as prisoners to Conyers, Georgia; and from there we were taken, also on horseback, to Athens, where I was given the freedom of the town on parole. Although comfortable quarters were offered me for the night, I preferred to sleep out with my men during the two days we remained in Athens.

Having been brought by rail to Augusta, we were placed on a tug. We here found ourselves fellow-prisoners with a most distinguished company; for there were on board Jefferson Davis and his family, who, as I learned, had been captured by Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard and a squad of about sixty men; Alexander H. Stephens; C. C. Clay, who had been a United States senator from Alabama, and Mrs. Clay, one of the most brilliant women in the South; Colonel Lubbock of Texas; Colonel Burton Harrison, the President's secretary, whose distinguished record suggests that of his talented wife; Postmaster-General Reagan; and Colonel William Preston Johnston, now president of Tulane University, then an aide to President Davis.

We soon started down the river, and upon reaching Savannah were transferred to a large river steamboat, which conveyed us to Hilton Head. At this point Mrs. Davis sent her negro servants ashore with a letter to

General Rufus Saxton, United States army, asking him to see that they were treated kindly and given any advantages which their new condition warranted. This left Mrs. Davis without servants, and I remember spending many an hour of the voyage walking the deck with little baby Winnie in my arms.

We were guarded on the steamboat by men of Colonel Pritchard's force, who, as I said, numbered about sixty, and were in high spirits over the knowledge that the reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the President's capture would be theirs, as indeed it was, after some trouble in the division. I think their elation of mind contributed to render them less strict in performing their ordinary duties than they should have been, and they were more disposed for enjoyment now than for serious work. At any rate, there happened, on the first morning out, an incident which nearly rendered possible our escape in a way that would have been in the highest degree dramatic.

I was at this time a young man of intensely active, energetic disposition, and the free, fierce life of the battle-field which I had been leading for four years had developed in me a certain enjoyment of adventure. I also felt that as Mr. Davis had specially selected me at Charlotte to devote myself to preparations for his escape, it was my privilege, as well as my duty, to seize upon any possible opportunity which might be presented. The intense feeling we had heard expressed against Mr. Davis, and the great anxiety felt and expressed by his friends, furnished an additional incentive, and I earnestly sought to devise some means of escape.

Soon after leaving Savannah I discovered an opportunity which seemed to me the best we could hope for. The steamboat was a large three-decker, not unlike the big excursion boats that ply about New York. On the upper deck were stationed our guard of soldiers, with their guns; but when breakfast-time came I saw that they would have to go below. I supposed that they would go down in sections, relieving one another; but it turned out differently, a simple incident contributing to what seemed an act of negligence. For some reason, we prisoners were sent down to breakfast first, before the soldiers, who were grumbling and hungry.

Finally we came up, in great good humor, for the meal had been an excellent one, and the soldiers went tumbling down below to take their turn, leaving their guns stacked on the upper deck, and only two sentinels to guard them. Then I saw our chance, and,

calling Preston Johnston, pointed to the stairway, narrow and steep, that led up to where the guns were. In quick words I showed him how easy it would be for us to rush upon the two sentinels, overpower them, take possession of the guns, and then of the boat. There were ten of us, able-bodied men, and, with the other soldiers all below, and the guns in our hands, we would soon be masters of the situation.

We discussed a plan in a hurried consultation. "What will we do with the boat when we have got her?" was suggested.

"Sail to the Florida coast, the Bahamas, and finally to Cuba, if necessary," I replied.

"We have not got fuel enough."

"We can burn the decks," I replied.

"Would it not be an act of piracy?" was asked.

I contended that it would not. A state of war still existed; our armies west of Georgia were intact, and were opposed by large Federal armies. We were prisoners of war, guarded by Federal soldiers, and the life of our President was vehemently demanded; and no more sacred duty devolved upon us than to exercise every effort to assist in his escape and insure his safety.

I contended that people who would regard this as piracy were those who had for all these years regarded us as very much in that light, and I insisted that right-thinking, chivalrous people, even including Federal officers, could not but commend the spirit by which we were actuated.

Word was brought Mr. Davis, who was in his cabin, but he did not seem to give approval; and while we were arguing and discussing, the time of our opportunity passed, and the soldiers came back upon the deck. It was too late, and nothing came of all my fine imagining. But I have often wondered what would have happened, and how it would all have turned out, if those sentinels had been seized, and the President and Vice-President of the Confederacy had sailed away for a neutral port on a captured steamboat. It would surely have been the joke of the season.

Arrived at Hilton Head, we were all transferred to the steamer *Clyde*, and on her steamed away for Fort Monroe, guarded by the gunboat *Tuscarora*. The voyage from Augusta occupied seven or eight days, and we were given entire freedom of movement on the vessel.

I saw a good deal of Alexander H. Stephens while on the steamer, for we occupied a state-room together; and I was surprised to



find the Vice-President so apprehensive of the future. He seemed to expect that the gravest consequences would follow his arrest. I remember reasoning with him to prove that he was in no such danger as he thought. I spoke of his many friends all over the United States, referring to his Savannah speech and his well-known conservative views, and ventured the opinion that people in the North would be rather disposed to make a hero of him than to treat him harshly.

"No, my young friend," he replied, with an emphasis I cannot forget; "I look forward to a long, if not a perpetual, confinement."

"But if you feel that way about yourself," said I, "what do you think will happen to President Davis?"

Mr. Stephens answered in great agitation: "My young friend, don't speak of that—don't speak of that." I think he feared, as many others did, that Mr. Davis would be executed.

As for President Davis himself, he showed not the slightest trepidation, but reviewed the situation as calmly as if he had no personal interest in it. He discussed the war, its men and its incidents, in the same dispassionate way that a traveler might speak of scenes and incidents in some foreign land.

He was affable and dignified, as usual; and if he felt any fear, he certainly showed none. Nor would his fine sense of honor and propriety allow him to take advantage of another plan that we made for his escape from the tug while en route from Augusta to Savannah. This plan, which could doubtless have been carried out successfully had Mr. Davis approved of it, was as follows:

Two sentinels were on guard day and night at the rear end of the vessel, which was approached by two companionways; and it was our purpose to have Mr. Davis walk to the rear at night, at a certain moment when Preston Johnston and I would have concealed ourselves near the sentinels. Then, choosing his moment, Mr. Davis was to leap overboard, throwing his hat from his head at the same moment, so as to have two black objects in the river, the purpose of this being to deceive the sentinels should they succeed in firing. But it was our purpose to prevent them from using their guns, by throwing ourselves upon them suddenly, and either wresting the weapons from them or managing to discharge them in the air.

I dare say President Davis was influenced in his refusal to approve this plan by the realization that his escape would serve no useful purpose, since the Confederacy had vir-

tually ceased to exist and his personal efforts could be of no further benefit to the cause. And perhaps he took a certain inward satisfaction in the knowledge that by refusing to escape he would cause the Federal government more embarrassment than if he did so. He had perhaps heard of Lincoln's remark to a member of his cabinet: "If Mr. Davis could only escape unbeknown to us, it would be a very good thing."

On reaching Fort Monroe, we were taken off the vessel, Mr. Davis and Senator Clay being held as prisoners in the fort, under General Miles, then a volunteer general; Mr. Reagan and Mr. Stephens being transferred to the gunboat *Tuscarora*, under Captain Farley, and carried to Fort Warren; Mr. Harrison being sent in a man-of-war to Washington City; while the rest of us were put aboard the steamer *Maumee*, and brought to Fort Delaware, where we were placed in strict confinement. Here I remained for about a month, our party having as a guard an officer, a sergeant, three corporals, and thirty-six men. Two sentinels stood in front of my open door day and night; nor was I permitted to speak, read, or write. For breakfast I received a piece of bread and a piece of meat on a tin plate. For dinner they gave me a piece of bread, and a tin cup of soup with a small chunk of meat in it. For supper I had a piece of bread and a cup of water. I considered this very good prison fare, and did not complain.

On the first or second night of my imprisonment I heard some one speaking to me from the door, and found it was a sentinel, one of my old soldiers, who had served in the First Dragoons. He wished to serve me now.

"I'll get you out of here, general," he said. "The talk is that they are going to treat you roughly. All you have to do is to go to the sinks, drop down into the river, and swim ashore."

I saw that the plan could be easily carried out, but I refused to take advantage of it. I did not see what good to the cause could come through my escaping; I was not alarmed about myself; and I knew the soldier would be subjected to most serious punishment. So I thanked the sentinel, and told him I would stay where I was. He was evidently disappointed.

"Is n't there something I can do for you, general?" he said.

"Nothing, unless it is to get me a newspaper." The next day one of the latest Philadelphia papers was thrown into my room.



On about the thirtieth day of my confinement a messenger came up to say that General Schoepf, who was in command of the fort, wanted to see me. The corporal's guard formed at once, and I fell in, as prisoners do, between two soldiers. Then we marched away; but had gone only a few rods when the messenger, who had forgotten part of his instructions, came running after us, and said: "General Schoepf says he must come without a guard."

Rather surprised at this, I walked in the direction indicated, and soon found myself in the presence of the commanding officer, who said very politely: "I suppose, general, you think I've been rather harsh with you." I told him that, on the contrary, I had appreciated several acts of kindness extended to me, doubtless by his orders. After some talk about his original instructions regarding myself, and explaining to me that he had been ordered to treat me with no less severity than would have been shown Jefferson Davis himself, he held up a paper, saying: "Read that." It was an order from Washington for my release, on signing the same parole as had been given to Lee's and Johnston's armies. As nearly as I remember, the words of the parole were: "I promise, on my honor, that I will not take up arms again until I have been exchanged." As there were at this time no prisoners to be exchanged, this was equivalent to a pledge to remain at peace.

Having put my name to the paper, I was a free man; and General Schoepf at once,

with great cordiality, invited me to dine with him. I declined with thanks, saying that I preferred to spend the few hours before I should leave in the prison with my friends, who would have messages for me to take.

Some time before the boat started that was to take me across the river, word was brought me that two ladies desired to see me. It turned out that they were devoted women who for months had done untold good to the Southern cause by their sympathy and personal ministrations to prisoners. Every day it had been their habit to make the journey to Fort Delaware from Philadelphia, two hours each way, bringing flowers and baskets of food and delicacies for prisoners, some of them in the hospitals, and doing everything in their power to brighten the lot of the poor fellows who were languishing there. They kindly insisted that I should accompany them to their home in Philadelphia, where they gave me the first good meal I had had in many a day, and a comfortable bed to sleep in, and then saw me safely on my journey to New York the next morning. They were noble women, and the South had thousands like them.

My own troubles were now over, for I had plenty of friends in New York to assist me. It is unnecessary for me to go into the further details of Jefferson Davis's imprisonment, which is a matter of history. He was held at Fort Monroe for about two years, and then released. Mrs. Davis and her children had been sent back to Georgia shortly after our arrival at Fort Monroe.

## THE POOL OF SLEEP.

BY ARLO BATES.

I DRAGGED my body to the pool of sleep,  
 Longing to drink; but ere my thirst-seared lip  
 From the cool flood one Dives-drop might sip,  
 The wave sank fluctuant to some unknown deep.  
 With aching eyes too hot and dry to weep  
 I saw the dark, deluding water slip  
 Down, down, and down; the weeds and mosses drip  
 With maddening waste. I watched the water creep  
 A little higher, but to fall more fast.  
 Fevered and wounded in the strife of men,  
 I burned with anguish till, endurance past,  
 The pool crept upward, sank, then rose again,  
 Swelled slowly, slowly, slowly, till at last  
 My parched lips met the heavenly wave—and then . . .

## RAILWAY CROSSINGS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY FRANKLIN B. LOCKE.

### IMPORTANCE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SUBJECT.



One more vexed question presents itself in many of our American cities to-day than that of grade-crossings. The vast property interests, both private and corporate, which are affected by any proposed change; the extensive systems of competing railroads, with their established terminals; the interests of the public as represented by the municipality, are all elements that enter into the problem, and must all be considered in any attempt at a solution of the difficulties involved.

The abolition of the grade-crossings means, properly, the separation of street and railway grades; the adoption of such arrangements at stations as will prevent, as far as possible, the crossing of the tracks by passengers; and also the prevention of all persons, except those connected with the railways, from entering upon the tracks, or crossing them, except at certain prescribed places where crossings are allowed. These are the principles which underlie the practice in Great Britain and Germany, and all legislation upon the subject has in view the attainment of these results, as far as possible. In a large measure the same may be said of other European countries, although Great Britain and Germany stand easily first in these matters.

### IMPROVED CROSSINGS GIVE BETTER SERVICE.

THE traveler from the West who journeys throughout England by rail does not realize the degree of perfection which has been attained there in these particulars. While he is annoyed by the lack of certain conveniences to which he has been accustomed, he fails to notice the high and very uniform rate of speed at which his train travels through innumerable cities and to the very heart of London, and always apparently regardless of the network of streets and other railways which cross and recross the line upon which he is traveling. The system by which the city traffic is admirably separated from the railways in Liverpool or Birmingham or Lon-

don does not particularly interest our tourist from America while he is complaining of the cold and the lack of freedom that he is compelled to endure.

An average of the fast express-train time on these roads for fifty-four trains daily, up to and down from London, is about forty-six miles per hour. This showing cannot be equaled by the service rendered by the railways of any other country in the world.

The facility and rapidity with which trains are handled and business is despatched in the many cities throughout Great Britain and Germany, where grade-crossings do not exist, should be mentioned as largely compensating for the expenditures involved. In the case of the Great Eastern Station in London, seven to eight hundred trains a day are successfully handled, and the facilities have been recently increased to provide for a thousand trains in twenty-four hours. The number of passengers transported yearly to and from this station is about fifty-five millions, which is more than equal to the passenger business of all the roads entering the city of Boston. The Great Eastern passes under Shoreditch and other important streets in the immediate vicinity of the station, and, farther away, passes to an elevated system. What is true of the Great Eastern is true of other great stations in London. At Cannon street, not to choose an extreme case, the trains average about one every minute for several hours in the morning and for several hours in the evening.

### HYDRAULIC POWER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

HYDRAULIC power is a very important factor in the operation of the railroad terminals in Great Britain. In the passenger stations, for the handling of express and baggage, its use is very common; but in its application to the handling of freight it has a most important bearing upon our subject. It affords the one practicable means of loading and unloading and shifting in the depressed and elevated terminals. The cars must be raised or lowered from the regular track-level to the street-level, and this is accomplished by means of car-lifts operated by hydraulic power. At the street-level the cars are loaded and unloaded by hydraulic cranes, and

are then sent to the proper level, and despatched to their destinations. By an arrangement of capstans, turn-tables, and transfer-tables, all run by the same power, all shifting and making up of cars is successfully and very economically performed. About eleven years ago the writer inspected the systems at the stations of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and Paris; and these same plants are still doing duty in a satisfactory manner. The ends accomplished by their adoption are threefold: it solves the difficulties of the double-level stations; it affords the means for doing a very large amount of business within a small space; and it is also claimed that the cost of handling goods is less than half the cost of handling the same amount of business at our surface terminals in America. A considerable portion of this difference of cost, however, is certainly chargeable to the difference in the cost of labor.

#### QUESTIONS OF ECONOMY AND COMPETITION.

In connection with the question of economy, it may be proper to note that in both Great Britain and Germany the estimated average returns upon the capital invested in railways is greater than is the case in America. A direct comparison is, of course, almost impossible, owing to the different methods of handling the railway finances in the different countries. It is nevertheless significant that in these countries, where the returns upon invested capital are necessarily small, there should still appear to be an advantage in their favor; and this fact should lead us to inquire whether their large expenditures have not been wise from a financial standpoint, and whether, to any considerable extent, the same principles should apply in our own cities.

The policy of the foreign companies, which has led them to provide every facility for handling their suburban traffic with the greatest possible despatch, also to push their lines as near to the centers of business as possible, has discouraged the construction of competing lines of street-railroads, and has otherwise, of course, tended to increase largely the traffic of the steam-lines. That the opposite policy has been pursued by many American companies, under the belief that the first cost of providing the improved facilities was too great, has undoubtedly retarded the growth of business, and encouraged the wholesale construction of electric and other species of street-railroads, which attempt to give the rapid

transit that should be given by the steam-roads. We have, therefore, in the street-railroad system a phase of grade-crossing difficulties destined to increase in annoyance as the traffic increases.

#### A COMPARISON OF CASUALTIES.

WITH the casualties that are properly classified as due to grade-crossings are generally included accidents to trespassers—that is, to persons who attempt to cross or walk at grade upon the lines between the prescribed crossings. This class of accidents forms a large factor in the sum total of deaths and injuries, and great care is taken by the foreign companies to protect the public in this particular. Fully one third of all the accidents to persons on the English roads belong to this class; and while it is generally regarded that these accidents are the result of carelessness on the part of those who take the risks of entering upon the lines, it is nevertheless noticeable that no reasonable precautions are neglected. In America, as a whole, scarcely any provision is made for preventing this class of accidents. In the State of Massachusetts alone there are about half as many deaths from this cause as in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland; and during the last fifteen years nearly one half of all the fatalities upon the railways in that State have been of this class. By averaging the fatalities occurring in Great Britain and Germany, and comparing with the average for Massachusetts and Connecticut, the proportion is about as seven to one in favor of the foreign countries. Certain classes of accidents are now almost unknown in Germany. Accidents to pedestrians at road-crossings, or to passengers from crossing the tracks at stations, are hardly possible at the present time. Any one attempting to walk upon the track is sure to be stopped, and very severe penalties are imposed for any defiance of the orders of an employee.

In this connection, a few broad comparisons are very significant. In the city of Buffalo, for instance, it was reported, a few years ago, that sixty-one fatalities occurred at grade-crossings in eighteen months, being two more than the number reported for the whole of Germany for the previous five years. Again, in the report of the Terminal Commission to the Mayor and Common Council of Chicago, it was stated that over two hundred people lost their lives at the grade-crossings in that city in 1891. This is nearly as many fatalities as occurred in the whole

of Great Britain and Ireland from the same cause during the succeeding five years. These figures seem to indicate that these two cities afford from three to five times as many fatalities of this class as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland and Germany combined.

#### PRECAUTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

GENERALLY speaking, the objections to grade-crossings were clearly foreseen in England, and the remedies were applied in the cities when the railways were established. In the country districts there are still a considerable number of grade-crossings. They are by no means so numerous, however, as on the Continental lines. Under the regulation of Railways Acts, 1863 and 1871, a penalty of forty shillings is provided for the offense of entering or being upon a railway, except for the purpose of crossing the same at some authorized crossing. It is provided, however, that the offending party shall first have been warned by the agents of the company. This latter fact somewhat reduces the efficiency of the regulation, as it is often difficult to give satisfactory proof of warning. The Board of Trade have made regulations and recommendations as to the arrangements at stations, and regarding the protection of grade-crossings where they exist. Platforms are to be not less than three feet above rail-level, except in rare instances. Each passenger track is to have its separate platform, and stress is laid upon the principle that passengers should find it difficult, and always unnecessary, to descend upon the tracks. The character of gates, and the manner of operating them, are prescribed. Private road-crossings are also provided with gates; and under the law of 1845 a penalty is provided for persons who neglect to close them after passing through, and persons using them enter upon the track at their own risk. The comparative freedom from accidents of all classes on the English roads is due to much investigation by parliamentary commissions, many of the reports by these commissions being very suggestive and valuable. Among other tangible results of these investigations has been a wise extension, in 1871, of the powers of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade. Since that time, and largely through the efforts of the board, there has been a marked decrease in railway casualties throughout Great Britain, as indicated by the statistics covering these matters.

#### THE EXPERIENCE OF GERMANY.

IN Germany grade-crossings were originally permitted. There was an average of something over one and a half grade-crossings per mile of standard-gage railway in Germany in 1892. Under the direction of the government, the changes that have been undertaken in remedying these conditions have revolutionized the railway systems in nearly all the cities of Germany. New stations and viaducts are among the most important works that have been carried out in the empire during the last fifteen years. Owing to the fact that many of the details of original railway construction in Germany were widely different from the practice in Great Britain, different conditions had subsequently to be met, and a broad policy was undertaken by the German government in meeting and overcoming the features that were considered unfavorable. The railways in Germany have been gradually absorbed by the government, until now only a small proportion of them are operated by private corporations. In a general way, the conditions to be met there relative to grade-crossings were similar to the conditions existing in America at the present time. Their station arrangements were similar. Passengers were frequently obliged to cross the tracks in order to reach their trains. They have the low platform, about ten inches above the top of the rail, rendering it an easy matter to descend to the tracks. And formerly there existed a prejudice against the adoption of elevated stations, subways, and overhead bridges. It is therefore interesting to know that, as necessity has required the introduction of these features, public sentiment has veered round and recognizes their desirability. The various accidents which occurred at stations, etc., contributed to this end. These were naturally of more frequent occurrence under the old system, and culminated in a calamity at Steglitz, near Berlin, where a crowd, while crossing the tracks in attempting to board a local train for Berlin, was run down by an express, resulting in the death of thirty-seven persons. Before the accident, a petition for the reconstruction of this station, providing for undergrade crossings by means of subways, had been rejected in the House of Deputies, on the ground of expense and the objections to tunnels, etc. After the accident, the work of reconstruction was executed substantially as originally planned, with subway and with suitable platforms provided with a strong fence between the main tracks.



The street near the station, which formerly crossed the tracks at grade, was at the same time carried under the tracks.

The larger portion of the expenditures which have been incurred in Germany in abolishing the grade-crossings has been in the cities. Modern stations and elevated tracks are to be found throughout the empire. It is there well understood that any attempt to deal with the subject by providing for the isolated crossings and leaving the city streets untouched, simply perpetuates the worst phase of the difficulty. The expenditures have, accordingly, been large, and the results proportionately so. The magnitude of the work at Cologne may be suggested by the fact that \$5,900,000 were voted for this purpose by the Prussian House of Deputies as long ago as 1883. Construction began in 1885, and the cost as originally estimated was increased to about \$7,600,000. In the execution of this work the street grade-crossings are avoided by the elevation of the tracks, although this requirement was in some instances carried out with much difficulty. The six tracks of that portion of the line which lies within the old fortifications are carried upon a viaduct, while beyond them the tracks are upon embankments. The magnificent main station building is located upon the site of the old building, close to the cathedral. In this station are embodied the most approved features of the modern station. The principles that passengers must not be allowed to cross the tracks, and also that baggage and mail shall not be handled by crossing the tracks, or through the same passageways that are devoted to passengers, are all we can note in this connection. The expense of these large constructions has generally been borne by the government, while in England the expense incurred in avoiding or abolishing grade-crossings is generally borne by the railway company. The cities have very rarely shared in the expense, and are held only to the same share in the maintenance as before the change took place. It will be seen that the foreign roads, in their various stages of development, have been held very strictly to an observance of the rights of the public. If there is any discrimination, it is in favor of the public.

#### FACTS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

WHAT has been said relative to the railways of Great Britain and Germany applies in a measure to France and other Continental countries. There are, however, not the same inducements in some of these countries for

making great changes, in the way of modernizing the railway systems, that there are in those countries which we have been especially considering. The increase in population, and consequent growth of cities, is not so great; there is not the same effort to attain high speeds; and the traffic is in most cases comparatively light. There is always, however, very thorough construction. Grade-crossings in the larger cities are rare, and the guarding and policing of the railway properties are excellent. In the mountain districts of Switzerland, France, and Italy the writer found that the regulations were not so rigidly enforced. The trains, however, were comparatively few and of low speed. A considerable portion of the St. Gotthard line was examined, as were also portions of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway in the mountain districts, and generally no difficulty was encountered. In central Italy, and in other localities where trains are more frequent and the population living adjacent to the lines more numerous, permits were necessary in order to enter upon the railway lines. Any attempt to do so without authority was always met with a prompt, though courteous, reminder that such a proceeding was in violation of the rules.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUBURBAN TRAFFIC.

AMERICAN corporations have been very enterprising in extending their lines into new districts—often, it must be added, where there was little business to warrant such extensions. Without questioning the wisdom of these enterprises, it may nevertheless be said that there has been, in most instances, a failure on the part of these corporations to secure to themselves the enormous local and suburban business which has grown up in and around our great cities. A great number of cases can be cited where this business is handled successfully and profitably on a large scale by the steam-roads of Europe, establishing beyond question the desirability of the service that can be secured in this way. American managers, however, have not only disregarded this business, but have actually discouraged it; and it is only within a few years that a proper appreciation of its importance and value has been shown by even a very few of the leading companies. There is, on the other hand, an almost total lack, on the part of the public, of any proper appreciation of the part which the existing lines terminating in or passing through the great cities should take in the development of this local and suburban traffic. Corpora-



tions have been allowed, and even encouraged, to withdraw their freight and passenger stations to points farther from the business centers; and, with very few exceptions, there has never been any effort, on the part of either city or State governments, to take such action as would lead to any development in the line above suggested.

#### INTERDEPENDENCE OF CITIES AND RAILWAYS.

THE principle that the cities and the railroads are dependent upon each other should never be lost sight of. In our modern civilization each is equally dependent upon the other for its existence, and there is every reason for coöperation between the railroad companies and the cities upon all questions wherein they have common interests. It seems safe to say that their interests are identical in numerous instances where there seems to exist only antagonism. Nearly every large city in the United States, in its efforts to obtain transit facilities, has been ready to give away valuable franchises to street-railroad corporations; at the same time neglecting the fact that coöperation with the existing roads may, in many instances, be the means of providing, in the very highest degree, the service which is really worthy the name of rapid transit.

#### RAPID TRANSIT IN BOSTON.

In the city of Boston the indifference of the steam-roads to the suburban traffic during past years has turned that business largely into other channels. In the year 1896 the street railways of Boston handled above one hundred and sixty-six million passengers, or more than three times the number of both through and local passengers handled by all the steam-roads together. From 1881 to 1891 the steam-roads increased the number of passengers handled from about twenty-five millions to fifty-one millions. During the years from 1891 to 1897 the increase was only about two millions, while there was actually a decrease of about three millions from 1893 to 1897. The street railways, during the five years following 1891, increased their traffic by about thirty millions, showing an enormous increase of traffic for these railways, while the steam-railroads have in this particular made no progress, or have actually retrograded.

It has been held that a wise development of the steam-roads, extending them into the suburban territory and to the business centers,—providing, moreover, the rapid local service which the situation warrants,—would

in a large measure have preserved the suburban business to the controlling companies. Such a system, together with the service that would still be performed by the surface cars, would provide Boston with an almost ideal system of rapid transit. The attempt by the street railways to handle this enormous traffic resulted in a congested condition of the business regions so great that action on the part of the municipality was finally compelled. As a result, the Boston Transit Commission, acting under legislative acts of 1894 and subsequent years, has nearly completed the Boston subway. When this work is finished, it will remove the difficulties due to congested railway traffic from those portions of Tremont, Boylston, Hanover, and other streets under which the subway passes. This very notable work is the pioneer of its class in this country, and certainly solves for Boston, throughout its length of nearly two miles, a very vexatious phase of grade-crossing difficulties.

It does not necessarily follow that where railroads are carried into or through the thickly settled portions of cities the same power shall be used within city and suburban limits for local service as for other portions of the lines. The use of electricity under such circumstances is not regarded as difficult of attainment. Even with steam as a motive power, it is possible to reduce the smoke nuisance materially by means of devices now in use. Such a system, involving the present railroads, is not only what the city of Boston needs, but it is the fundamental necessity of every large city. In the absence of some such development of the steam-roads, other systems are destined to flourish, not only within the city and suburban limits, but for paralleling the present lines in all directions.

#### STATE ACTION CONCERNING GRADE-CROSSINGS.

SEVERAL of the States have passed laws facilitating the elimination of grade-crossings; but generally the railroads have been left to the exercise of their own judgment in these matters. The Massachusetts legislature in 1888 passed an act by which a commission was appointed by the governor to investigate and report upon the subject of the gradual abolition of the crossing of highways by railroads at grade. As a result of the report made by this commission, and of the general agitation, the law to promote the abolition of grade-crossings was enacted. This law (Chapter 428, Acts of 1890) provides, together with its amendments, that upon the

petition of the authorities of a town or city in which a public way and a railroad cross at grade, or of the directors of the railroad company, or of the attorney-general of the commonwealth, acting upon instructions of the governor and council, the superior court may appoint a commission of three disinterested persons. The members of this commission are empowered to decide if action is necessary to prescribe the manner of making the

be established without the consent of the railroad commissioners. Their consent, or the consent of a special commission, must also be obtained for the crossing at grade of electric and steam roads. In these particulars the board has of late years strenuously opposed the creation of new grade-crossings in the commonwealth.

In other States these subjects have received much attention; and it is to be

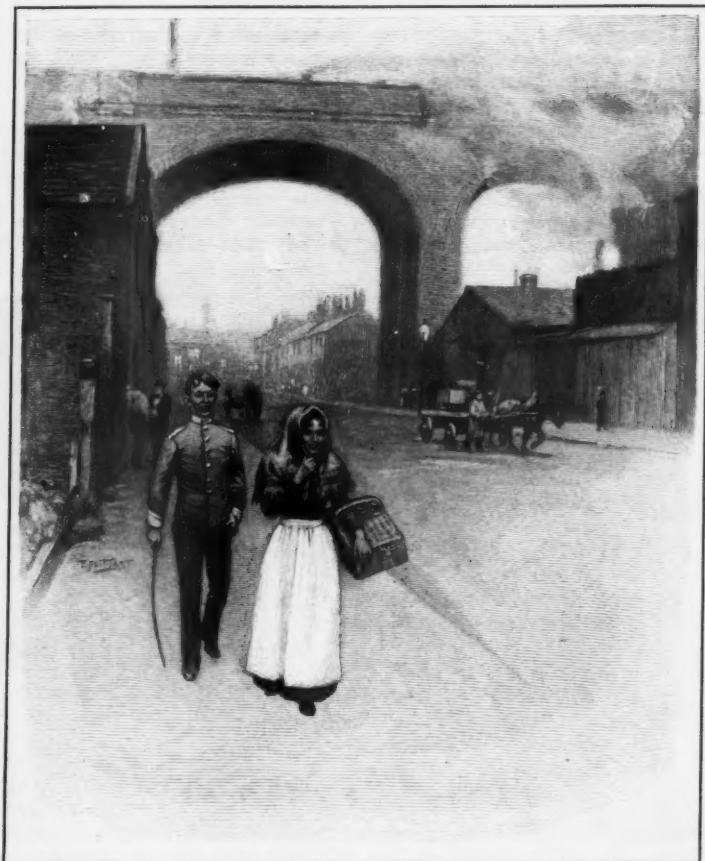


DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

VIADUCT OF THE LONDON AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON.

alterations, and may also determine which party shall do the work. The act provides that the railroad companies shall pay sixty-five per cent. of the total actual cost of the alterations. The remaining thirty-five per cent. of the cost the commissioners are to apportion between the town or city and the commonwealth. Not more than ten per cent. of such cost can be apportioned to the city or town. The commission returns its finding into the superior court, and, if confirmed by the court, it becomes final. Further provision is made for the taking of land, the maintenance of the crossings after completion, and also that the amount to be paid by the commonwealth during any one year shall not exceed five hundred thousand dollars, and the total amount to be paid by the commonwealth shall not exceed five million dollars. In the case of new construction, no grade-crossings of public roads and railroads can

be regretted that in some cases the failure to pass laws facilitating these operations is due to the opposition of some of the strongest railroad corporations in the country. In the State of Connecticut much has been done in the way of favorable legislation. The State of Michigan has a law, enacted in 1893, whereby is established a board, entitled the Railroad and Street-crossing Board, consisting of two members appointed by the governor, together with the railroad commissioner, who constitutes the third member. The New York State Board of Railroad Commissioners secured in 1897 the passage of an act promoting the prevention of new grade-crossings, and the gradual abolition of those then existing. This act, similar in many respects to the Massachusetts law, constitutes the Railroad Commissioners as the board of appeal. As such their powers are similar to those of the special commis-



DRAWN BY E. FOTTHAST.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY VIADUCT, BIRMINGHAM.

sioners in Massachusetts. Owing to the opposition of leading railroads the desired legislation in the state of New York was long delayed. The proposed assessment against the corporations of sixty-five per centum of the costs of abolition was held to be too much, and, as the law now stands, one half the total cost is borne by the railroad and one half is equally divided between the municipality or town and the state.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

SEVERAL of the corporations operating lines within the State of Massachusetts speedily availed themselves of the law of 1890, and along the main lines the improvements are numerous, and the character of the construction is of a high order. On the fifty-four-mile section of the Boston and Albany

Railroad, between the cities of Worcester and Springfield, along which are located several thriving and important towns, the grades of the highways and the railroads have all been separated, and the work of elimination is being prosecuted along other portions of the line. These improvements have, in some cases, been executed in connection with the reconstruction of stations and the extension of other facilities. This company has not adopted the principle of preventing passengers from crossing its tracks at its more important stations, and this fact has been unfavorably commented upon by the State commissioners, and regretted by others who desire to see the introduction upon the railroads of the commonwealth of all ideas conducive in any way to safety, or to a higher uniform rate of speed for express-train service.

Outside of the work that has been done under the law of 1890, there have been several special acts passed by the Massachusetts legislature, under which extensive works of improvement have been undertaken. For instance, on the Boston and Providence division of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad the tracks have been elevated, in Boston, between Chester Park (now Massachusetts Avenue) and Mount Hope Station, a distance of about four and a half miles, thereby freeing of all grade-crossings a section of about eleven miles in length, extending southerly from the Park Square Station in Boston. In the case of this improvement, which is estimated to cost about two million dollars, the State pays thirty-one and a half per cent., the city thirteen and a half per cent., and the

Haven, and Hartford Railroad is of great importance, and the beneficial results are to be recognized in improved service and in greater safety. To these improvements is due, in a large measure, the fact that this line affords the fastest long run in New England. The time between New York and Boston is now five hours, or about 46.6 miles per hour, including stops at Providence, New London, and New Haven. This compares favorably with the fast trains in America or in England; and as the projected improvements are carried out, not only as to the abolition of highway grade-crossings, but as to modernizing the stations and reducing grades and curvature, this company will be abundantly able to render service of a very high order between the two cities. The very notable work recently completed in New York



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, BATH, ENGLAND. PASSING THROUGH THE SYDNEY GARDENS.

railroad fifty-five per cent., of the total cost. The cities of Brockton, upon the same system, and Newton, on the Boston and Albany, have also secured, through the passage of special acts, the abolition of the grade-crossings in each of those cities. More or less work has been done upon nearly all the other lines in the State.

#### THE NEW VIADUCT IN NEW YORK CITY.

IN Connecticut and New York the work done upon the line of the New York, New

city contributes materially to this end. The improvement consists of the elevation of the four tracks along Fourth Avenue, between 110th street and the Harlem River, by means of a steel viaduct; then over the river by means of a new four-track bridge; and finally descending from the north end of the bridge by viaduct and embankment to the former grade at Mott Haven Junction at 149th street. This section accommodates the traffic of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the New York, New Haven, and Hart-



ford Railroad, and the New York and Harlem Railroad as it passes to and from the Grand Central Station at 42d street. This traffic constitutes above five hundred train-movements in twenty-four hours, and is handled with facility and increased rapidity since the completion of the new work. Moreover, about a mile of Fourth Avenue south of the Harlem is given its full width of one hundred and ten feet, and, the new bridge being twenty-four feet above high-tide water, the delays at the draw are far less frequent than was the case with the old low-level bridge.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN OTHER STATES.

OTHER lines terminating in New York have made equal advances, the elevated terminals at Jersey City and at Philadelphia being models of elevated stations and terminal lines which at once settle the question of the adaptability of these methods for American cities. At Detroit, the Canadian Pacific, the Flint and Pèr Marquette, the Wabash, and the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern railroads, all obtain entrance over an elevated structure to the new Fort Street Union Depot. This depot is conveniently located near the principal business center, and is a fair ex-

ample of those cases where terminals have been brought from remote to more central locations. At this station is a hydraulic plant for handling the city freight; there is one at Cincinnati, and another at the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal at Philadelphia. These constitute the principal examples of this system thus far established in America. In Philadelphia the business of the Pennsylvania Company over its elevated terminal increased from 7,801,525 passengers in 1884 to 17,277,891 in 1892. During the year 1893 the new Reading terminal was opened, the extension of the tracks to 12th and Market streets being upon an elevated structure of the most substantial character, by means of which the Reading lines are brought virtually to the center of the city.

#### AN INSTANCE FROM THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

IN this connection, the work of the Illinois Central Company in raising its tracks and providing improved facilities in Chicago is particularly interesting. It is the general policy of this company to prevent passengers from entering upon its tracks at stations, highway crossings, or upon the right of way, wherever it is practicable to do so. While



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

FOOT-BRIDGE, MIDLAND RAILWAY, SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.





DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

CEINTURE RAILWAY, AT THE BOULEVARD VICTOR, PARIS.

there are a large number of highways and other railroads crossing their lines at grade, the creation of new crossings is now strenuously opposed in the case of new lines or of new highways.

The terminal lines of the Illinois Central, in the city of Chicago, north of Grand Crossing, for a distance of 9.56 miles consist of eight tracks: two tracks for local suburban service, with stations approximately one half-mile apart, two tracks for through passenger service, two tracks for through freight service, and two tracks for high-speed express suburban service.

During 1892 these eight tracks were elevated from 47th street to 71st street, so as to admit of all the streets in this district, which were the approaches to Jackson Park (at which point the World's Columbian Exposition was located), being carried under the tracks. Inside the city and suburban limits, express, suburban, and through trains run at speeds varying from forty to fifty miles an hour with perfect safety. The line is fenced, turnstiles are used to prevent trespassing upon the tracks, and high platforms, level

with the floors of the coaches, facilitate the movements of passengers.

By the elimination of grade-crossings on the Illinois Central terminal, that company was enabled to handle during the six months of the Exposition nineteen and a half millions of people, without the loss of a life.

In this case there was a keen appreciation of the importance of the suburban traffic, and of the fact that this business properly belongs to the roads the franchises of which have been given for the purpose of accomplishing this work in the manner that shall be most satisfactory to the public. No commentary is necessary to show how these improvements have been of the utmost advantage, not only to the Illinois Central Company, but also to the city of Chicago. The city, however, had no share in the expense of building the eight-track structure, the burden falling principally upon the railroad. About twenty per cent. of the cost (the total being approximately four hundred thousand dollars per mile) was borne by the Columbian Exposition Company, the elevation of these tracks being of vital importance to the success of the Fair; and



LITHOGRAPHED BY T. PICKEN, FROM DRAWING BY C. BOSBOLI. DAY & SON, LONDON.

BRIDGE OVER THE SCRIVIA, ITALY.

about four per cent. of the total cost was paid by the surface cable line, that company being interested to extend its line on 63d street under the elevated tracks of the Illinois Central Road, avoiding in that way a crossing at grade.

#### THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE IN CHICAGO.

A HISTORY of the agitation in the city of Chicago engendered by the attempts to compel the railroads to elevate their tracks or otherwise abolish the grade-crossings, would be very voluminous. Investigations of a very comprehensive nature have been made, and repeated ordinances have been passed by the city government ordering the roads to take action in the matter. Arrests of railroad officials have repeatedly been made upon the occasion of accidents at the crossings, the city seeking to place the responsibility for these accidents upon the corporations. It has until recently been the position of the city that the railroads should pay the entire expense of elevating the tracks, including the depression of the streets, and damages to abutters along the railroad lines, etc. More recently, however, the city has undertaken, for a consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, to pay the damages to abutters on the lines of the Rock Island and Lake Shore roads, which are now elevated

in compliance with city ordinances. Other lines are making serious preparations to follow the example of the Illinois Central and the Rock Island and Lake Shore systems. The attempt of the municipal authorities of Chicago to compel the wholesale elevation of all the railroads in the city, at the sole expense of the corporations operating them, led these corporations seriously to consider the advisability of moving their terminal stations outside of the city. Such a course would have shown how vitally the interests of the city and the railroads are united. Even the possibility of such a proceeding induced the city authorities to pursue a less radical course.

#### A THREE-LEVEL CROSSING.

ON the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad many stations have been built, outside the large terminals, upon modern principles. Owing to their methods of operating a four-track system (the two outside tracks being for passenger-trains, and the two inside for freight-trains), they are enabled, in many cases, to provide against the necessity of passengers crossing the tracks at all, without the use of intermediate platforms, or spreading the tracks at the stations.

At Elizabeth, New Jersey, an important and very interesting piece of track and street

separation was accomplished. At the crossing of Broad street, North Broad street, East Broad street, and Morris Avenue, or rather at the junction of these several streets, occurs also the crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. These railroads and streets formerly all crossed at the same grade. It all constituted one of the worst and most dangerous crossings in the United States. The street traffic was heavy, and that on the railroads consisted of between five and six hundred trains per day. In the solution of this case the streets were depressed, and now pass under the Central Railroad of New Jersey, which remains at its former grade, while the Pennsylvania tracks were raised sufficiently to pass over both the streets and the Central Railroad, thus making a three-level crossing at this point—a rare thing in this country, though common in England. Several other grade-crossings were abolished at the same time, the Pennsylvania tracks being elevated for the entire distance through the settled portion of the city. New stations are to accommodate the passenger business, and these are of the modern type, thereby effectually doing away with the crossings on the tracks at the stations, as well as on the streets. These

cases that have been mentioned are only samples of a considerable number of important works which have been carried out in America, all tending to show the adaptability of these principles to our general conditions.

#### ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

As a result of a careful study of what has been done in Europe, and of our own system, one is compelled to believe, so far as the subjects under discussion are concerned, that the principles upon which most of our roads were originally constructed are unsatisfactory and soon to be discredited. No systematic attempt was made originally so to build the lines, even in the larger cities, that the streets should not be obstructed by the railroads, or *vice versa*. We have innumerable grade-crossings in both cities and country, a large proportion of which are not protected at all; and, moreover, there exists an utter lack of police or other regulation calculated to inspire in the public a proper respect for the property rights of the railroads, or for the dangers incident to the reckless trespassing so common throughout the United States. We have no adequate system for protecting grade-crossings, the ordinary gate, consisting of a single bar, which is lowered at each side of the tracks upon the approach of



LITHOGRAPHED BY T. PICKER, FROM DRAWING BY C. BOSSOLI. DAY & SON, LONDON.

VIADUCT NEAR GENOA.

trains, being in many cases insufficient to prevent accident. Massachusetts, for instance, has between twenty-one and twenty-two hundred grade-crossings of highways and railroads. Of these about one half are protected by gates, flagmen, or bells, and one half are unprotected. The fatalities, however, at the protected crossings are nearly half of all the casualties occurring at both protected and unprotected crossings.

By far the most objectionable feature that marks our system in this connection, and is now being perpetuated to a greater extent than ever before, is the multiplication of the crossings of the steam-roads by the various forms of street-railroads, the growth of which is now so rapidly on the increase. A highway grade-crossing becomes a far greater source of danger the moment an electric or other form of street-railroad becomes a fixture in the street and crosses the railroad at grade.

#### WILL THE ABOLITION OF GRADE-CROSSINGS PAY ?

A REVIEW of foreign practice as regards grade-crossings compels the encouraging belief that the expense of the works of improvement is not so great as to imperil the

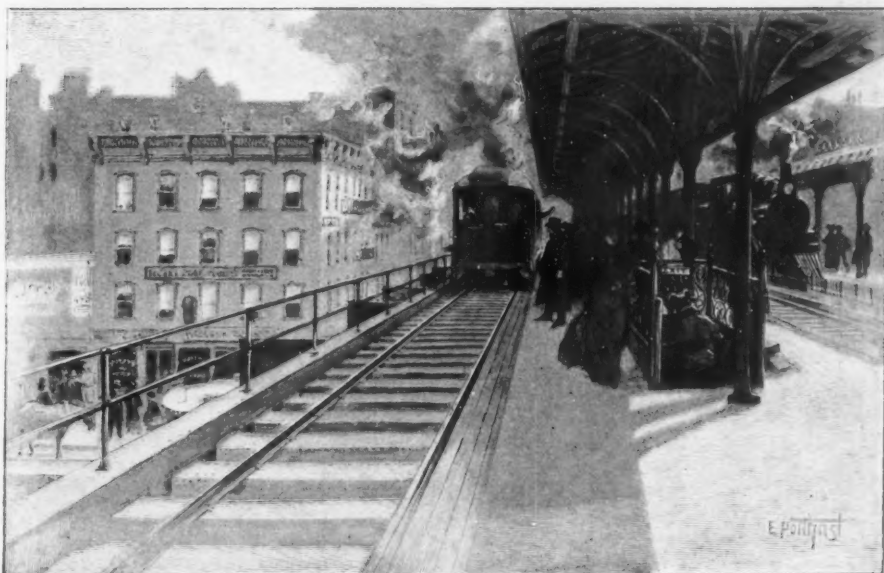
sound financial condition of the railways, but has rather added to their prosperity by adding to their facilities for handling larger volumes of business, and with greater economy. The railways of Great Britain have cost about \$114,000 per thousand of population, while those of the State of Massachusetts, for instance, have cost about \$70,000 per thousand of population. Should the principal highway grade-crossings in that State be abolished, basing the cost upon the estimate of the Grade-Crossing Commission appointed in 1888, which amounted to \$40,766,000, the expenditure upon the railways of the State would still be inside of \$90,000 per thousand of population. Judging from these figures, it is only fair to conclude that the population and wealth of at least the more thickly settled of the Eastern States will warrant the expenditure of considerable money in the interest of desired improvements. That abroad there are no difficulties in the way of handling freight and passenger business, on either an elevated or a depressed system, in a manner that has proved satisfactory to the most exacting public demands, naturally inspires the hope that equal success may be achieved



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPER.

CEINTURE RAILWAY OF PARIS, NEAR THE AUTEUIL STATION.





DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY AT 125TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

here, and that the advantages following the adoption of these systems may become the rule rather than the exception. That we are now suffering from the disadvantages of a system which must be eventually discredited, there seems to be no lack of evidence. For several years we have boasted of having the fastest train in the world; but if we compare the average time of the twenty-six fastest trains to and from New York on all of its twenty-six important roads, we get only about forty miles an hour, against the average, as we have already noted, of forty-six miles an hour for fifty-four trains running to and from London. If we examine the New England roads, it appears that of the twenty-four fast trains running to and from Boston the average speed is thirty-two miles an hour.

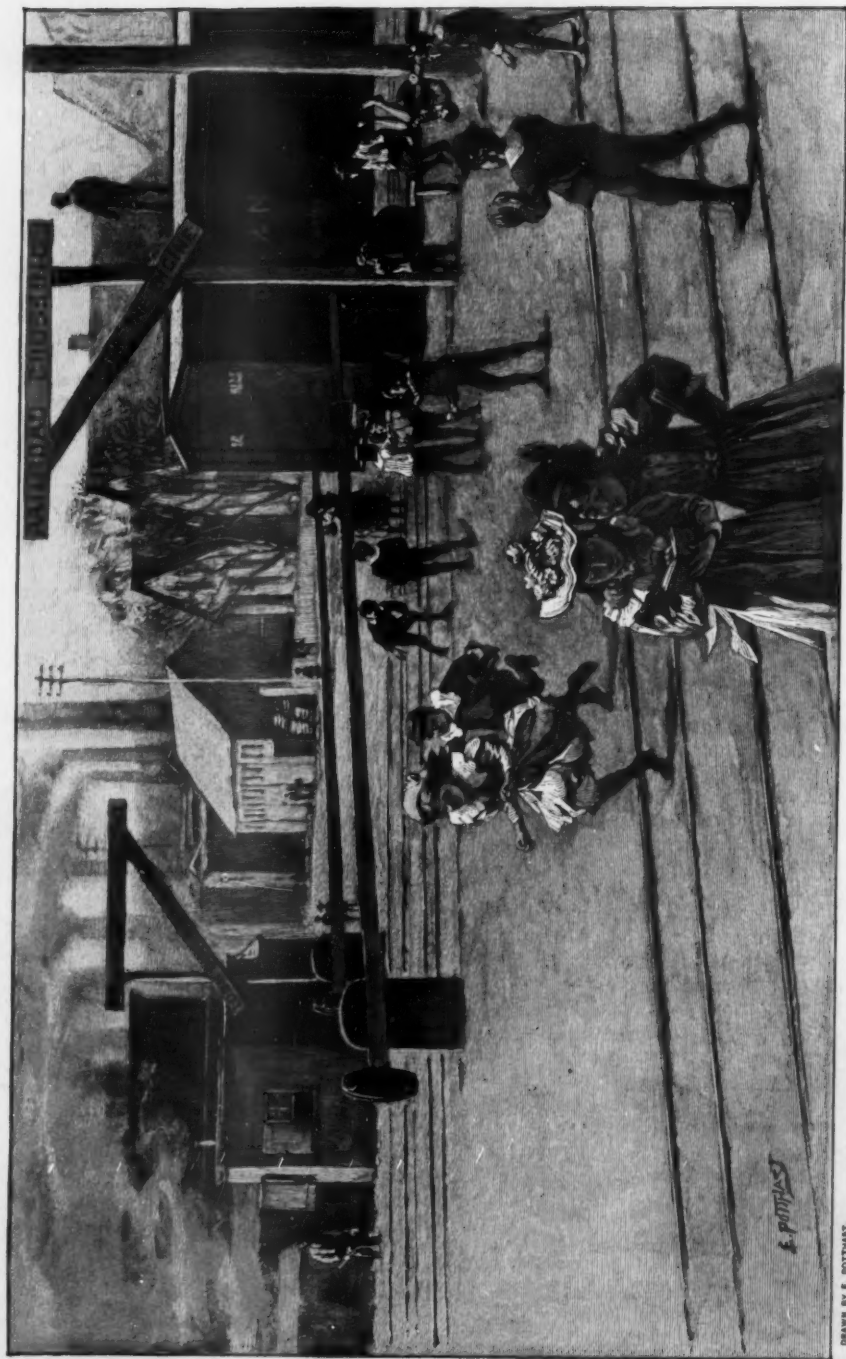
There is no reason to suppose that the English roads could attain a higher average speed for their express-trains than would be the case with us, were our conditions as favorable. Our comparatively low average is due, not to any failure to equip trains for high speeds, but to those features of the permanent way which place the limit at which trains can be run with reasonable safety. So long as those features are retained we lose in a measure the benefit of other refinements for the attainment of high speeds. It is interesting to notice that the

American roads which have been most successful in giving the best express-train service are the roads that have, of their own volition, made large expenditures in remodeling their stations, and in raising or depressing their tracks.

Those roads that have been foremost in their efforts to provide the fast service demanded by the public have been the first to see the necessity of improved facilities, and they have moved in advance of the public and in advance of any compelling legislation.

The very large expenditure necessarily involved in the reconstruction of the roads and terminals within the limits of our various cities renders the subject of the largest importance from a financial point of view. In the case of the foreign cities, the expenses were largely for extensions that would have had to be made anyhow, without regard to the question of crossings. The crossings and terminals and the extensions have all been considered together, upon the broadest principles. All the railways entering a city have generally been considered in all the cases where extensive changes were contemplated. Piecemeal work is to be avoided, and when extensions of railway terminals or large constructions are contemplated, the question of the effect of such proposed works upon a





GARDEN STREET CROSSING, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

city's streets, and upon the city at large, is of the greatest importance.

In America the theory of "hardship upon the railways" is accepted as a reason for delay in carrying out desired improvements; but if we can judge from the policy of the foreign companies, improvements of the nature that we are discussing are a benefit rather than a hardship, and it is perhaps not too much to believe that the American companies will show the same readiness in carrying out these improvements that we have remarked in the case of the foreign companies. The American people, while surpassing the world in the matter of accepting with complacency the facilities, good or bad, which the railroads see fit to give them, are nevertheless in many localities expressing themselves so clearly that their indifference or objection to proposed changes cannot be urged as an excuse for delay. It is to be hoped that as the sentiment of the public changes, a change of policy on the part of the companies will follow, and that our railroads will fast begin to rank as equal to any in the world in these particulars, as they already do in most other essential features.



DRAWN BY H. O. NICHOLS.

MAIN STREET ARCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

## THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.<sup>1</sup>

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH A PICTURE BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

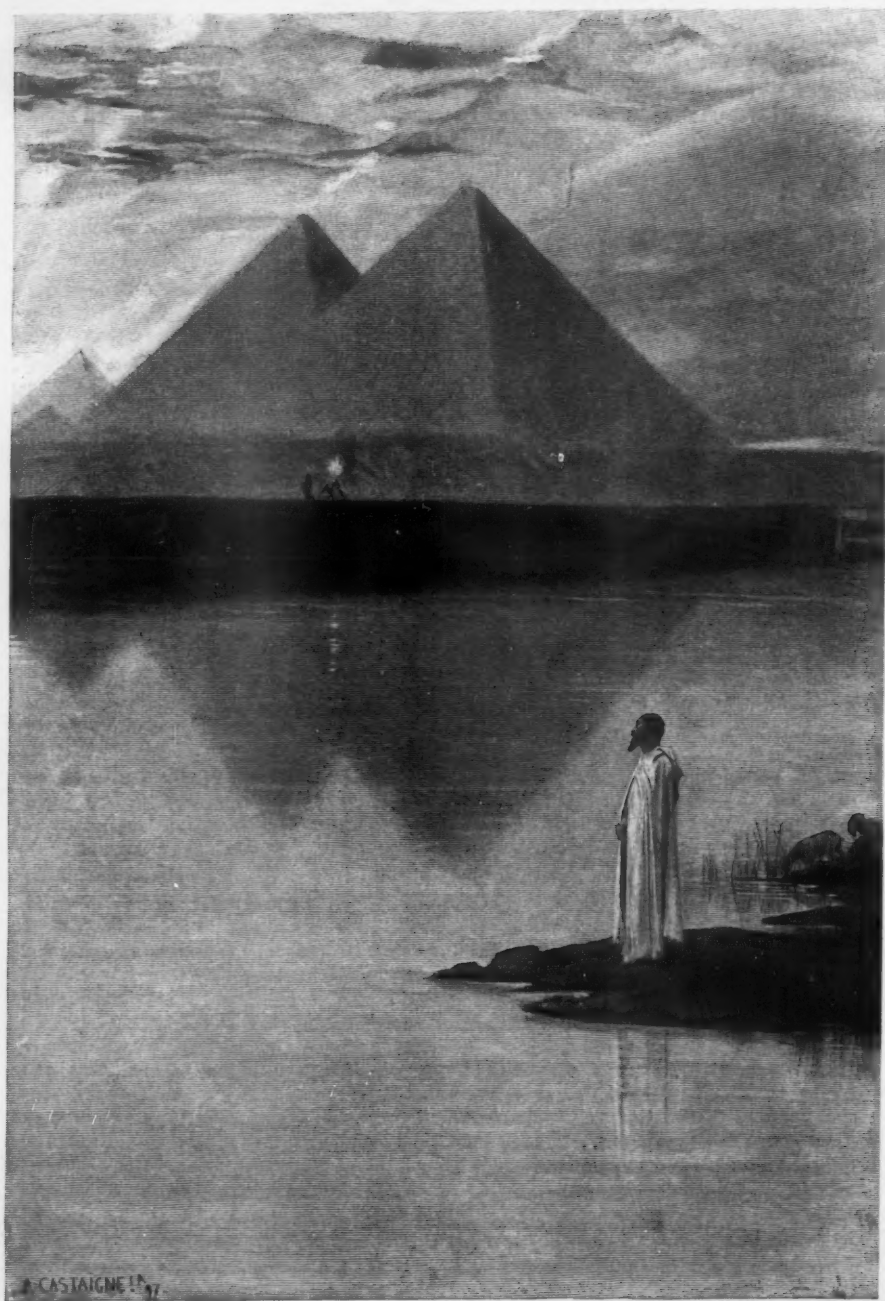
### THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

OF all the structures included in any of the lists of the Seven Wonders, the Pyramids of Gizeh are the only ones left standing in our day. They are, too, of all by far the oldest. At the date when tradition assigns Moses to the service of Pharaoh they were already monuments of a hoary past. Fifty generations of men, perhaps a hundred, had already passed beneath their shadow. Already they belonged to a past and forgotten world, another Egypt, of which they were the lonely monuments.

Standing as they do to-day, the only living samples of the ancient wonders, they constitute a measure of the ancient marveling, and it is significant that they are as much a wonder now as they have ever been. They still rank with the most colossal monuments ever reared by the hand of man; but that is

<sup>1</sup> See previous article in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1898.

not all. Never have speculation and fancy, the handmaids of wonder, busied themselves so much and so variously with the problems of their construction and their purpose as in these latter days. Within the present century they have been interpreted, now as parts of a system of barriers against the shifting desert sands, now as parts of a mechanism for filtering the Nile water, or as monuments to the deluge, or means of rescuing by embodying in stone the mathematical and mystical lore of the world from an impending deluge, or as an embodiment of such measures as the distance of the sun, the circumference of the earth, the sacred cubit, or the planetary distances. An Oxford professor of Newton's time even wrote a book to demonstrate the antiquity of the English weights and measures from their agreement with the standards used in the construction of the Pyramids. To others they have served as monuments to primitive monotheism,



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

types of Christ and his church, vindication, through their use of the number seven, of the Sabbath law, or even as a sign of the Second Advent, pointing definitely, in terms of inches, to the year 1882. One man finds that they contain in their proportions a record of their own latitude, or in their orientation a record of their age; another interprets them as vast sun-dials to measure with their shadows the progress of the seasons; another makes them an attempt to demonstrate the quadrature of the circle. Leibnitz's theory that their respective sizes testify to the length of their builders' reigns, in that each kept on building as long as he lived, has suffered badly under recent criticism. That they constitute in some way a composite record of the resources, as well as the length, of each reign might be easier to maintain.

A tradition, reaching down from the middle ages almost to the present day, represents them as the granaries of Joseph. Pliny says that some in his day regarded them as devices invented by ancient kings to avoid leaving their money to their successors, and so to check all undue desire for an early demise; while others thought them a mere autocrat's device for employing labor and preventing discontent. This latter is also Aristotle's idea. Herodotus, however, reckons with no other purpose in their construction than that which modern scholarship approves, namely, the provision of a burial-place for a king. He visited them, and has left us an entirely intelligible account of what he saw. The causeway by which the building-stone was raised from the level of the plain to that of the plateau was still in existence, and he estimated it, with its five-stade length, its width of sixty feet, and its elevation in places of fifty feet, as a work scarcely less wonderful than the Pyramids themselves. The method of building the Pyramids and of raising the great stones to their places by means of rollers, a step at a time, he describes in a reasonable way; but whether it was his own surmise, or a part of the lore of his guide, no man can tell. He seems to have had implicit confidence in the guide; for when the latter interpreted for him an inscription which stood "in Egyptian characters" upon the side of the Cheops (Khufu) Pyramid, he does not hesitate to report for our edification how it extolled the greatness of the work in terms of the radishes and garlic and onions consumed by the laborers; "which the interpreter, as I well remember, reading the inscription, told me cost one thousand six hundred talents of silver."

In Herodotus's day the surfaces of the Pyramids were not jagged with steps as now; for the prismatic stones which served as casing, and which the sacrilege of modern quarrymen has torn away, were still in place, giving to the whole structure, at a little distance, the appearance of a single block. So they remained until about the fourteenth century of our era. A French pilgrim in the year 1395 found the work of dismantling Cheops well under way. Ciriaco of Ancona was able, when he visited it in 1440, to mount over the bared steps to the top. As late as 1638 the casing of the Khafra Pyramid was still partly intact. On these casings inscriptions and *graffiti* of all the later ages had collected, so that an Arabian writer of the thirteenth century says that, if copied, they would fill ten thousand pages. All these, however, except a few copied by early pilgrims, have disappeared.

Petrie's exact measurements of the Great Pyramid yielded a height of  $481\frac{1}{2}$  feet, a width of each side at the base of  $755\frac{3}{4}$  feet — i. e., height 280 cubits, base 440 cubits. One geometrical theory is therefore sound: the height is a radius of the circle equaling the perimeter of the base. Herodotus gives the width as 8 plethra (800 feet), and the height as the same, and Pliny the height as 725 feet. Both evidently measure the oblique altitude from one of the corners.

On the hem of the desert, just where the measureless regions of death make their sharp frontier on the green, fresh life of the Nile plain, the ancient people of Memphis built the cities and homes of the dead, and kings their pyramids. From Gizeh to Dahshur, the ruins still stand by the edge of the sandy plateau and in relief against the evening sky. The Egyptian heaven was always in the west, as the Greek Hades was across a river. The ancient Egyptian, in his solicitude to find his body a secure home, that his soul might lead a secure life, sought a grave beyond the reach of the river waters, and, before the days of perfect embalming, sought to guarantee the preservation of the body by finding it a housing in the desert and in the firmest habitation his means could provide. A permanent and peaceful civilization, dealing in continuity of life, developed the strongest sense for an assured and continuous future life. The Great Pyramid of Cheops may have few mystical secrets embalmed within its lines and mass, but it stands as an unfaltering witness to the power of an ancient state and the strength of an early faith.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CONSTANTINE POBEDONOSTZEFF.



## A STATESMAN OF RUSSIA.

CONSTANTINE POBEDONOSTZEFF.

BY ANDREW D. WHITE,

United States Ambassador at Berlin, and formerly Minister to Russia.

ON arriving in St. Petersburg in November, 1892, there was one Russian whom I more desired to meet than any other—Constantine Pobedonostzeff. For some years I had seen his name in various English and American reviews, coupled with charges of bigotry, cruelty, hypocrisy—indeed, of the most hateful qualities which a human being can possess. But the fact remained that he was generally admitted to be the most influential personage in the Russian Empire under Alexander III, and that, though bearing the distinctive title of "Procurator-General of the Most Holy Synod," he was evidently no less powerful in civil than in ecclesiastical affairs.

As to his history, it was understood to be as follows: When the Grand Duke Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II, a young man of gentle and kindly characteristics, greatly resembling his father, died upon the Riviera, the next heir to the throne was the Grand Duke Alexander, a stalwart, taciturn guardsman, respected by all who knew him for the honesty, simplicity, and directness of his character, but one who, having never looked forward to a throne, had been brought up simply as a soldier, with few of the gifts and graces traditional among the heirs of the Russian monarchy since the days of the great Catharine.

Therefore it was that it became necessary to extemporize for this soldier a training which should fit him for the manifold duties of the position so unexpectedly opened to him; and the man chosen as his tutor was a professor at Moscow distinguished as a jurist and theologian—a man of remarkable force of character, and devoted to Russian ideas as distinguished from those of western Europe.

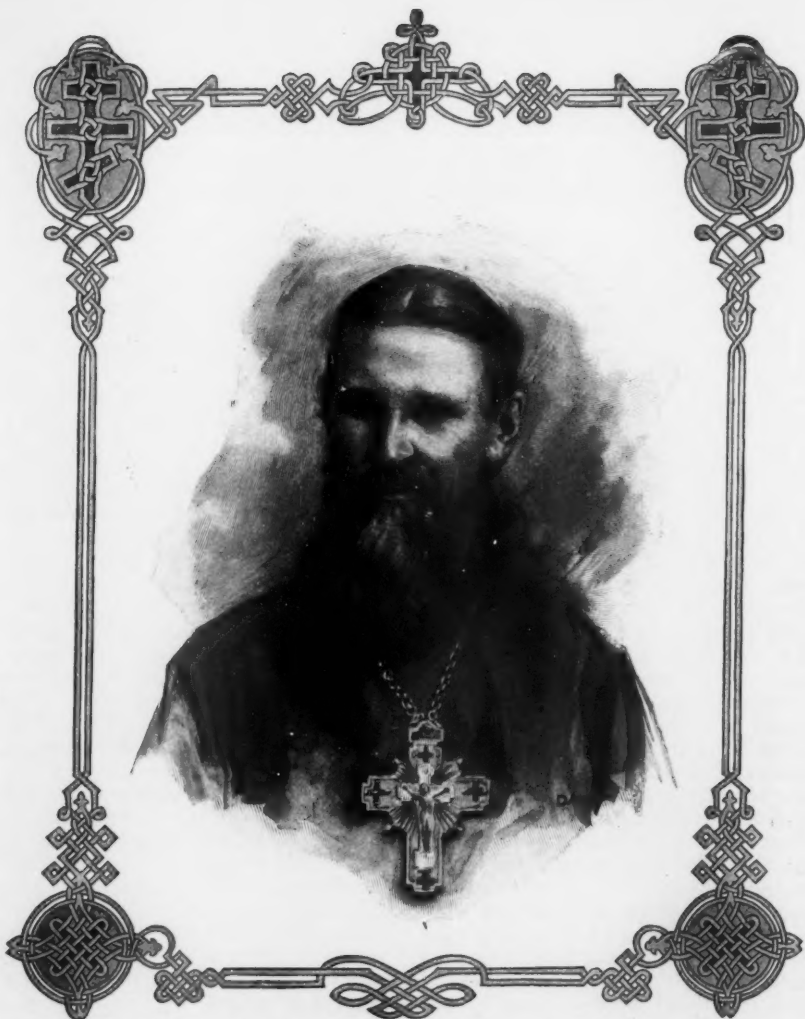
During the dark and stormy days toward the end of his career, Alexander II had called in as his main adviser General Loris-Melikoff, a man of Armenian descent, in whom was mingled with the shrewd characteristics of his race a sincere desire to give to Russia

a policy and development in accordance with modern ideas.

The result is well known to the world. The Emperor, having taken the advice of this and other counselors,—of deeply patriotic men like Miloutine, Samarin, and Tcherkasky,—had freed the serfs within his empire (forty millions in all), had given his sanction to a vast scheme by which they were to arrive at the possession of landed property, had established local self-government in the various provinces and districts of his empire, had improved the courts of law, had introduced Western ideas into legal procedure, had greatly mitigated the severities formerly exercised toward the Jews, and had virtually sanctioned a constitution which, in all probability, would have been promulgated at his approaching birthday.

But this did not satisfy the nihilistic sect. What more they wanted, it is hard to say. It is very doubtful whether Russia even then had arrived at a stage of civilization when the institutions which Alexander II had conceded could be received by her wholly with profit. But, with their vague longings for fruit on the day the tree was planted, the leaders of the anarchist movement decreed the death of the Emperor, the greatest benefactor that Russia has ever known, and one of the greatest that humanity has known, and his assassination followed. It was perhaps the most fearful blow ever struck at liberty, for it blasted the hopes and aspirations of over a hundred millions of people, doubtless for many generations.

At his death the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that at the first meeting of the imperial councilors, Loris-Melikoff, believing that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of the councilors seemed fully in accord with him, when suddenly



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FATHER IVAN OF CRONSTADT. (SEE PAGE 117.)

there arose in the council this tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who, at first very simply, but finally with burning eloquence, presented a different view. According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the Emperor that all so-called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, however such things might be suited to western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been from time immemorial the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws,

the ideas of the hundred millions of various races under the sway of the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity—socialism, with its plots and bombs, appearing in all quarters, attempts making against rulers of nations everywhere, and the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken the most complete hold. He insisted that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved, and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all be-





fore it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris-Melikoff, followed by his death, not long afterward, upon the Riviera; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the Emperor; and, as the consequence of this, the suppression of the constitution, the discouragement of every liberal tendency, and that complete reaction which is in full force at the present hour.

This was the man whom I especially desired to see and to understand, and therefore it was that I was very glad to receive from our State Department instructions to consult with him regarding some rather delicate matters needing adjustment between the Greek Church and our authorities in Alaska, and also in relation to the representation of Russia at the approaching Chicago Exposition.

I found him, as one of the great ministers of the crown, residing in a ministerial palace, but still retaining in large measure his old quality of professor. About him was a beautiful library, with every evidence of a love for art and literature. I had gone into his presence with many feelings of doubt. Against no one in Russia had charges so bitter been made in my hearing. It was universally insisted that he was mainly responsible for the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland, of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces and in Finland, of the Stundists in central Russia, and of the dissenting sects everywhere. He had been spoken of in the English reviews as "the Torquemada of the nineteenth century," and this epithet seemed to be generally accepted as correctly describing him.

He was to all appearance a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were indeed few doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common; but he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could, and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made. His usual time of receiving his friends was on Sunday evenings, between nine and twelve; and very many such evenings I passed with him in his study, discussing, over glasses of fragrant Russian tea, every sort of question with the utmost freedom.

I soon found that his reasons for that course of action to which the world so generally objects are not so superficial as they are usually thought. The repressive policy which he has so earnestly adopted is based

not merely upon his views as a theologian, but upon his convictions as a statesman. While as a Russo-Greek churchman he regards the established church of the empire as the most primitive and the purest form of Christianity now extant, and while with his esthetic nature he sees in its ritual, in its art, and in all the characteristics of its worship, the nearest approach to his ideals, he looks at it also from the point of view of a statesman—as the great cementing power of the vast empire through which it is spread.

This being the case, he naturally opposes all other religious bodies in Russia as not merely inflicting injury upon Christianity, but as tending to the political disintegration of the empire. Never, in any of our conversations, did I hear him speak a harsh word of any other church, or of any religious ideas opposed to his own; but it was clear that he regarded Protestants, and dissident sects generally, as only agents in the progress of disintegration which in western Europe seemed approaching a crisis, and that he considered the Roman Catholic Church in Poland as virtually a political machine in deadly hostility to the Russian Empire and to Russian influence generally.

In discussing his own church, he never hesitated to speak plainly of its shortcomings. Unquestionably, one of the wishes nearest his heart is to reform the abuses which have grown up among its clergy, especially in their personal habits. Here, too, is a reason for any repressive policy which he may have exercised against other religious bodies in the empire. Everything that detracts from the established Russo-Greek Church detracts from the revenues of its clergy, and, as these are already pitifully small, aids to keep the priests and their families in the low condition from which he is so earnestly endeavoring to raise them. As regards the severe policy instituted by Alexander III against the Jews of the empire, and which Pobedonostzeff, more than any other man, is supposed to have inspired, he seemed to have no harsh feelings against Israelites as such, but his conduct seemed based upon a theory which, though I thought it mistaken, and in various conversations combated it, he presented with much force; namely, that Russia, having within its borders more Jews than exist in all the world beside, and having suffered greatly from these as from an organization really incapable of assimilation with the body politic, must pursue a repressive policy toward them, and isolate them, in order to protect its rural population.



While he was very civil in his expressions regarding the United States, he clearly considered all Western civilization a failure. He seemed to anticipate before long a collapse in the systems and institutions of western Europe. To him socialism and anarchism, with all that they imply, were but symptoms of a wide-spread political and social disease, indications of an approaching catastrophe destined to end a civilization which, having rejected orthodoxy, had cast aside Heaven-born authority, given the force of law to the whimsies of illiterate majorities, and accepted the voice of unthinking mobs, utterly ignorant of their own highest good, and, indeed, of their own simplest material interests, as the voice of God. It was evident that he regarded Russia as representing among the nations the idea of Heaven-given and church-anointed authority—as the empire destined to save the principle of divine right and the rule of the fittest.

Revolutionary efforts in Russia he discussed calmly. Referring to Loris-Melikoff, the representative of principles most strongly opposed to his own, no word of censure escaped him. The only evidence of deep feeling on this subject that he ever showed in my presence was when he referred to the writings of a well-known Russian refugee in London, and said, "He is an escaped murderer."

As to education in the empire, he evidently held to the idea so thoroughly carried out in Russia, namely, that the upper class, which is to discharge the duties of the state, should be highly educated for those duties; but that the great mass of the people need no education beyond what will keep them contented in the humble station to which it has pleased God to call them. A very curious example of his conservatism I noted in his remarks regarding the *droshkies* of St. Petersburg. The *droshky*-drivers are Russian peasants, simple and as a rule pious, never failing to make the sign of the cross on passing a church or shrine, or at any other moment which seems to them solemn. They are perhaps picturesque, but certainly dirty in their clothing and in all their surroundings. A conveyance more wretched than the ordinary street *droshky* of a Russian city could hardly be conceived. Measures had been proposed for improving this system, but he could see no use in them. The existing system was thoroughly Russian, and that was enough. It appealed to his sense of conservatism, and the *droshky*-drivers, with their Russian caps, their long hair and beards, their picturesque

caftans, and their kindly, deferential demeanor, satisfied his esthetic sense.

What seemed to me a clash between his orthodox conservatism on one side and his Russian pride on the other, I discovered on returning from a visit to Moscow in which I had had sundry walks and talks with Tolstoi. On my referring to this, he showed some interest. It was clear that he was separated by a whole orb of thought from the great novelist, yet it was none the less evident that he took pride in him. He naturally considered Tolstoi as hopelessly wrong in all his fundamental ideas, and yet was himself too much a man of letters not to recognize in his brilliant countryman one of the glories of Russia in the present epoch.

But the most curious—indeed, the most amazing—revelation of the man I found in his love for American literature. He is a wide reader, and in the whole breadth of his reading American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these, Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson were his favorites. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch-persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions, within the empire and without it, still reads as his favorite author the philosopher of Concord! He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; and of that he gave me the Latin original from which he had made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. He also told me that the next book which he translated was a volume of Emerson's essays; and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

There is thus clearly a relation of his mind to the literature of the Western world very foreign to his feelings regarding Western religious ideas. This can be accounted for, perhaps, by his own character as a man of letters. That he has a distinct literary gift is certain. I have in my possession articles of his, and especially a poem, in manuscript, which show deep poetic feeling and remarkable power of expression.

It is a curious fact that, though so fond of English and American literature, reading it with accuracy and ease, he utterly refuses to converse in English. His medium of communication with foreigners is always French. On my asking him why he would not use our

language in conversation, he answered that he had learned it from books, and that his pronunciation of it would expose him to ridicule.

In various circles in St. Petersburg I heard him spoken of as a hypocrite; but a simple sense of justice compels me to declare this accusation unjust. He, indeed, retires into a convent for a portion of every year, to join the monks in their austerities and religious exercises; but this practice is, I believe, the outgrowth of a deep religious feeling. On returning from one of these visits to the monastery, he brought me a large Easter egg of lacquered work, exquisitely illuminated. I have examined, in various parts of Europe, beautiful specimens of the best periods of medieval art; but in no one of them have I found anything in the way of illumination more perfect than this which he brought me from his monkish brethren. In nothing did he seem to unbend more than in his unfeigned love for religious art as it exists in Russia. He discussed with me one evening some photographs of the new religious paintings in the Cathedral of Kieff in a spirit which showed that this feeling for religious art is one of the deepest characteristics of his nature.

He was evidently equally sensitive to the beauties of religious literature. Giving me various books containing the services of the Orthodox Church, he dwelt upon the beauty of the Slavonic version of the Psalms, and upon the church hymnology especially, as embodying worthily the most elevated thoughts and aspirations.

The same esthetic side of his nature was shown at various great church ceremonies. It has happened to me to see Pius IX celebrate mass, both at the high altar of St. Peter's and in the Sistine Chapel, and to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week and of Easter at the Roman basilicas, and at the time it was hard to conceive anything of the kind more impressive; but I have never seen any other church function, on the whole, so imposing as the funeral services of the Emperor Nicholas during my first visit to Russia, nor have I ever heard any other music so beautiful as that of the three great church choirs which took part in them, and at various great imperial weddings, funerals, name-days, and the like, during my second visit. On such occasions Pobedonostzeff frequently came over from his position among the high ministers of the crown to explain to us the significance of this or that feature in the ritual or in the music. It was plain to see that these

things touched what was deepest in him, and that, whatever else may be said of him, it must be confessed that in his attachment to the church he is sincere.

Nor were these impressions made by him peculiar to me. It fell to my lot to present to him one of the most eminent journalists our country has ever produced, the late Nestor of the American press—one who could discuss on even terms with any European statesman all the leading modern questions. This countryman of mine had been brought into close contact with many great men, but it was plain to see—what he afterward acknowledged to me—that he too was most deeply impressed by this eminent Russian. The talk of two such men threw new light upon the characteristics of Pobedonostzeff, and strengthened my impression of his strong intellectual qualities and of his sincerity.

In regard to the relation of the Russo-Greek Church to other churches I spoke to him at various times, and found in him no personal feeling of dislike to them. The nearest approach to such a feeling appeared, greatly to my surprise, in certain references to the Greek Church as it exists in Greece. In these he showed a spirit much like that which used to be common among High-church Episcopalians in speaking of Low-churchmen. Mindful of the earnest efforts made by the Anglican communion to come into closer relations with the Russian branch of the Eastern Church, I at various times broached that subject, and the glimpses I obtained of his feeling regarding it surprised me. Previous to these interviews I had supposed that the main difficulty as to friendly relations between these two branches of the Church Universal had its origin in the Filioque clause of the Nicene Creed. As is well known, the Eastern Church adheres to that creed in its original form,—the form in which the Holy Ghost is represented as "proceeding from the Father,"—whereas the Western Church adopts the additional words "and from the Son." That the Russo-Greek Church is very tenacious of its position in this respect, and regards the action of the Western Church, Catholic and Protestant, in this matter as savoring of blasphemy, is well known, and there was a curious evidence of this during my stay in Russia. Twice during that time I heard the "Missa Solennis" of Beethoven. It was first given by a splendid choir in the hall of the University of Helsingfors. That being in Finland, which is mainly Lutheran, the creed

was sung in its Western form. Naturally, on going to hear it given by a great choir at St. Petersburg, I was curious to know how this famous clause would be dealt with. In various parts of the audience were priests of the Russo-Greek faith, yet there were very many Lutherans and Calvinists; and I watched with some interest the approach of the passage containing the disputed words. But when we reached this, it was wholly omitted—any allusion to the "procession" was evidently forbidden. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, on asking Pobedonostzeff, as the representative of the Emperor in the Synod of the Empire, the highest body in the church, and he the most influential man in it, really controlling archbishops and bishops throughout the empire, whether the Filioque clause is the insurmountable obstacle to union, he replied: "Not at all; that is simply a question of dialectics. But with whom are we to unite? Shall it be with the High-churchmen, the Broad-churchmen, or the Low-churchmen? These are three different bodies, with distinctly different ideas of church order—indeed, with distinctly different creeds. Which of these is the Orthodox Church to regard as the representative of the Anglican communion?" I endeavored to show him that the union, if it took place at all, must be based on ideas and beliefs that underlie all these distinctions; but he still returned to his original proposition, which was that union is impossible until a more distinct basis than any now attainable could be arrived at.

I suggested to him a visit to Great Britain, and his making the acquaintance of leading Englishmen; but to this he answered that at his time of life he had no leisure for such a recreation; that his duties absolutely forbade any such indulgence.

In regard to relations with the Russo-Greek Church on our own continent, he seemed to speak with great pleasure of the treatment that Russian bishops had received in our country. He read me letters from a member of the Russo-Greek hierarchy, full of the kindest expressions toward Americans, and especially acknowledging their friendly reception of him and of his ministrations. Both the archbishop and Pobedonostzeff himself were very much amused over one fact mentioned in this letter, which was that the Americans, after extending various other courtesies to the archbishop, "offered cigars."

He discussed the possibility of introducing the "Holy Orthodox Church" into the United States, but always disclaimed zeal in reli-

gious propagandism, saying that the church authorities had quite enough work to do in extending and fortifying the church throughout the Russian Empire. He said that the pagan tribes of the imperial dominions in Asia seemed more inclined to Mohammedanism than to Christianity, and gave as the probable reason the fact that the former faith is much the more simple of the two. He was evidently unable to grasp the idea of the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, and seemed inclined to take a mildly humorous view of it as one of the droll inventions of the time.

He appeared to hold our nation as a problem apart, and was perhaps too civil, in his conversations with me, to include it in the same condemnation with the nations of western Europe, which had, in his opinion, gone hopelessly wrong. He also seemed drawn to us by his admiration for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. When Professor Norton's edition of Lowell's letters came out, I at once took it to him, and it evidently gave him great pleasure, perhaps because it revealed to him a civilization, life, and personality very different from anything to which he had been accustomed. Still, America seemed to be to him a sort of dreamland; he constantly returned to Russian affairs as to the great realities of the world. Discussing, as we often did, the condition and future of the wild tribes and nations within the Asiatic limits of the empire, he betrayed no desire either for crusades or intrigues to convert them; he simply spoke of the legitimate influence of the church in civilizing them.

I recall a brilliant but denunciatory article, published in one of the reviews some time since by a well-known nihilist, which contained, in the midst of various bitter charges against the Russian statesman, a description of his smile, which was characterized as forbidding and even ghastly. I watched for this famous smile with much interest, but it never came. A smile upon his face I have often seen, but it was a gentle, kindly smile, with no trace of anything ghastly or cruel in it.

He seemed to take pleasure in the society of his old professorial friends, and one of them he once brought to my table. This was a professor of history, deeply conversant with the affairs of the empire, and we discussed the character and career of Catharine II. The two men together brought out a mass of curious information, throwing a strange light upon transactions which only the most recent historians are beginning to understand. At one of Pobedonostzeff's visits I

tested his knowledge in regard to a matter of special interest, and obtained a new side-light upon his theory of the universe. There is at present on the island of Cronstadt, at the mouth of the Neva, a Russo-Greek priest, Father Ivan, who enjoys throughout the empire a vast reputation as a saintly worker of miracles. This priest has a very spiritual and kindly face. He is known to receive vast sums for the poor, which he distributes among them, while he himself remains impoverished. I was assured by persons of the highest character, and those not only Russo-Greek churchmen, but Roman Catholics and Anglicans, that there could be no doubt as to the reality of the miracles, and various examples were given me. So great is Father Ivan's reputation in this respect that he is in constant demand in all parts of the empire, and was even summoned to Livadia during the last illness of the late Emperor. Whenever he appears in public great crowds surround him, only hoping to touch the hem of his garment. His picture is to be seen, with the portraits of the saints, in vast numbers of Russian homes, from the palaces of the highest nobles to the cottages of the lowliest peasants.

I may be pardoned for repeating here an experience, which I have related elsewhere, which throws light on the ideas of the Russian statesman.

On my arrival in St. Petersburg, my attention was at once aroused by the portraits of Father Ivan. They ranged from photographs absolutely true to life, which revealed a plain, shrewd, kindly face, to those which were idealized until they bore a near resemblance to the conventional representations of Jesus of Nazareth.

One day, in one of the most brilliant reception-rooms of the northern capital, the subject of Father Ivan's miracles having been introduced, a gentleman of very high social position, and entirely trustworthy, spoke as follows: "There is something very surprising about these miracles. I am slow to believe in them, but I know the following to be a fact. The late Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg loved quiet, and was very averse to anything which could possibly cause scandal. Hearing of the wonders wrought by Father Ivan, he summoned him to his presence, and solemnly commanded him to abstain from all the things which had given rise to these reported miracles, as sure to create scandal, and with this injunction dismissed him. Hardly had the priest left the room when the archbishop was struck

with blindness; and he remained in this condition until the priest returned, and restored his sight by intercessory prayers." When the present writer asked the person giving this account if he directly knew these facts, he replied that he was, of course, not present when the miracle was wrought, but that he had the facts immediately from persons who knew the parties concerned, and were cognizant directly of the circumstances of the case.

Some time afterward the present writer, being at an afternoon reception of one of the greater embassies, the same subject was touched upon, when a distinguished general spoke as follows: "I am not inclined to believe in miracles, in fact, am rather skeptical; but the proofs of those wrought by Father Ivan are overwhelming." He then went on to say that the late Metropolitan Archbishop was a man who loved quiet and disliked scandal; that on this account he had summoned Father Ivan to his palace and ordered him to put an end to the conduct which had caused the reports concerning his miraculous powers, and then, with a wave of his arm, had dismissed him. The priest left the room; and from that moment the archbishop's arm was paralyzed, and it remained so until the penitent prelate again summoned the priest, by whose prayers the arm was restored to its former usefulness. There was present at the time another person besides the writer who had heard the previous statement as to the blindness of the archbishop; and on our both questioning the general if he were sure that the archbishop's arm was paralyzed, as stated, he declared that he could not doubt it, as he had it directly from persons, entirely trustworthy, who were cognizant of all the facts.

Some time later, meeting M. Pobedonostzeff, I asked him which of these stories was correct. He answered immediately: "Neither. In the discharge of my duties, I saw the archbishop constantly down to the last hours of his life, and no such event ever occurred. He was never paralyzed, and never blind." But the great statesman and churchman then went on to say that, although this story was untrue, there were a multitude of others, quite as remarkable, in which he believed; and he then went on to give me a number of legends showing that Father Ivan possesses supernatural knowledge and miraculous powers. These he unfolded to me with much detail, and with such a real accent of conviction that we seemed surrounded by a medieval atmosphere, in



which signs and wonders were the most natural things in the world.

Acting in accordance with his views of duty, Pobedonostzeff has, of course, aroused bitter enmities. Personages of great influence and of every belief have for years labored to discredit him with the Emperor, and to bring about his downfall. At various times during my stay reports came that these efforts had been successful, that he had been treated with coolness at the Winter Palace, and that his sway was ending. But in every case these reports were soon seen to embody hope rather than fact; and on one of these occasions, when the report of his downfall was even more circumstantial than usual, one of his most bitter enemies, a lady moving in the highest court circles, said to me: "Look out now for some new monstrosity in the shape of persecution. I have always noted that a report of his disgrace is only the prelude to some new and ingenious form of

outrage against his religious or political opponents."

Such is the man who, during the reign of Alexander III, exercised vast power throughout the Russian Empire, the statesman who stood nearest the throne then, and who apparently stands nearest the throne now. He is indeed a study. The descriptive epithet which seems to cling to him, "the Torquemada of the nineteenth century," he once discussed with me in no unkindly spirit—indeed, in as gentle a spirit as can well be conceived. His life furnishes a most interesting study in churchmanship, in statesmanship, and in human nature, and shows how some of the men most severely condemned by modern historians—great persecutors, inquisitors, and the like—may have based their actions on theories the world has little understood, and may have had as little innate ferocity as their more tolerant neighbors.



## AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



**A** FRIEND of mine considers it to be a most curious coincidence that the rise of after-dinner oratory in New York was almost simultaneous with the decline of negro minstrelsy. He is ready enough to admit that the banquet-hall is not the fit arena for the perfervid magniloquence of Patrick Henry, but he holds also that it should not be a mere circus-ring for the idle capering of Joe Miller. He tells me that even at the reunions of the alumni of his college, where those present may be supposed to be every one a gentleman and a scholar, he is annoyed to discover that not a few of the speakers vie with one another in stringing together cheap anecdotes wholly unrelated to the topic in hand; and he declares that this is no better than the competitive grinning through a horse-collar which used to be an attraction in the country fairs of Merry England. He

wishes absolutely to banish the anecdote from the festive board, on the ground that the man who is invited to address him has no right to substitute for the expected speech the recital of a leaf from an old jest-book.

And here it seems to me that my justly irritated friend goes too far. Like many reformers, he urges total abstinence where all that is needed is moderation in use. The anecdote should be ancillary always; it is a handmaiden to be summoned only when wanted. The comic story is a good servant, but a bad master. Only too true is it that some postprandial addresses are so thin in theme, and so thick with jokes, that they resemble the peanut candy, where you cannot see the candy for the peanuts, or (to put it only a little differently) where you cannot catch the thought for the chestnuts. The man who habitually makes a speech of this sort is wont to think of himself as a wit; but, as *Olivia* says in *Wycherley's* play: "He a



Wit! hang him; he's only an Adopter of straggling Jests and fatherless Lampoons: by the Credit of which he eats at good Tables, and so, like the barren Beggar-woman, lives by borrowed Children!"

But in its proper place the anecdote is excellent. Indeed, I once heard Lowell, that most expert and easy of speakers, declare that a good after-dinner speech ought to contain a platitude, a quotation, and an anecdote. He slyly admitted that no speaker need put himself out in seeking for a platitude, as, in all probability, that could be achieved without taking thought. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, with his customary ingenuity, has shown us how any one who has equipped himself with one apt and adequate quotation is thrice armed, and ready for any cause. The author of the "Ingham Papers" suggested the carrying about in the memory of a line or two of resonant Latin verse; and he explained how this could be fitted to half a dozen different occasions by artfully varied translations. Perhaps a scrap of verse in the vernacular, a couplet in our native tongue, might be made to serve as well, so long as it were doubtfully vague and loftily sonorous.

Effective as the quotation may be when sustained and relieved by its accompanying platitude, its force is less than that of the anecdote adroitly chosen, unexpected in its unfolding, and having concealed in it a pungent pertinence revealing itself only at the very end. A single story, and one only, can thus affect the listeners; to add another would be to spoil this. Every parlor magician knows how disastrous it is to attempt the same trick twice. Unity of purpose lends weight to the words of the speaker who is willing to compact his thought. We are told that the five-minute speeches with which Judge Hoar has year after year delighted the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa contain "but one original idea, clearly stated, and but one fresh story, well told."

This is indeed a model to be admired of all men; yet how few of us will take the trouble of copying it! Concision is not a free gift; it is to be won only by strenuous effort and resolute self-conquest. To ramble and amble along for half an hour, saying nothing in particular, is so much easier for most of us than it is to deliver a pregnant message in five or ten minutes. And if we have no message—why, then there is no need for us to stand and deliver. Utterly without excuse is he who, having nothing to say, insists on saying it at great length. We have all suffered helplessly under a speech that is

three quarters of an hour passing a given point. Even the vanity of those guilty of these things ought not to blind them to the inattention of their hearers, the restlessness, the weariness. We Americans are too good-natured at times, too tolerant, else would a tedious speech meet with a swift and condign punishment. The British are less courteous. They interrupt promptly; they badger and they catcall. We sit silent, and writhe without shrieking, and at worst we steal away without protest; but this is a last resort. He was obviously a novice who declared how it was that he knew his maiden lecture to be successful—"because more stayed in than went out."

Wearisome as this vapid dribble of words can be, it is not so offensive to some of us as the equally empty speech which is merely a mosaic of stories supposed to be laughter-provoking. Judge Hoar made his point, and drove it home, because he had one thought and one anecdote; but what wonder is it that they make no impression who have twenty anecdotes and no thought? A hodgepodge of jests of all ages and of all countries, illustrating no theme, thrown together fortuitously, with the infelicity of a chance page of the patent-medicine almanac—what is this but the crackling of thorns under a pot? Yet more than one man of genuine ability has of late descended thus to play the clown, going about from dinner to dinner, ready to exchange reputation for notoriety if only he can "set the table in a roar." It was a fit punishment that befell one of them, a winter or two ago, who came late to a banquet, and was grieved to find that every jest of his fell flat. When he had made an end of speaking, he sorrowfully asked the man next to him what the matter might be, and whether his stories were not good stories. "Ye-es," was the answer; "they were good enough, I suppose; but then, you see, the earlier speakers had told them all."

The speaker who rambles and ambles along, saying nothing, and his fellow, the speaker who links jest to jest, saying little more, are both of them unabashed in the presence of an audience. They are devoid of all shyness. They are well aware that they have "the gift of the gab"; they rejoice in its possession; they lie in wait for occasions to display it. They have helped to give foreigners the impression that every American is an oratorical revolver, ready with a few remarks whenever any chairman may choose to pull the trigger. And yet there are Americans not a few to whom the making

of an after-dinner speech is a most painful ordeal. When the public dinner was given to Charles Dickens in New York, on his first visit to America, Washington Irving was obviously the predestined presiding officer. Curtis tells us that Irving went about muttering: "I shall certainly break down; I know I shall break down." When the dinner was eaten, and Irving arose to propose the health of Dickens, he began pleasantly and smoothly in two or three sentences; then hesitated, stammered, smiled, and stopped; tried in vain to begin again; then gracefully gave it up, announced the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation," and sank into his chair amid immense applause, whispering to his neighbor: "There! I told you I should break down, and I've done it."

When Thackeray came, later, Irving "consented to preside at a dinner, if speeches were absolutely forbidden; the condition was faithfully observed" (so Curtis records), "but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record." Thackeray himself had no fondness for after-dinner speaking, nor any great skill in the art. He used to complain humorously that he never could remember all the good things he had thought of in the cab; and in "Philip" he went so far as to express a hope that "a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at a side-table, as we now have the carving."

Hawthorne was as uncomfortable on his feet as were Thackeray and Irving; but his resolute will steeled him for the trial. When he dined with the Mayor of Liverpool, he was called upon after the toast of the United States. "Being at bay, and with no alternative, I got upon my legs and made a response," he wrote in his note-book, appending this comment: "Anybody may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk onward without saying anything. My speech was not more than two or three inches long; . . . but, being once started, I felt no embarrassment, and went through it as coolly as if I were going to be hanged."

He also notes that his little speech was quite successful, "considering that I did not know a soul there, except the Mayor himself, and that I am wholly unpractised in all sorts of oratory, and that I had nothing to say." To each of these three considerations of Hawthorne's it would be instructive to add a comment, for he spoke under a triple dis-

advantage. A speech cannot really be successful when the speaker has nothing to say. It is rarely successful unless he knows the tastes and the temper of those he is addressing. It can be successful only casually unless he has had some practice in the simpler sort of oratory.

As to this last, Hawthorne himself records that he had difficulty in fitting his voice to the size of the room. Perhaps no American consul should be allowed to go to England until he had passed a non-competitive examination in public speaking, since that is likely to be one of his chief tasks. Ambassadors are no longer sent abroad to lie for the benefit of their country, but to make speeches; and consuls do their part also. Some sort of training-school might be attached to the State Department to impart instruction in this art; and the government should issue its credentials to no one who had not mastered the rudiments, even if the full course were not taken. A well-known British novelist told me once, in London, that his youngsters had recently come back from dancing-school in great excitement, since several of the Queen's grandchildren had just entered. "The little royalties take everything," it was explained; "not merely dancing, and deportment, and how to enter a room—but how to lay a corner-stone, and how to turn round and bow to the people!"

Our ambassadors to the court of St. James should take everything; but the consuls might be let off if they qualified simply as after-dinner speakers. At least they ought to have imparted to them the final secret of after-dinner speaking—a secret to be divined, indeed, from an analysis of the triple drawback of which Hawthorne declared himself to be aware. Assuming that the man who is called to his feet after dinner can so control his voice as to be heard and understood, the secret of certain success lies in his having something to say which he wants to say to that audience, and which that audience wants to hear from him.

If the speaker has something to say that he really wants to say, then his interest in the subject will prove contagious. If he also has the tact to say this simply, briefly, brightly, unaffectedly, and to stop promptly when he has said it, then he cannot fail. If, further, what he has to say happens to be something that his hearers are anxious to be told, then his success is assured. If, at last, with all these advantages he has the added good fortune of hitting the temper of the audience, then what awaits him is little

less than a triumph. There is an electrical contact instantly; the circuit of sympathy is complete; and they laugh at his lightest jest, and thrill at his hint of an appeal to their higher feelings.

Here is where popularity is profitable; for any gathering is glad to see a well-known man, and eager to listen to him. When Lowell made a speech in England, every one wanted to hear him, and he had always something he wanted to say—something that should bring out the kinship of England and America; while at the same time emphasizing the independence, the equality, and the dignity of the United States. For example, when the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner to him and to the other American men of letters then in London, he took care to explain that the bitterness against the British which Tocqueville had perceived in the United States in 1828, and which had been referred to by Mr. Bryce (who presided), was due to the impressment of American seamen, some fifteen hundred of whom were serving on board English ships when at last they were delivered. "These things should be remembered, not with resentment, but for enlightenment," said Lowell. "There may still be difficulties between the two countries that are serious, although none, I think, that good sense and good feeling cannot settle. I have been told often enough to remember that my countrymen are apt to think that they are always in the right—that they are apt to look at their own side of the question only. Now, this characteristic conduces certainly to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have." Then he paused a moment, and dryly added: "I am sure I don't know where we got it—do you?" And in a moment the laughing applause proved to him that the shaft had gone home—a most felicitous example, also, of the value of adroit understatement. It was an illustration, furthermore, of the truth that, useful as humor may be, good humor is even more useful.

The pleasant impression which a public dinner should leave in the memories of those who have attended it will be due in part, no doubt, to the wit and the eloquence of the several speakers; but I think it is even more dependent upon the judgment of the committee in charge, and upon the decision of character possessed by the presiding officer. It matters little how good the speeches are, if they are too many and too long. At a dinner in New York, a year or

two ago, a senator of the United States spoke for two hours. At another dinner in New York, a little later, there were fourteen toasts announced; and the inexperienced chairman rashly allowed two unexpected guests of distinction to talk each for half an hour.

Five toasts, or six at the most—this is the limit of enjoyment; and every one who is asked to respond to a toast should be requested not to exceed fifteen minutes—with a leaning on the side of mercy. A program like this makes possible an intercalary address from a distinguished man discovered at one of the tables. If there are six speakers, and each takes the full limit of time allotted to him, and the presiding officer has risen sharply at nine o'clock, then the party can break up at eleven, amused and enlightened, it may be, but certainly not bored beyond bearing.

While Irving and Thackeray and Hawthorne were among those who dreaded the public dinner, Scott enjoyed such feasts, and made a good figure at them, not as a speaker only, but in the more exalted and arduous position of presiding officer. It was at a theatrical dinner which was given in Edinburgh in 1827, and over which he presided, that he first formally acknowledged the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*. In his "Journal" Scott records his agreement to act as chairman at this banquet, and he adds that to preside was

a situation in which I have been rather felicitous, not by much superiority of art or wisdom, far less of eloquence; but by two or three simple rules:

*1st.* Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. . . .

*2nd.* Push on, keep moving, as Young Rapid says. Do not think of saying fine things. . . . You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. . . .

*3rdly.* When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow and banish modesty (if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion), then beware of the cup too much. . . .

*Lastly.* Always speak short. . . .

For the more sober taste of to-day Scott's rules are a little too redolent of the rollicking conviviality of "'t is seventy years since"; but they are otherwise as sound as when he set them down, and they bear witness still to the shrewd common sense which was ever one of his most marked characteristics. Be brief yourself, and lively, and see

to it that the others are at least brief—here is the whole duty of the presiding officer. Strictly to limit the number of the speakers, and to choose them judiciously, that their several styles of speaking may contrast agreeably—this is the part of the committee. If the speakers, one and all, happen also to possess the real secret of after-dinner speaking, as hereinbefore set forth,—if they have

each something they want to say, which the diners wish to hear,—then, and then only, will the feast linger in the memories of all present as a complete and satisfying work of art. The precepts to be followed before this consummate result can be achieved may be trifles, each of them; but, as Michelangelo said, "Trifles make perfection—and perfection is not a trifle."

## CLUB AND SALON. I.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,

Author of "Women of the French Salons."

IT is not too much to say that the entire present generation of women is going to school. Infancy cultivates its mind in the kindergarten, while the woman of threescore seeks consolation and diversion in clubs or a university course, instead of resigning herself to seclusion and prayers, or the chimney-corner and knitting, after the manner of her ancestors. Even our amusements carry instruction in solution. Childhood takes in knowledge through its toys and games; the débutante discusses Plato or Henry Irving in the intervals of the waltz; youth and maturity alike find their pleasure in papers, talks, plays, music, and recitations. In these social menus everything is included, from a Greek drama or an Oriental faith to Wagner and the latest theory of economics. We have Browning at breakfast, Ibsen or Maeterlinck at luncheon, and the new Utopia at dinner; while Homer classes and Dante classes alternate with lectures on the Impressionists or the Decadents. In this rage for knowledge, science and philosophy are not forgotten. Fashion ranges the field from occultism to agnosticism, from the qualities of a microbe to the origin of man. To-day it searches the problems of this world, to-morrow the mysteries of the next. There is nothing too large or too abstruse for the eager, questioning spirit that seeks to know all things, or at least to skim the surface of all things.

Nor is this energetic pursuit of intelligence confined to towns or cities. Go into the remote village or hamlet, and you will find the inevitable club, where the merits of the last novel, the love-affairs of Swift, the political situation, the silver question, the Armenian

troubles, and the state of the universe generally, are canvassed by a circle of women as freely, and with as keen a zest, as the virtues and shortcomings of their neighbors were talked over by their grandmothers—possibly may be still by a few of their benighted contemporaries.

In its extent this mania for things of the intellect is phenomenal. One might imagine that we were rapidly becoming a generation of pedants. Perhaps we are saved from it by the perpetual change that gives nothing time to crystallize. The central points of all this movement are the women's clubs of which the social element is a conspicuous feature, and we take our learning so comfortably diluted and pleasantly varied that it ceases to be formidable, though on the side of learning it may leave much to be desired.

But it is notably in this mingling of literature and life that women have always found their greatest intellectual influence, and the club is not likely to prove an exception. The rapidity of its growth is equaled only by the extent of its range. Of women's clubs there is literally no end, and they are yet in their vigorous youth. We have literary clubs, and art clubs, and musical clubs; clubs for science, and clubs for philanthropy; parliamentary clubs, and suffrage clubs, and anti-suffrage clubs—clubs of every variety and every grade, from the luncheon club, with its dilettante menu, and the more pretentious chartered club, that aims at mastering a scheme of the world, to the simple working-girls' club, which is content with something less: and all in the sacred name of culture. They multiply, federate, hold conventions,



organize congresses, and really form a vast educational system that is fast changing old ideals and opening possibilities of which no prophetic eye can see the end. That they have marvelously raised the average standard of intelligence cannot be questioned, nor that they have brought out a large number of able and interesting women who have generously taken upon themselves not only their own share of the work of the world, but a great deal more.

One can hardly overrate the value of an institution which has given light and an upward impulse to so many lives, and changed the complexion of society so distinctly for the better. But it may be worth while to ask if the women of to-day, with their splendid initiative and boundless aspirations, are not going a little too fast, getting entangled in too much machinery, losing their individuality in masses, assuming more responsibility than they can well carry. Why is it that lines too deep for harmonious thought are so early writing themselves on the strong, tense, mobile, and delicate faces of American women? Why is it that the pure joy of life seems to be lost in the restless and insatiable passion for multitudes, so often thinly disguised as love for knowledge, which is not seldom little more than the shell and husk of things? Is the pursuit of culture degenerating into a pursuit of clubs, and are we taking for ourselves new taskmasters more pitiless than the old? "The emancipation of woman is fast becoming her slavery," said one who was caught in the whirl of the social machinery and could find no point of repose. We pride ourselves on our liberty; but the true value of liberty is to leave people free from a pressure that prevents their fullest growth. What do we gain if we simply exchange one tyranny for another? Apart from the fact that the finest flowers of culture do not spring from a soil that is constantly turned, any more than they do from a soil that is not turned at all, it is a question of human limitations, of living so as to continue to live, of growing so as to continue to grow. Nor is it simply a matter of individuals. Societies, too, exhaust themselves; and those which reach an exaggerated growth in a day are apt to perish in a day. It is not the first time in the history of the world that there has been a brilliant reign of intelligence among women, though perhaps there was never one so widely spread as now. Why have they ended in more or less violent reactions? We may not be able

to answer the question satisfactorily, but it gives us food for reflection.

THE most remarkable, though by no means the only, precedent we have for a social organization planned by women on a basis of the intellect was the French literary salon of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These women had relatively as much intelligence as we have, and more power. It must be taken into consideration that they were remote from us by race, religion, and political régime, as well as by several generations of time, and that their spirit, aims, and methods were as unlike ours as their points of view. But that which they did on traditional lines and a small scale we are doing on new lines and a very large scale. Their intellectual life found its outlet in the salon, as ours does in the club. These equally represent the active influence of women in their respective ages. Both have resulted in a mania for knowledge, a change of ideals, a radical revolution in social life, and an unprecedented increase in the authority of women. As they have certain tendencies and dangers in common, it may be of interest to trace a few points of resemblance and contrast between them; also to glance at the elements which have gone into the club and are making it so considerable a factor in American life.

The salon, like the club, was founded and led by clever women in the interests of culture, both literary and social; but, unlike the club, it was devoted to bringing into relief the talents of men. The difference, so far as manners are concerned, is a fundamental one. It would never have occurred to the women of that age to band together for self-improvement. If they had given the matter a thought, it would not have seemed to them likely to come in that way; still less would it have occurred to them that this mode of doing things could be of any service in bettering the world or their own position. Rousseau, who wrote so many fine phrases about liberty, and left women none at all, not even the small privilege of protesting against injustice, said that they were "made to please men"; and it is safe to say that the Frenchwomen had no scheme of life apart from men until they were ready to go into seclusion for prayer and penance and preparation for the next world. They accepted the fact that men had the ordering of affairs, and that they could make their own influence felt only by acting through them. "What is the difference whether women rule, or the rulers are guided by



women?" said Aristotle. "If the power is in their hands, the result is the same." It was simply a question of the best way of ruling the rulers. In this case the rulers were of a race that has not only a great liking for women in the concrete, but a great admiration for woman in the abstract. So long as her gifts are consecrated to his interest and pleasure, the Frenchman never objects to them—indeed, he is disposed to pay much homage to them. In the interest of some one else, or even in her own, it is another matter. They might be inconvenient. But in this new kingdom of the salon he was quite willing to accord her the supremacy, since she gave him the place of honor, and furnished an effective background for his talents without too much parading her own. He had only to shine and be applauded. What more could he desire?

Naturally, under such conditions, among the first of her arts was that of making things agreeable. If she had any fine moral lessons to inculcate, she gave them in the form of sugared pills that were pleasant to take. In her category of virtues the social ones were uppermost; but they were the means to an end, and this end must not be lost sight of. Her special mission was to correct coarse manners and bad morals, as well as to secure due recognition for talent; but she went about it in her own way. It may be said that, as a rule, the Frenchwoman is much less interested in *what* is done than in *how* it is done. In the early days of the salons she concerned herself little, if at all, with theories and grave social problems; but she did concern herself very much with questions of taste and manners, the refinements of language and literature, the subtleties of sentiment, the dignity of converse between men and women. Nor did she bring to these questions an untrained mind. If she did not make so much of a business of improving it as we do, she did not neglect private study and the reading of the best books, which, though few, were undiluted. "It gives dull colors to the mind to have no taste for solid reading," said Mme. de Sévigné, who delighted in Montaigne and Pascal, Tacitus and Vergil, with various other classics which are not exactly the food for frivolity. These women did not always spell correctly, and would have declined altogether to write a paper on the "Science of Government" or the "Philosophy of Confucius,"—subjects which the school-girls of to-day feel quite competent to treat,—but they showed surprising clearness and penetration in their

criticisms of literature and manners. The coteries which formed an audience for Corneille, sympathized with the exalted thought of Pascal and Arnauld, helped to modify and polish the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, as those which, a century or so later, discussed the tragedies of Voltaire or the philosophy of Rousseau with men of genius who would have had small patience with platitudes, needed no lowering of levels to suit their taste or comprehension. They were held firmly to fine literary ideals. All they asked was simplicity of statement, and this was made a fashion, to the lasting benefit of French literature.

It is true that the movement of the salon was in the direction of a brilliant social as well as a brilliant intellectual life; but to fuse such varied materials, to unite men of action and men of letters, nobles and philosophers, statesmen and poets, people within the pale and people outside of it, in a harmonious society, presided over by women who set up new standards and new codes of manners, meant more than intelligence, more than social charm. It involved diplomacy of a high order, which implies flexibility, penetration, and the subtler qualities of the intellect, as well as tact, sympathy, and knowledge of men. This was notably an outgrowth of the salon, where women owed much of their influence to a quick perception of the fine shades of temperament, genius, interest, and passion through which the world is swayed. The result of such training was a mind singularly lucid, great administrative ability, and a character full of the intangible quality that we call charm. If it was a trifle weak as to moral fiber, this may be largely laid to the standards of the time, which were not ours. Mme. du Deffand put the philosophy of her age and race into an epigram when she said that "the virtues are superior to the sentiments, but not so agreeable." Both temperament and education led these women toward Hellenic ideals. The latter-day woman is inclined to look upon their methods as trivial and their attitude as humiliating; but, whatever we may think of their point of view, we must admit their masterly ability in making vital changes for the better, and attaining a position of influence which we have hardly yet secured for ourselves. They did much more than form society, create a code of manners, and set the fashions, which we are apt to look upon as their special province. They refined the language, stimulated talent, gave fresh life to literature, exacted a new respect for

women, and held political as well as social and academic honors in their hands.

If they sometimes dipped into affairs of state in support of their friends, and with a too incidental reference to the interests of the state, I am not sure that even the men of our own time are absolutely free from a personal tinge of the same sort, without the saving grace of altruism. At all events, in the pursuit of a better order of things, they took the pleasant path round the mountain rather than the doubtful and untrodden path over it, which, since they could not go over it if they tried, was, to my thinking, the wiser way.

BUT other times, other conditions and other methods. It was a long step from these fine ladies in rouge and ruffles to the earnest American women of high aims and simpler lives who, less than thirty years ago, began seriously to group themselves in clubs for mutual help and mental culture. The difference is equally marked, now that these gatherings are numbered by thousands. It is more vital than a variation in manners, as it lies in the character of the two races.

The club had no prestige of a class behind it, and concerned itself little with traditions. It was a far more radical departure from the old order than the salon, which, though it established a new social basis, did it through delicate compromises that left the aristocratic spirit intact. It was only in its later days that the iconoclasts invaded it, to some extent, and made it a sort of hotbed for the propagation of democratic theories which seemed quite harmless until, one day, a spark set them ablaze, and the generation that had played with them was swept to destruction. The club was democratic from the foundation. It did not revolve round men of letters, or men of any class. There was no man, or influence of man, behind it—no man in the vista. It does not aim to bring into relief the talents of men, but the talents of women who had come, perhaps, to wish a little glory of another kind. There was no longer an outlet for their activities in the salon, which belonged neither to the genius of the age nor the genius of the race. The Anglo-Saxon man is not preëminently a social being, and though he has not been entirely neglected in the matter of vanity or personal susceptibility, he has rather less of either than his Gallic compeers. Nor is he so amenable, either by temperament or training, to the delicate arts that make social life agreeable. Half a century or so ago, the

American, in whose chivalrous regard for women we take so much pride, was in the habit of saying many fine things about them in what he was pleased to call the sphere God had assigned them; indeed, he went so far as to offer a great deal of theoretical incense to them as household divinities, with special and very human limitations as to privileges. But he frowned distinctly upon any intellectual tastes or aspirations. His attitude was tersely and modestly expressed in Tennyson's couplet:

She knows but matters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things.

This master of diverse knowledge would have smiled at the notion of finding either profit or amusement in meeting women for the purpose of conversation on the plane of the intellect. The few rare exceptions only emphasize this fact. "A woman, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can," said Jane Austen. We are far from that time; but men of affairs even now find literary talks in the drawing-room tiresome, and persistently stay away. Thoughts, too, had become a commodity with a market value, and men of letters no longer found their pleasure or interest in wasting them on limited coteries. They preferred sending them out to a larger audience, at so much a page, while they smoked and chatted more at their ease among themselves at their clubs. Whether they did not find women inspiring,—which, under such conditions, is quite possible,—or did not care to be inspired in that way, the rôle of inspirer was clearly ended. The few efforts to take up the fallen scepter of the salon proved futile in intellectual prestige, though they may have served to while away some pleasant hours. A society based upon wealth without the traditions of culture is apt to smother in accessories the delicacy of insight and the *esprit* which were the life of the salons. On the other hand, those who pose as apostles of plain living and high thinking make the mistake of ignoring the imagination altogether, and too often serve their feasts of reason without any sauces at all, even of a literary sort, which fact should probably be laid to the account of the race that takes its diversion as seriously as its work. After all, one cannot say "let us have *esprit*," and have it, any more than one can say, "Let us have charm," and put it on like a garment. Neither comes in that way.

But the women of forty or fifty years ago

lacked much more than a social outlet for their talents and aspirations. They had no outlet of any sort beyond charity and the fireside. The Frenchwomen had little, if any, more real freedom, possibly not so much in some directions: but rank brought them deference and consideration; the age of chivalry had put them on a pedestal. It may have been a bit theoretical, but an illusory power is better than none at all, as it has a certain prestige. If they were queens without a very substantial kingdom, they had, at least, the privileges, as well as the responsibilities, of high positions, and shone with something more than reflected glory. Then their talents were too valuable to be ignored, as they were the best of purveyors to Gallic ambitions. The Roman Church, too, was far-seeing when it provided an outlet for their surplus energies and emotions. If they had no fireside of their own, or the world pressed heavily upon them, they could retire from it, and hope for places of influence, even of power, in some of the various religious orders. In any case, there were peace and a dignified refuge. But it is a noteworthy fact that the Reformation left to women all the sacrifices of their religion, and none of its outward honors or consolations. If the philosophers had no message of freedom for them, still less was it found on Puritan soil. "Women are frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish," said John Knox, who was far from being a model of patience himself, and seems to have been singularly swayed by these weak, inconsequent creatures, above whom he asserts that man is placed "as God is above the angels." Milton has left us in no doubt as to his position regarding them:

My author and dispenser, what thou bidst  
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

Such was the Puritan gospel of liberty as applied to women. John Knox and Milton joined in the chorus that glorified their vassalage, while Calvin added a cordial refrain, with a prudent reservation as to queens and princesses.

It is needless to dwell upon this phase of a past the ideals of which are as dead to us as the goddesses of Greece and the heroines of the Nibelungenlied. It has been sufficiently emphasized already, and concerns us here only as it shows us the spirit under which our grandmothers were born and bred. It cannot be denied that they were a wise, strong race, rearing thinkers and statesmen

who have left few worthy successors, though they did not spend much time in discussing the best methods of training children, were better versed in domestic than social economics, and doubtless had misty ideas about Buddhism and the ultimate destiny of Woman. It may be superfluous, also, to say that many of them had occasion to think little of their restrictions, and would have resented the suggestion that they had any which were not good for them, if not positively desirable. Limitations, even hardships, do not necessarily imply misery. People are curiously flexible, and get a sort of happiness from trying to fit themselves to conditions which, though unpleasant, are inevitable. Then, conditions are not always hard, because they have unlimited possibilities in that direction. One may even wear a chain and ball quite comfortably so long as one stands still, or if the chain be a silken one and the ball cast in pleasant places. The difficulty is that one does not always wish to stand still; nor is it always possible, whatever the inclination may be. The march of events is irresistible, and one is often forced to a change of position to escape being trampled upon. Besides, in a society that is based upon the right of people to do as they choose within certain very flexible limits, one half is not likely to continue to do, without a protest, what the other half says it ought to do when it is compelled to take its full share of burdens and rather more than its full share of sacrifices, without any choice as to cakes and ale. These daughters of liberty held no longer the places of honor accorded to rank, and were not only without visible dignities of any kind, except as the palest of satellites, but were largely, if not altogether, excluded from the intellectual life of their husbands. They were told to be content with the dignity of maternity, while they were virtually shut out from the things that consecrate maternity. It was under such conditions that the woman's club was born. Men had already set up clubs of their own, and women had no choice but to do the same thing, or drift into the hopeless position of their respectable Athenian sisters of the classic age, who lived in fashionable but ignorant seclusion, while their brilliant husbands sought more congenial companionship elsewhere.

But women did not plan a club for amusement, as men have usually done: they planned it for mental improvement. It was not without a prophecy of the coming time that the characters of our grandmothers were trained in so severe a school. They were the reverse

of pleasure-loving, and took even their diversions seriously. The central point of their lives was an inexorable sense of duty. Its twin trait was energy. With a radical change of ideals their daughters did not lose these traits. A religious devotion to one set of aims was simply transferred to another. The road to their new Utopia was knowledge. All things would come in its train—culture, independence, happiness, the power to help a suffering world. It was this leaven of Puritan traditions which gave the club an element that was not found in the salon. The American woman may lack a little of that elusive quality, half sensibility, half wit, which makes so much of the Frenchwoman's charm; she may lack, too, her perfection of tact, her inborn genius for form and measure: but she has what the Frenchwoman has not—something that belongs to a race in which the ethical overshadows the artistic. It is devotion to principles rather than to persons, to essentials rather than to forms. Her pursuit of knowledge may often be superficial, from the immensity of the field she lays out for herself; but her aims are serious, and lead her toward moral and sociological questions, rather than sentiments and tastes.

The woman's club is not a school of manners, and concerns itself little with the fine art of living. It claims to instruct, not to amuse—or, rather, it seeks amusement in that way; and it is more interested in doing things than in the modes of doing them. It does not rely upon diplomacy to gain its ends, but upon the wisdom and justice of the ends, appealing to the reason instead of the imagination. It also deals more with masses than with individuals. No doubt, the necessity of going outside the realm of personal feeling in

managing public or semi-public affairs helps to give the poise and self-command which go far toward offsetting the intensity of temperament that has always made the discussion of vital questions so perilous in gatherings of women, though we have occasion enough to know that wisdom and sanity do not invariably preside at gatherings of men, even supposably wise ones. The qualities fostered by the club are energy, earnestness, independence, versatility, and—not exactly intellectual conscience, which implies traditional standards, but a sense of intellectual duty that is not quite the same thing. All this is remote from the spirit of the salon, with its social codes and conventions, its graceful amenities, its sparkling wit, its play of sentiment, its diplomatic reserves, and its clear intelligence working through endless private channels toward a new order of things. It points to the club, not as a conservator of social traditions, or a creator of social standards, or a tribunal of criticism, but as a literary and political training-school, a maker of citizens with a broader outlook into the world of affairs, a powerful engine of moral force. Perhaps its greatest direct value at present lies in this moral force, which is the outgrowth of centuries of sternly moral heritage, and runs not only through philanthropic channels, but through all the avenues of life.

Of scarcely less importance are the impulse and direction the club has given to the administrative talents of women—talents which mark their special strength, and are far too valuable to be ignored at a time when all the wisdom of the world is needed, in private as well as in public affairs, to guide it safely through its threatening storms.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

## TO THE OTTAWA.

BY W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

OUT of the northern wastes, lands of winter and death,  
Regions of ruin and age, spaces of solitude lost,  
You wash and thunder and sweep, and dream and sparkle and creep,  
Turbulent, luminous, large, scion of thunder and frost.

Down past woodland and waste, lone as the haunting of even,  
Of shriveled and wind-moaning night, when winter hath wizened the world—  
Down past hamlet and town, by marshes, by forests that frown,  
Brimming their desolate banks, your tides to the ocean are hurled.



## WHAT ARE THE X-RAYS?

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE,

Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts, Harvard University.

**I**T is now three years since Röntgen, professor of physics at Würzburg, published an account of his discovery of the so-called X-rays.

The scientific journals of the world were immediately flooded with articles describing investigations of the remarkable phenomenon. In the year 1895-96 there were at least one thousand of these articles. During the past year this number had dwindled to less than one hundred; and the leading scientific periodical in Germany, Wiedemann's "Annalen der Physik und Chemie," has just published Röntgen's original article, as if in irony of the futile attempts of the army of investigators to extend the work of the original discoverer. Röntgen seems, indeed, to have anticipated subsequent workers in many points. He found that the so-called rays could not be bent or refracted like ordinary light-rays in passing from air to a denser medium; and, apparently with the firm conviction that he had discovered a new manifestation of light-radiation, and since he could not discover reflection and refraction of these rays, he asks: "Are these rays an evidence of longitudinal vibrations of the ether?"

Now, we know that the light-waves move up and down in the ether of space with a motion which is transverse to the direction of their propagation. This transverse motion is like the rise and fall of the waves of the sea. A ship rises and falls with such transverse motion, and does not move to and fro in the direction of propagation of the waves. Such a to-and-fro or longitudinal movement has never been discovered in the case of light, and the suggestion of Röntgen immediately awakened the utmost interest among scientific men. If the X-rays are due to a longitudinal movement in the ether, their absence of reflective and refractive power can be explained. No advance, however, has been made in connecting the mysterious phenomenon with longitudinal movements in the ether, and the general trend of scientific opinion is toward the belief that the X-rays are extremely short waves of ultra-violet light, less than one hundred-

thousandth of an inch in length; and no microscope now made could show such waves to the eye; for it is barely possible to separate lines which are one hundred-thousandth of an inch apart. I have said that the general belief is that the X-rays are due to a wave motion in the ether. The experiments, however, which I am about to describe lead me to believe that in the X-ray phenomena we have really two classes, so to speak, of phenomena—one an electrical polarization of matter in space, and another a manifestation of light at surfaces where the electrical polarization is converted into ordinary fluorescent and phosphorescent light. According to this electrical hypothesis, one should not expect to observe reflection and refraction of the electrical rays in the ordinary sense, and one should expect to treat the light observed where the X-rays strike just as one treats ordinary fluorescent and phosphorescent light.

Let us first consider what we mean by electrical polarization, electrical induction, phosphorescence, and fluorescence. In the magnetic needle we have a body which possesses two poles—a south pole and a north pole. The needle is thus said to be polarized. If we had an infinite number of such needles, without sensible weight, we could stretch a chain from the earth to the sun, and we could call this a polarized chain of particles the subtle vibration of which, under certain conditions, could form a medium of physical communication between a distant body and the earth. Such a polarized chain can also be formed by electrical polarization and induction. If we suppose that the earth and the sun are both electrified, then an infinite number of pith-balls, without sensible weight, existing in space between the earth and the sun, would arrange themselves by electrical polarization and induction, also in invisible polarized chains, between these bodies, and the direction of these chains would constitute invisible lines of electric force. The slightest quiver in these chains or lines of force would constitute an interchange of energy through illimitable space. When these lines of force become sufficiently in-



tense, and when they undergo a rapid change at the surface of certain substances, these substances exhibit fluorescent or phosphorescent light. We are familiar with phosphorescence in the case of the brimstone match, and we can perceive fluorescence in kerosene oil by looking at the surface of this oil obliquely.



FIG. 1.

The principal difference between fluorescence and phosphorescence resides in this: phosphorescent bodies glow in the dark after having been exposed to light (even a piece of ordinary paper is phosphorescent), while fluorescent substances in general cease to exhibit light in the dark.

Now the X-rays excite both fluorescence and phosphorescence very powerfully, and when they were discovered many investigators endeavored to discover them in ordinary sunlight, and in the electric light, which also excites these states. These attempts were failures. Nevertheless, many believe that ordinary sunlight is due to the conversion of the electrical energy of the sun, transmitted across the ninety millions of miles of space by electrical polarization or induction, into intense fluorescent and phosphorescent light, by an agency similar to that of the X-rays.

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I mention this bold hypothesis to show how far-reaching the mysterious phenomena of these rays appear to many minds. These rays are produced by electrical currents, and the question also arises, Are they given off from our telegraph- and telephone-wires when messages fly over these wires—not sensibly, but even in a minute degree? The experiments which I am about to describe were instituted for the purpose of studying the effect of the X-rays on the electrical polarization of matter which I have endeavored to describe. If we could stretch a telegraph-wire between the earth and the sun, and send powerful currents of electricity over it, could we fill the extremely rarefied space around the wire with X-rays? Would they be given off from every element of such a conductor when the electrical charge in the conductor was made to fluctuate? Since it is impossible to realize such an experiment, I resolved to imitate the conditions as nearly as possible in the laboratory. To do this required the expenditure of enormous electrical force. Instead of stretching a wire from the earth to the sun, I narrowed, so to speak, the distance between these bodies to six inches, and, inclosing a wire of this length in a glass vessel, I imitated the vast region of rarefied space by pumping out the air from this vessel. This was the form of vessel in which I studied the manifestation of the X-rays. The electrical apparatus used for the production of the intense electrical forces is probably the most powerful that has ever been used to study these rays. Electric discharges varying in length from one inch to eight feet can be studied by its means. The source of the electricity consists of ten thousand storage-batteries; and the effect of this battery is so heightened that an electric force of over two million volts can be obtained. The ordinary electric-arc street-lamp is generated by means of an electric pressure of less than one thousand volts. The energy in the X-rays, however, does not manifest itself by a dazzling light. Its light-manifestation is a weird yellow glow which barely enables one to obtain a photograph of the tube in which it is generated. Its energy is shown by the extraordinary activity which is given to small particles of matter. By means of the electric discharge of high pressure or electromotive force one can see through timbers a foot thick, and also see the beating of the human heart through the flesh.

Immediately on sending such powerful discharges through the form of vessel I have

described, I discovered that the rays were generated from every point of the six inches of wire. They made the walls of the tube gleam with a weird, fluorescent light, and, penetrating to the outer air, enabled me to detect their presence by photography. Our flight of imagination in picturing a telegraph-wire stretching from the earth to the sun, giving forth mysterious rays into space, has therefore a basis of fact.

The continuous wire tube may have various forms. One of the most interesting, from a scientific point of view, is a spherical bulb through the center of which runs a straight, continuous wire at the center of which is a little mirror of aluminum. When a powerful electric discharge is sent along this wire at a certain stage of the vacuum in the tube, the mirror reflects a beam like a search-light to the walls of the tube, and the point where this beam strikes glows with a phosphorescent light and emits the X-rays. Moreover, if one should stand on an insulated stool (Fig. 1), and touch with the finger this spot

on the outside of the bulb, one could reflect back another search-light of X-rays to the opposite side of the bulb, and throw a shadow of the mirror and the wire on the inside of the bulb. This shadow can be thrown to one side or the other, according to the position of the touching finger. These so-called search-lights contain the X-rays, for they show all the manifestations of the latter, such as their power to pass through thin sheets of aluminum, to produce light in fluorescent substances, and to exhibit the skeleton of the hands. Now these effects can be produced by making the continuous wire either positive or negative—that is, by making it either an anode, the way in, or a cathode, the way out. We have hitherto thought of the cathode rays as a phenomenon of the cathode—that is, of the terminal in a Crookes tube by means of which the

discharge is conducted out of the tube; and we have never spoken of anode rays. My experiments show conclusively that the term "cathode rays," which are accompanied by the X-rays,—the latter probably being a heightened manifestation of the former,—is only a limited name for a more general phenomenon which I am tempted to call electrostatic rays. The anode rays have all the qualities of the cathode rays; they are not, however, so powerful.

It is highly important that the investigator of the phenomena of the X-rays should himself exhaust the Crookes tubes, and should study their manifestations at different

stages of the rarefied medium in which they are produced. The effects produced by electricity in such tubes as the air is gradually withdrawn are very beautiful. At first there is a bright pink glow which fills the entire tube; then there are cloud-like masses of white light, which float like feathers through the tube; then comes a yellow fluorescent light which makes the whole interior of the tube lu-

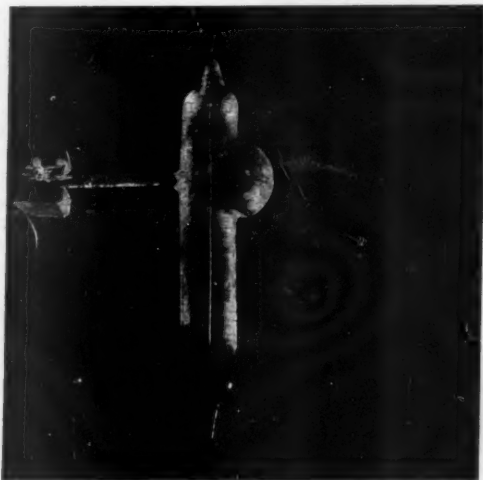


FIG. 2.

minous. This last effect is produced by the cathode and anode and X-rays, or by what I prefer to call the electrostatic rays. For a time there was a long discussion in regard to the source of the X-rays. Some maintained that they came only from the cathode, others that they proceeded from the anode, and others that they emanated from any surface where the cathode rays struck. My experiments show that the contestants were like those who are said to have disputed whether a shield was gold or silver. Each contestant saw only one side of the shield. In truth, one side of it was gold and the other silver. There are anode rays as well as cathode rays, and either produce by electrical induction a manifestation in any desired direction. This inductive effect is shown by touching the Crookes bulb containing the continuous conductor with

the insulated finger or with an insulated piece of metal.

The continuous wire tube has shown that lines of electric force radiate from the surface of a conductor in a rarefied medium, and produce the X-rays at every point of this conductor. This is true whichever way the electric current flows in the conductor; with such a tube the distinction of cathode rays disappears, and we have a more general manifestation of X-rays.

While trying a great variety of forms of tube, I came across many interesting manifestations of electrification outside the tubes. One of these is of practical interest to surgeons and physicians; for I obtained what is called the X-ray burn by electrification when there were no X-rays which could be detected. I say by electrification, for the burn was evidently produced by the impinging of the electrostatic lines of force on the skin of the hand.

The latter was exposed to the neighborhood of a tube containing a continuous conductor such as is shown in Fig. 2. At a certain stage in the vacuum, before the X-rays could be distinguished, peculiar forked brush discharges proceeded from the tube; and these discharges, impinging on the skin, produced the peculiar so-called X-ray burn, which often results from exposure to the X-rays. The skin shows a peculiar red tint, especially after exposure to the cold; it is extremely irritable, and after about three weeks the surface peels. The effect is like that of a severe sunburn. These forked brush discharges can pass through sheets of glass half an inch thick, and leave their impression on photographic plates which are

carefully insulated from the ground, and which are shielded from all light in plate-holders. When these photographic impressions (Fig. 3) are examined they resemble in a striking manner the centers of disturbance on the burnt hand when the latter are examined with a microscope. The photographs resulted from minute electrical discharges on the surface of the plate, and the burn was also in this case, and probably in all cases, due to similar discharges on the skin.

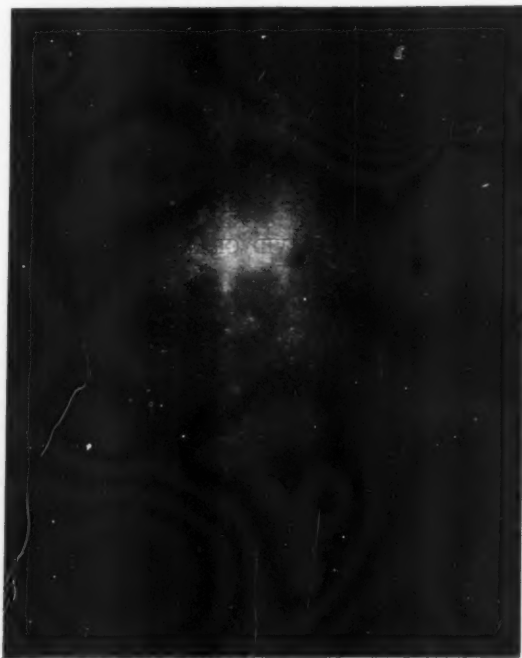


FIG. 3.

There is another remarkable phenomenon shown by the X-rays, which further supports my belief that these rays are a manifestation of an electrical disturbance in space. It is well known that an ordinary electrical current cannot pass through a vacuum. At a certain degree of extreme tenu-ity of the air or any gas the so-called vacuum stops electrical discharges, just as if a piece of glass should be interposed in an electrical circuit. If the X-

rays illuminate such a vacuum, however, an electrical current can be made to pass with extreme ease over spaces which had completely stopped its flow. No effect of ultra-violet light with which I have been able to experiment can produce a similar effect. The phenomenon is an electrical one.

The phosphorescent effects produced by the X-rays also support the electrical theory. Whenever such rays strike certain crystals, the latter shine vividly in the dark. The X-rays can lead one to the spot where there is a Crookes tube entirely concealed from view behind a thick door, or behind timbers a foot thick. All that is necessary to discover such rays is a diamond ring and a darkened room.

As one approaches the hidden tube the diamond emits a lambent flame.

The phosphorescent effects produced by the X-rays can also, in certain notable instances, be produced by directly electrifying the phosphorescent bodies, even when the most intense ultra-violet light fails to produce any trace of phosphorescence.

Have we, then, answered the question, What are the X-rays? I believe that the experiments which I have described support the theory that there are really two classes of phenomena—one an electrical disturbance in a medium, another the conversion of this electrical disturbance into fluorescent and

phosphorescent light at the surfaces of suitable screens or in the body of suitable crystals. My experiments certainly show that there are anode rays as well as cathode rays, and that both are subject to the well-known laws of electrical induction. One should not expect, therefore, that the electrical rays or lines of force should be reflected and refracted like waves of light. I believe that when we have answered the question, What are the X-rays? we shall be able to state more exactly than at present the relations between light and electricity. The question, therefore, has become one of the most important in physical science.

## GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

### HIS FIRST RACE.



YOUNG Hatfield sat up in bed, and began groping for matches and the candle. He struck a light, and looked at his watch. It was half-past five. He drew a long breath, and tried to recall the nightmare from which he had just escaped. He had been riding somewhere over jumps. It was all vague and disordered at first. Then as he galloped faster and faster toward the fence, it grew clear and real—frightfully real. He was awake, but the crash of breaking rails still jarred in his ears. His heart was thumping with the dream-horror that had come as his horse's head and withers sank under him. He was breathing hard, and his knees felt weak. He had believed that he was dead.

He slipped out of bed, and threw open the shutters. The pines about the Oakdale clubhouse were sighing. Down the valley a southwest wind was herding successive ranks of low, wet clouds. In the first glimmerings of dawn the distant hills were only a darker shadow across the horizon. The gray fields in front of the club sloped dimly, and were lost in the mists on the bottom-lands. Hatfield stretched his arm out, and opened his hand to the wind.

"They'll race," he muttered; "there's no frost." He cuddled his hands in his pajama sleeves, and shivered. Then he closed the window, and jumped into bed.

Hatfield had left Forbes's dinner about two o'clock; therefore he needed sleep, but he knew that it was out of the question. His brain was in that stage of nervous alertness which results from champagne and much coffee, followed by an evening of Scotch and soda. His dream weighed upon him; there was a prophetic vividness about it which he could not shake off. He argued that the horse he was going to ride had run many steeplechases, and had never hurt any one. Forbes had told him that when he offered him the mount. Then an inner voice suggested that this was the more reason for avoiding that horse. Every horse will fall some day. His mind brought up instances of men killed in the hunting-field when mounted on their best. He had known an Englishman killed in that way the winter before. At the end of an hour he recognized the certainty that he was going to be killed, or at least badly hurt. He was not superstitious, but presentiments nowadays have a scientific recognition. He imagined how he would look in his coffin, and he wondered whether his mother would come over, or whether they would send him to her. His mother lived in Europe. Then he fell to thinking about the Girl who, at that moment, was asleep at the Alden Adamases', a mile up the road. He wondered if by any freak of thought-transference his dream had come to her.



Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not obliged to ride. He might be taken ill, and afterward give up hunting altogether. He was ashamed and angry, but he could not put the idea out of his mind. It came back, tempting him with plausible excuses. A little before seven he got up and dressed. Then he took a writing-case from his trunk, and wrote three short notes. Two of these he sealed with his ring. One was addressed to his mother, the second to the Girl who was stopping at the Adamsons'. The third was open, and addressed to Forbes. The possibility that, after all, he might be making an ass of himself had occurred to him, and what he wrote was bald and matter-of-fact. He hoped against conviction that he was making an ass of himself. He had much to live for. He had planned things which it was hard to imagine he was not going to fulfil. He put the envelopes in his writing-case, and went down-stairs to wait for breakfast.

Hatfield was twenty-three, and was spoken of as a boy who might amount to a good deal if a comfortable income and half a dozen other pitfalls of youth did not destroy him. Horses were a new fad. As a child he had ridden his pony, but going 'cross country was a fresh experience. When the Girl went to the Alden Adamsons' for November, Hatfield had got a couple of hunters and gone down to Oakdale. He had been out four or five times with the hounds, and the game had ensnared him. His views of life forthwith changed. It seemed only worth while to be known as a "hunting man." He pinned his stock the way Braybrooke pinned his; he affected Galloway's practice of carrying a cutting-whip instead of a crop; he copied Forbes's seat—that is, until Whitney Corlies came down: after that he modeled himself upon Corlies. He realized that he was a beginner, and was discreet in his opinions; but he was impatient to acquire a standing. If Corlies had suggested flying the river, Hatfield would have gone at it without hesitation. When Forbes had offered him the mount for the steeplechase, the night before at dinner, he felt that his chance had come.

Forbes knew that Hatfield was green, but he had observed that he rode with his heart in it; and, moreover, there was no one else to put up who could make the weight. He had written to Carty Carteret, offering him the mount, and the day before had received a telegram of regret. Carteret wired that he knew the Rajah, that his accident policy had expired, and that he owed it to

his beloved parents to decline. This nettled Forbes, because he was sure the horse could win. There were only eight other gentlemen at Oakdale each with similar views about his own horse.

When Hatfield went into the breakfast-room he found Corlies there.

"He's around awfully early," thought Hatfield. But Corlies's ways were not as other men's. Neither did people ask him personal questions. He nodded to the boy.

"Better take your coffee with me," he said.

"I'd like to," Hatfield answered as calmly as he could. It was a distinction to breakfast with Whitney Corlies. What Corlies did not know about horses, and what he could not do with them, were not things of consequence. He was a lean, finely proportioned man of forty-five. Everything he did he did well and easily. All his life the world had run after him. What he thought about it no one knew, for he rarely spoke. Men as well as women thought him handsome. Meissonier might have painted him as a colonel of cavalry. He was unmarried, and there was a romantic and rather wild story about him. Once Hatfield had asked Mrs. Innis about it. She looked surprised, and told him that she did not know the details.

"So you're riding the Rajah," said Corlies, as the boy sat down.

"Yes," said Hatfield. "I've never been on his back, and I've never ridden a race before. I'm afraid I shall make rather a mess of it."

"He's a brute at times," observed Corlies. He spread out his paper, and proceeded to take the top off his egg. Presently he spoke again:

"It's going to be wet. Have you got a braided rein?"

"No," replied Hatfield. "Perhaps Forbes has, though."

"He does not believe in them," said Corlies. "I'll have one sent down for you. Your horse bores. I rode him once." The Rajah was an English horse. When he was six years old, and sound, Corlies had ridden him in the Grand National.

"Thank you for the rein," said Hatfield. "It was very good of you to think about it." He was pleased, because he knew that Corlies paid few attentions to men. Besides, he had experienced the difficulty of bringing a bolter's head around with an ordinary wet bridle-rein. What he had heard about the Rajah was not assuring. A horse that bored was likely to get his head down,



and run into a jump without rising. He knew of a man who had been hopelessly crippled by such an accident. Presently Corlies rose.

"Here 's the paper," he said. He pushed the sheets over the table. "You 'd better find out whether Forbes has had the horse sharp-shod. He's careless about such things." He nodded, and moved off.

Most of the men who were going to ride, and a number who were n't, lunched at the club that day. They made a party around the big center-table. It was noticeable that those who were going to look on seemed to be having the best time. They talked most and ate most. Willie Colfax, who sat next to Hatfield, was lunching mainly upon a magnum of Bass.

"Better have some," he suggested politely, for the fourth time.

"No," said Hatfield; "I don't think I 'll drink anything. To tell the truth, I don't feel like eating much, either."

Colfax grinned.

"Don't feel much like gorging, myself," he remarked confidentially. "That 's why I 've got this." He nodded toward the magnum.

"Are you really feeling that way, too?" Hatfield asked. Colfax had ridden many steeplechases.

"Why, of course," he replied. "It 's nothing to be ashamed of. It 's just excitement. None of them are really feeding," he went on, waving his hand toward the men who were dressed to ride. "They 're just putting up a bluff—that is, all except Corlies. He 's colder than ammonia-pipes. I say, Charles," he remarked to Galloway, "have some gamepie. It 's hearty, you know. You 're short of weight."

Galloway laughed.

"Pass it to Hatfield," he said. "If he 's riding the Rajah, it 'll be his last meal on earth; he ought to make the most of it."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Forbes. "You 've tried to buy the Rajah often enough."

"For the hounds," said Galloway, sweetly. "Why don't you ride him yourself? Why are you always looking for foolhardy boys?"

Forbes declined to reply.

"Don't pay any attention to him," he said to Hatfield. "He knows we have the legs of the lot, with the possible exception of Corlies's mare. We 're going to win."

"Do you really think so?" asked Hatfield.

The chaffing went on, and he fell to watching the faces of the men he was going to ride against. They were discouragingly uncon-

cerned. He felt drawn to Colfax, who admitted that food had no fascinations. Yet, if these men were free from apprehension, there could be no real risk. Three of them were married and had families; they were not indifferent about existence. This was a logical argument, but it carried no conviction.

"When you 've finished," said Forbes, "we might start along. The Rajah 's at the stables. I thought you might like to walk him down to the course, and get your legs bent over him."

"Thanks," said Hatfield; "I should." He had dressed before lunch, and had a morning-coat over his racing-jacket. Forbes's colors were very gaudy—scarlet and black hoops. As they reached the stables a coach-horn sounded, and Hatfield looked back. The Alden Adamses' drag was swinging through the grounds. Already the court before the *porte cochère* was filled with traps and with men on hacks who were stopping at the club to see the list of starters. The horn sounded again, and the "four" rumbled past. Hatfield caught a glimpse of the Girl, buttoned up to the chin in a man's mackintosh. She did n't see him. She was sitting between two loquacious young men. The party was extremely jolly. The Rajah was led out, and Hatfield clambered into the saddle.

"Take him quietly," said Forbes. "He 's feeling a bit beany, and he may bolt. Your stirrups seem about right. I 'll see you at the post. I 'm going to drive down. There 's a boy waiting for you on the course."

Hatfield followed the path around the stables, and turned into the lane that led down to the great meadow where the steeplechase course was laid. Ahead of him was a dotted line of traps and hooded and blanketed horses moving slowly toward the track. A Hempstead cart with a lively pony dashed by, and the Rajah shied into the fence. Hatfield lost a stirrup, and the young man in the cart snickered. Hatfield felt that he must be making himself ridiculous. One vehicle after another passed, and he knew that each time the occupants were commenting upon his inexperience. As he reached the meadow he heard the coach-horn again, and turned out. The drag swept by at a canter. The Girl saw him this time, and bowed.

"You 're dining with us, you know!" Adams yelled from the box.

Hatfield nodded. "If I 'm dining anywhere," he murmured. He followed the drag with his eyes. The people on it were having a very good time. It struck him as a

queer misnomer to call riding steeplechases an amusement. He bowed to Galloway, who drove by with the Braybrookes. Mrs. Galloway would n't come when her husband rode. Galloway was joking with Mrs. Braybrooke. He seemed actually gay. Those familiar with his habits, however, knew that after lunch he usually smoked a cigar; now he was sucking his lungs full of cigarette smoke. Hatfield rode toward the judges' stand, where the scales were, and one of Corlies's grooms came up to him.

"Here 's the racing-rein, sir," said the man. "Mr. Corlies told me I was to put it on the Rajah. You 'll be likely to need it, sir." A little squall burst from the south, driving a fine drizzle across the plain.

"I 'll weigh out while you 're putting it on," said Hatfield. He took the saddle and breastplate, and went to the scales.

"A hundred and sixty-nine," the clerk said. He was four pounds over, but overweight was allowed. He borrowed a pair of lighter stirrup-irons from a boy on a pony, got his number, and went back to his horse. Forbes's man came along with a bucket, and began to sponge out the Rajah's mouth. Presently Forbes appeared.

"They 're about ready," he said. "You know the course. It 's the hurdle, the mound, the brush, and the liverpool of the regular course, and then a two-mile flagged loop over natural fences, back on to the course, over the water and the hurdle, and finish down the regular stretch. That 's about four miles, or a little more. The Rajah will last, and jump strong. Don't hurry him, but don't bother him by trying to lay too far back. Let him rate along and make the pace, if he wants to. The only mean place is in the loop, coming back, where there 's something of a drop on the other side of the hedge fence. Get him well in hand there, and don't try to fly it, or you may come to grief. The committee should n't put such a thing in the course. But I 've put a boy there, in case you have a spill. Keep your whip till the stretch. Hello!" he added, "where did you get that rein?"

"Corlies lent it to me," said Hatfield.

Forbes glanced up curiously.

"Corlies?" he repeated. He looked the rein over, and tested its strength. "It 's all right," he muttered. "That 's queer for Corlies, though. Give me your coat."

Hatfield stripped it off, and rode away shivering in his colors to the place where the parade was forming. The bugle sounded, and they filed past the line of spectators to

the post. He fixed his eyes on his horse's neck, but he felt the gaze of the crowd. His head began to swim. He clutched the saddle with his knees, and coaxed the fretful Rajah into line. Suddenly some one said, "Go!" and the race had begun.

The sudden speed took his breath away, and he hung back. He saw that the field were going at the first jump, in two lines. He put his weight on the Rajah's mouth, and fell back into the second. He recognized Corlies as he rose to the hurdle ahead. Corlies sat back leisurely. Over they went, horse and man like a single creature. The rest he saw only as a confused line of bobbing figures. The next instant his own horse, with a rush, sprang into the air, landed, and was bolting after the leaders. He pulled him in as he came up on Galloway's off side. Then his strength seemed to ooze out, and he was panting. A horse's head crept up on his right. He glanced around, and saw Corlies, who forged up. They galloped, with their knees almost brushing.

"Steady," said Corlies, quietly; "there 's four miles." The boy shut his lips tight, and nodded.

"Will I last four miles?" he asked himself. They approached the bank, and the three took it together. He felt the Rajah's knees rub the top sods, but he gained half a length on Galloway in the leap. He realized what they meant when they called the horse a "close jumper." A warm glow broke over him, and his breath came more easily. The speed no longer frightened him. It was getting into his blood. He felt a mad exhilaration. "I 'm going to win!" he muttered. Then he suddenly understood why men ride steeplechases. He settled comfortably into the saddle, and took an easier hold on his horse's head. The Rajah was working under him like a steel machine. He flew the brush as if shot from a mortar. A wild thrill went through Hatfield, and he caught himself laughing hysterically. He turned in the saddle, and looked back at the field. Galloway was pounding along on his left, a length behind. Braybrooke was lapping Galloway, still farther out. Directly in the rear was Colfax, and behind him came the rest in a bunch. On his right, and galloping neck and neck, was Corlies. As they neared the liverpool he became aware that Galloway was drawing up. Corlies called sharply:

"Don't let him head you here!"

Afterward Hatfield found out what that advice meant. He glanced back anxiously, and felt for the cutting-whip, tucked under

his leg. But the Rajah was holding Galloway stride for stride, and they flew the liverpool three abreast. The course bore to the right, and led over a board fence into a corn-field. The going grew heavy, and he felt his mount struggling ankle-deep. Instinctively he checked him to a hand gallop. He knew that he had done right when he saw Corlies take in his rein and keep by his side. With a whoop Galloway went by, Braybrooke followed, and Colfax came alongside. A clod of mud from Braybrooke's horse plastered Hatfield's cheek. In a moment they rose to the next fence, and were on good turf again. He heard a crash, and, twisting around, saw some one fall. "Some one's down!" he said to Corlies. Corlies nodded. They began to overtake Braybrooke and Galloway. He saw Galloway clap in his heels, and again he felt nervously for his whip. Another rain-squall broke down the valley, and met them in the face. The water filled his eyes, and he lost track of distance and direction. He saw two blurred figures ahead, and followed them. Looking down, the earth seemed a brown-green tide that rushed by. Suddenly to the right he made out the flags on the fence he was nearing, and realized that he was out of the course. The Rajah put his head down, and bored still farther to the left. He leaned forward, took the rein up short, and swung him back, barely in time to go over the rails inside the streamer. He lost his stirrups in landing, and groped for the swinging irons. He was half-way across the field before he got them. His thigh muscles were limp, and he was rocking in the saddle. "It must be half over," he thought. They were nearing a hedge faced with a board fence. The Rajah rose, and that instant Hatfield saw the drop on the farther side. He had forgotten Forbes's instructions to shorten his pace. He hunched his shoulders for a fall; but the old horse collected himself, and landed with his fore legs well away. Hatfield went up on his neck, but scrambled back and got his stirrups again. Braybrooke and Galloway were dropping back. Corlies was still on his quarter, to the right. They rounded the loop, and with the next jump turned on to the steeplechase course again. If the horse lasted, he knew now that it lay between him and Corlies. He gritted his teeth, and tried to steady his seat. But inch by inch Corlies drew up and forged past. Hatfield took the water two lengths behind him, and the Rajah was beginning to lean upon the bit. The spring had gone out of his stride, but he kept to his work. He was

four lengths behind when Corlies went at the last hurdle. It was built solidly of new rails. Suddenly Hatfield knew that Corlies's mare had taken off too soon. She seemed to hang a moment, and then she shot heels over head directly in his path. He put his weight on the Rajah's mouth, and swung him close to the wing on the left. The checked horse floundered into the hurdle, and bucked weakly over. As he landed, Hatfield saw Corlies's mare roll across her rider and scramble up. Corlies lay on his side in front of the middle of the jump. Hatfield heard Galloway and Braybrooke galloping up. He flung himself to the ground beside the unconscious man.

"Look out!" Galloway yelled. He was taking off on the other side. Braybrooke was beside him. The boy caught Corlies under the armpits, and staggered back, as the two horses landed. He saw the Rajah and the mare go off with them down the stretch. Then he bent over Corlies, and tore open his racing-jacket. Underneath, Corlies wore a flannel waistcoat. Hatfield unbuttoned it and felt for the heart. Some papers in an elastic band slipped out of the inside pocket. The heart was beating, and Hatfield sat down with the man's head in his lap. He himself was "done." He saw Colfax come over the hurdle, then another and another. Then a man rode around the jump to where he was, and dismounted. It was Varick.

"Is he bad?" he panted.

"I don't know," said Hatfield. Presently some men rode up on ponies, and a farmer came with a wagon. They lifted Corlies in, and went off toward the finish. Hatfield slipped Corlies's papers into his hip pocket, and walked slowly after them with Varick, who was leading his horse.

"You pulled him out, did n't you?" asked Varick. "He had a close call."

Hatfield nodded.

"St. Lawrence seems pumped," he said, glancing at Varick's dripping horse.

Varick grinned dismally.

"He's had enough. That was an awful corn-field."

They went on in silence to the crowd which had gathered about the wagon, and met Colfax on the edge of it.

"Charley Galloway won," he said. He looked at Hatfield. "You gave it away."

"How's Whitney?" asked Varick.

"All right," Colfax answered. "He's come to. The wind was rolled out of him, and a couple of ribs cracked. You can't kill him. Good race, was n't it? I wish I had n't drunk

so much ale," he added to Hatfield. "I feel rotten."

Then Forbes came up.

"I lost the race for you," said Hatfield. "I'm sorry."

"It's all in the game," said Forbes. "One's got to learn. He carried you well, did n't he? Here are your coats."

The vehicles were beginning to scatter, and Hatfield got into Varick's trap and drove home. As they turned into the club grounds, Adams's horn sounded, and the drag went by.

"Dinner at eight!" Adams shouted.

THE men gathered in the club, but Hatfield went to his room. He lighted the fire, and rang for his tub and hot water. Then he took the three letters from his writing-case, and burned them. He was tired, but his nerves were pleasantly drowsy. He sat down and watched the blazing sticks. He had a curious sense of having suddenly grown older, and it pleased him. The evening came on, and he was getting ready for dinner, when a servant knocked and told him that Corlies would like to see him. He recollected the papers in his breeches' pocket, got them, and went to the injured man's room. Corlies lay in bed. The doctor had cleaned him up and bandaged his ribs. His left arm was sprained, and it lay across his breast in a sling.

"I'm all right," he said. "Sore, though. You could have won, you know. They told me about your stopping."

The boy laughed. "I should n't have deserved it, if I had," he said. "I was in a horrible funk before the race. I had a letter all written to my mother. By the way, I opened your shirt when you were down, and these things got loose. I forgot to send them in."

"Thanks," said Corlies. He stretched out his well arm and took the packet. He worked the rubber off with his fingers, glanced over the envelops, and laid them on the bed-clothes.

"You rode a good race," he said, looking up. "You kept your head."

The boy flushed with pleasure.

"It was my first," he said. "I hope next time I won't be so rattled."

"I thought it was my last," said Corlies. "I felt the mare was coming over on me. But you will ride well," he added. "You know, a man can even be afraid and ride well." He smiled curiously. "I've carried an addressed letter in every race I've ridden for twenty years." He reached weakly for the papers in front of him, and sent them sliding down the coverlet off the bed. Hatfield bent to pick them up, and a familiar name on a worn linen envelop caught his eye. He started. It was the name of a very well known woman. She was married, and she was a relative of his. He glanced inquiringly at Corlies, but the sick man's face was expressionless. He took the papers.

"Yes," he said slowly; "I thought this time it was all up." He stopped, and turned his eyes to the ceiling. "It's a good way to go," he said presently, "is n't it?—quick, and without any fuss."

"That's true," said Hatfield. His dinner at the Adamses' came into his mind. "That is, if one wants to go. I'm not ready yet. Is there anything I can do for you? I'm dining out, and I'm afraid my trap's waiting. I'll look in when I come back."

There was no answer. Corlies had closed his eyes, and seemed to be falling into a doze. Hatfield drew the shade around the candle, and tiptoed out.

## TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY GRAHAM HORNE.

WE thank thee, God, for all the mysteries  
That thou hast hid beyond our reason's range;  
That 'midst the onward rushing of our lives  
We still may pause to muse on something strange.

We thank thee that we may, of hating sick,  
Of loving, hoping, wearied more and more,  
Dropping the old, old burdens of the light,  
Turn to the dark to wonder and adore.



## THE MOTHER CITY OF GREATER NEW YORK.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.



HE sum of sixty guilders (about twenty-four dollars) was not a big one to pay for so big an island as Manhattan, thirteen miles in length from north to south and for the greater part two miles broad. But it satisfied "the lord Sachems of the Manhathes," and Peter Minuit did not hand it over in useless cash. He gave its "equivalent" when, in 1626, he arrived as the first formally accredited director or governor of New Netherland, commissioned by the Dutch West India Company which owned and ruled and was trying to people the province; and the nature of his moneys may be guessed from a list of the articles paid, seven years later, for a large piece of land in the Connecticut Valley: "One piece of duffels, 27 ells long; six axes, six kettles, eighteen knives, one sword-blade, one shears, and some toys." Moreover, land was the Indians' only plentiful possession; and, again, we need not think of the Manhathes as immediately deprived of their island, but merely as pledged, like tenants at will, to give up tract after tract as it might be wanted.

In 1628 the white people on Manhattan numbered "270 souls, including Men, Women and Children," a good many more than could be counted at Plymouth, while Boston had not then been born. They "remained as yet without the Fort in no fear as the Natives live peaceably with them." Wassenauer, the first historian of New Netherland, tells us this, and adds:

These strangers for the most part occupy their farms. Whatever they require is supplied by the directors.<sup>1</sup> The winter grain has turned out well there, but the summer grain, which ripened before it was half grown in consequence of the excessive heat, was very light. The cattle sent thither have had good increase, and everything promises better as soon as the land is improved, which is very poor and scrubby.

Of the nascent town of New Amsterdam itself Wassenauer writes:

<sup>1</sup> The "directors" or "masters" to whom the records and letters of New Netherland constantly refer as the arbitrators of its fate were the officers of the West India Company in Holland. The Koopman was the sec-

The counting house there is kept in a stone building thatched with reed; the other houses are of the bark of trees. Each has his own house. The Director and Koopman live together; there are thirty ordinary houses on the east side of the river which runs nearly north and south. The Honorable Peter Minuit is Director there at present; Jan Lampo Schout; Sebastian Jansz Crol and Jan Huyck, Comforters of the Sick who, while awaiting a clergyman, read to the Commonalty there on Sundays from texts of Scripture with the comment. François Molemaecker is busy building a horse-mill over which shall be constructed a spacious room sufficient to accommodate a large congregation, and then a tower is to be erected where the bells brought from Porto Rico will be hung. . . . Men work there as in Holland; one trades upwards, southwards and northwards; another builds houses, the third farms. Each farmer has his farm and the cows on the land purchased by the Company; but the milk remains to the profit of the Boor; he sells it to those of the people who receive their wages for work every week. The houses of the Hollanders now stand without the fort, but when it is completed they will all repair within, so as to garrison it and be secure from sudden attack.

A more personal description is preserved in a letter written from Manhattan, in August, 1628, by the Rev. Jonas Michaelius to a friend in Amsterdam. He tells that he had established a congregation, and at the first service of the Lord's Supper had had "fully fifty communicants, Walloons and Dutch." He mentions the death of his wife, and then he says:

I find myself by the loss of my good and helping partner very much hindered and distressed,—for my two little daughters are yet small; maid servants are not here to be had, at least none whom they advise me to take; and the Angola slaves are thievish, lazy, and useless trash. . . . The promise which the Lords Masters of the Company had made me of some acres or surveyed lands for me to make myself a home, instead of a free table which otherwise belonged to me, is wholly of no avail. For their Honors well know that there are no horses, cows, nor laborers to be obtained here for money. . . . So I will be compelled to pass through the winter without butter and other necessities which

retary for the province; the Schout, or Schout-Fiscal, combined the duties of sheriff and attorney-general; and both of these, like the governor or director-general, were appointed by the Company.



the ships did not bring with them to be sold here. The rations which are given out and charged for high enough are all hard, stale food as they are used to on board ship; and frequently this is not very good and there cannot be obtained as much of it as may be desired. . . . The summer yields something, but what of that for any one who has no strength? The Indians also bring some things, but one who has no wares, such as knives, beads and the like, or Seewan, cannot have any good of them. . . . I have now ordered from Holland almost all necessities: but expect to pass through the winter with hard and scanty food. The country yields many good things for the support of life, but they are all to be gathered in an uncultivated and wild state. . . . They fell much wood here to carry to Fatherland, but the vessels are too few to take much of it. They are making a windmill to saw the wood and we have also a gristmill. . . . The country is good and pleasant and the climate is healthy notwithstanding the sudden changes of cold and heat. The sun is very warm; the winter strong and severe and continues full as long as in our country. The best remedy is not to spare the wood—of which there is enough—and to cover oneself well with rough skins which can also easily be obtained. The harvest—God be praised—is in the barns, and is better gathered than ever before. The ground is fertile enough to reward labor, but they must clear it well and manure and cultivate it the same as our lands require. It has hitherto happened much worse because many of the people are not very laborious or could not obtain their proper necessities for want of bread. But it now begins to go on better, and it would be entirely different now if the Masters would only send good laborers and make regulations of all matters, in order, with what the land itself produces, to do for the best.

These are very simple accounts of a very poor and humble frontier village. There is no talk of personal independence, for the white men, like the red, are as yet the Company's tenants at will. There is no talk, as there always was in New England, of founding a new commonwealth, or of propagating "pure" forms of faith. The chief structure is a house of trade, and the house of God is an accessory part of one devoted to the nurture of the body. Nevertheless, there is a care for the soul. Fifty communicants are a goodly number to be drawn from a population of less than three hundred persons of all ages, and "Comforters of the Sick" has a more gently Christian sound than most of the ecclesiastical terms of the time. A touch of picturesqueness is bestowed by the mention of church bells which are military trophies taken in hot fight from Spain. And the kinship of the frontier village with the big modern town on Manhattan is amusingly suggested by the complaints about inefficient servants and sudden shifts of temperature.

THE second governor, Wouter Van Twiller, who arrived in 1632, was a weak and bibulous gentleman, caring much for his own interests, little for those of the Company or its colonists. Yet he improved the town to some extent. Fort Amsterdam had fallen out of repair before it was finished. He rebuilt it with earthen walls, red-cedar palisades, and corner-points of stone. He also built the first church—a little one of wood, near the fort, on the Broad street of to-day, with a house and a stable for the clergyman, Domine Bogardus. He put up a small bake-house, a dwelling for the midwife, others for such functionaries as the cooper, the smith, and the corporal, and a stable for some goats which the governor of Virginia had sent him as a gift—forefathers of the progeny which trouble Manhattan even unto this modern day. He directed that a suitable mansion be built for himself on "the Plantation," and other structures on the Company's other farms, and ordered various buildings at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore, and also on the Delaware River, and at Fort Orange "an elegant large house with balustrades and eight small dwellings for the people." In this way he spent the Company's money, or proposed to spend it, much more freely than the Company liked. Meanwhile he was feathering a cozy private nest. For himself he bought, without the Company's sanction, wide lands on Long Island, two of the larger islands in the East River, and the largest of those in the harbor—Nut Island, now called Governor's; and these farms he tilled more diligently than his masters'.

Captain David Pietersen de Vries was often on Manhattan in the time of Van Twiller and his successor, Governor Kieft. He was a noted Dutch soldier, navigator, and colonist. He left a voluminous journal, which has more than once been printed; and, among many other interesting things, he tells of the building of New Amsterdam's first substantial church. It was begun some years after the arrival of Kieft, who came in 1636. De Vries narrates:

As I was every day with Commander Kieft, . . . he told me one day that he had built a fine tavern of stone for the English who, passing continually there with their vessels, in going from New England to Virginia, occasioned him much inconvenience, and could now take lodgings there. I told him this was excellent for travellers, but that we wanted very sadly a church for our people. It was a shame when the English passed there and saw only a mean barn in which we performed our worship. In New England, on the contrary, the first

thing they did when they had built some dwellings was to erect a fine church. We ought to do the same; it being supposed that the West India Company were very zealous in protecting the reformed church against the Spanish tyranny; that we had good materials for it; fine oak-wood; fine building stone; good lime made of oyster shells, being better than our lime in Holland.

Therefore New Amsterdam's "first consistory" was formed, Kieft and De Vries being two of its members. Kieft obtained much money by passing around his subscription-list at a wedding-party in the house of Domine Bogardus, when his own head was steady and other heads were light, and by holding the signers to their pledges, although on the following day some of them "well repented it." The church, which we see in so many old prints, with its "walls of rock-stone" and high-pitched twin roofs shingled with "oak tiles," was promptly begun within the shelter of the fort. It was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the town, and with the voice of the town bell—the proud old bell from Porto Rico—it regulated all the townfolk's works and ways.

The fort commanded the southern end of the island, overlooking the reef of rocks afterward filled in and extended to form the Battery. It stood between the Bridge, Whitehall, and State streets of to-day, facing the Bowling Green. This was an unadorned open space, then called the Plain, used for the people's sports, for military exercises, and for public gatherings, and long the focus of civic life. For its own use the West India Company had reserved six large farms, or bouweries, four stretching along the southeastern and two along the western shore—the Bossen Bouwerie, or Farm in the Forest, covering the site where Greenwich Village sprang up in later days.

Kieft was a more active governor than Van Twiller, and did much for his town before he ruined it by bringing on an Indian war. He imported horses, cattle, negroes, and salt, and bought from the Indians more lands on Long Island, which he rented as fast as he could. He took a keen interest in horticulture; and on Staten Island he set up, for his own profit, the first brandy-still that the colony had seen. "Staple rights" had been granted to Manhattan—all passing vessels were obliged to unload at its wharf, or to pay a toll instead. Small bodies of settlers arrived; private planters went to work in earnest; the Company's farms were improved; and statutes were passed to regulate tobacco culture, now become a prominent industry.

The earlier streets had followed the water-front, then formed by the line of Pearl street, to the eastward of the fort. Here stood the new city inn, facing the East River, but on a site which is well away from the shore of the widened city of to-day, near the head of Coenties Slip. Broadway was begun in 1643, on the site of its present No. 9, opposite the Bowling Green; and here for many years stood Krigier's Tavern. At first the people had been mere squatters, putting their houses where they chose and facing them as they chose, without personal titles to the land. Now some attention was paid to street-lines, and the land was surveyed, and sold in small parcels. The first lot of which the sale is recorded brought \$9.60; and in 1643 a house, with several acres of ground, not far from the fort, was bought for \$640. Most of the houses were of wood and very small. Cornelis Van Tienhoven, who had been in the Company's employ for a number of years and was now Koopman or secretary, lived in one that was thirty feet in length and twenty in width, on a spot that was afterward famous as Golden Hill. But the Company's warehouses were of stone, and the governor's residence, within the fort, was of brick. Kieft ordered for himself another dwelling, one hundred feet in length and partly of stone; and on the outlying bouweries the farmers built substantially. Jonas Bronck, a Dane, whose farm lay beyond the Harlem, where Bronx Park lies to-day, lived within stone walls, under a tiled roof. And his wife had substantial possessions—forty books, eleven pictures, various silver bowls, tankards, and spoons, thirty pewter plates, and much clothing of cloth and of satin as well as of grogram.

Many of the names known in New Amsterdam or its neighborhood by the year 1643 are still very well known in New York, although some of them have changed their spelling a little or narrowed it down to one of the varying forms that usage then allowed. Among the Dutch and Flemish and Huguenot names we read, for instance, Opdyke, Verplanck, Hardenberg, Hendricks, Bogardus, De Forest, De Witt, Duryea, Provost, Rapelje, Van Dyck, Wynkoop, De Kay, Snedeker, Meserole, Coster, Colfax, Cowenhoven, Wendell, and Kip; and among the English, Ogden, Belcher, and Lawrence. Some of their bearers were men of education, and a few had had social standing in Holland; but most of the immigrants had been described as wholly "without means," and our best genealogies run back pretty much as do those of the

Englishmen who once were Normans—not always to knights, or even to squires.

In the autumn of 1626 the ship which took home the news of the purchase of Manhattan had carried a cargo of 7246 beaver-skins, and more than a thousand peltries of other kinds, valued at over forty-five thousand guilders (nearly \$19,000), "together with a considerable quantity of oak-timber and of nut-wood"—the valuable hickory wood which grew in America only; and in this year the imports to Manhattan were estimated at nearly \$8500. During the next few years its exports increased, but not very fast; and therefore, perceiving that "considerable trade and goods, and many commodities, might be obtained from there," but that "the land in many places, being full of weeds and wild productions, could not be properly cultivated in consequence of the scantiness of the population"—therefore, in 1629, the government of Holland ratified a new scheme of colonization which the West India Company had evolved, and which resembled the schemes essayed by the French in Canada and the Portuguese in Brazil. A Charter of Freedoms and Exemptions was granted to "all such as shall plant colonies in New Netherland."

Under this charter great estates, known as "patroonships," or lordships, were established in various parts of the wide province which extended from the mouth of the Delaware to that Northern wilderness where the long struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent was to begin in the latter part of the century. The first "patroon" purchased his lands along the Delaware, naming them Swaanendael. But soon one of the Company's most influential directors, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, claimed by proxy a great tract near Fort Orange (now Albany), while another, Michael Pauw, bought the district "called Hoboken-Hacking, situate opposite New Amsterdam on the west shore of River Mauritius"—a Dutch name for the Hudson. These were the chief patroonships. Pavonia<sup>1</sup> soon spread southward over the site of Jersey City and embraced the whole of Staten Island also, and by the year 1646 Rensselaerswyck covered an area of nearly twelve hundred square miles.

Feudal rights and privileges were granted to the owners of these estates. The example thus set by the Dutch was followed by the English when New Netherland became New York, and in this way a powerful landed

aristocracy was founded and fostered. During Dutch times it did not develop; indeed, Rensselaerswyck was the only surviving patroonship when the Duke of York's ships arrived in 1664. Yet, from the first, rivalry in the fur trade engendered constant and bitter disputes between the officials of the Company and the patroons whom it had created. For many years the prosperity of New Amsterdam was impaired by the jealousy of the up-river settlers, while they were exasperated by the Company's desire to favor the island which bore the chief town and which it had reserved for its own colonists.

To the modern New-Yorker, however, the general characteristics of the Dutch as contrasted with the English settlers of North America are more interesting than the quarrels of the Dutch among themselves. None is more striking or more admirable than the Dutchman's broad-mindedness in matters of conscience and opinion.

In the statute-books of New Amsterdam certain pages were honorably blank which in those of Boston were closely inscribed, sometimes in letters of blood. New Amsterdam, for instance, had no undemocratic sumptuary laws distinguishing between the permissible attire of the richer and the less rich. It did not fight against the joys of "tobacco-taking." It did not forbid "unprofitable fowling, dancing, card-playing," and other possibly innocent forms of amusement, but only said they should not be pursued during service time on the Sabbath. It did not believe in witches; and it left the affairs of a man with his God to be settled by God and the man.

Religious liberty and equality, in our modern and American sense, did not exist even in Holland, the one existing republic of the seventeenth century. But the generous religious tolerance which did exist there was so phenomenal that it brought out scorn and wrath from every other land, and from men of every sect—from the English Protestants, who profited greatly by it, as well as from continental Catholics and Lutherans. And the temper of New Netherland was the temper of its fatherland.

Every one knows that a government like that of early Massachusetts, integrally uniting Church and State, could have been built on none but a stiff sectarian basis. But it should be remembered that this government was the outcome, not the cause, of Puritan intolerance. The differing spirit of New

<sup>1</sup> Pavonia is a Latinized form of Pauw's name, and this is also preserved in the name of Communipaw.

Netherland was not rooted in its differing form of government. It ran back of this to the spirit of Dutch Protestantism at home. If the Dutch of the New World had been allowed to rule themselves, as were the men of Massachusetts Bay, they would have planted no theocracies; and it hardly needs to be said that the workings of New England theocracies were hateful in their eyes. Holland's large-heartedness excited Puritan rage; but Puritan narrow-mindedness provoked New Netherland's wonder and contempt. Loud Dutch laughter must have greeted the report of ordinances such as that which empowered the Massachusetts General Court to proceed against all holders of erroneous or unsafe opinions, carefully tabulated to the number of eighty-two; and we can guess what Dutch common sense and Dutch hospitality thought about the case of the respectable "gentlemen" who, as Governor Winthrop recounts, came to Boston's doors in 1630, but were "turned away" because they could produce no ecclesiastical "credentials."

The "spirit of the age" has been a little exaggerated for the explaining of the Puritan. The Dutchman who lived in the same age has been pushed a little too far out of sight. Of course the spirit of the age, in all its Protestant avatars, disliked and dreaded the Catholic; but it spoke with different tongues in this place and in that. In the year 1647 the General Court at Boston ordered that "no Jesuit or ecclesiastical person ordained by the authority of the pope" should come within its jurisdiction, and that, if brought there by shipwreck or accident, such person should depart at once. And in Plymouth, as in Boston, the people more than sustained the views of their rulers; for when their rulers were courteous and kind in their treatment of ecclesiastical persons who came officially from Canada, they questioned whether it were proper thus to receive "idoltrous Papists." But in the year 1642, when a party of Canadian French had been captured by the Mohawks, Arendt Van Corlaer of Rensselaerswyck took great trouble, and incurred great danger, to save them from immediate death. One of them, Father Jogues, — the famous Jesuit missionary, the first of his kind who worked and suffered within the borders of our State, — was soon kidnapped by the Dutch at much risk to themselves, secured by the payment of a great ransom, sent down to Manhattan, hospitably entertained there, and given "black clothes and all things necessary,"

and a free passage to Europe. And in 1644, when another Jesuit was likewise rescued, Governor Kieft issued a formal proclamation commending him to the Christian charity of all Dutch officials. This was the voice of an "age of intolerance," speaking through the mouths of men whose sufferings at the hand of Rome had been tenfold fiercer than those of any English sect.

In New Netherland the official theory was that only the State Church, the Reformed Church of Holland, should be supported or definitely countenanced by the government, and that, if the government should see fit to forbid any other forms of public worship, they should be held unlawful. But in practice complete toleration was allowed. No prohibitions of any sort were formulated until Governor Stuyvesant got the chance; then he was not supported by his own people, and was rebuked and restrained by his superiors in Holland; and in New Netherland the question of orthodoxy never complicated the question of political liberty, as it did in Massachusetts and New Haven.

In the time of Governor Kieft New Amsterdam and the neighboring settlements gladly received as permanent residents all the heretics who were forced or who chose to fly from Massachusetts — those who had openly assailed the sacro-sanctity of its government, as well as those who had confined themselves to transcendental theorizings. Governor Winthrop says that many people left Massachusetts at this time because of hard material conditions. But he also names the Anabaptist heresy as a reason why many accepted the "fair offers" of Governor Kieft; and a Dutch historian writes that they came "in numbers, nay, whole towns," to enjoy "freedom of conscience and escape from the intolerable government of New England." Like the Huguenot victims of Catholic intolerance, some of whom they met on New Netherland's soil, these victims of the Puritans' narrower tests were in the main good people, and among them were very prominent figures.

Isaac Allerton, who had been conspicuous among the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth and a pioneer at Marblehead, soon ranked among New Amsterdam's best citizens; and John Underhill, the great Indian-fighter, took service in Kieft's little army. Governor Winthrop has recorded Underhill's "wicked course" in Boston, and the way in which, with much "blubbing," he made public confession of his sins, — "his adultery, his hypocrisy, his persecution of God's people



here, and especially his pride, as the root of all . . . and contempt of the magistrates." But, being interpreted, his persecution of the saints and contempt for their rulers meant a bold love of free speech and equal political rights. This was more offensive than his real iniquities, and therefore, in spite of his penitences, Boston could not long contain him. In his new home he seems to have drunk as much as the Dutch, and he certainly roistered more; but he proved invaluable in their Indian wars.

In these wars perished the famous Anne Hutchinson, who had come from Boston by way of Rhode Island to find rest for her transcendental soul, and work for her philanthropic hands, at Pelham Neck; and until the ruinous conflict began, the Rev. Mr. Throgmorton, coming from Salem with thirty-five Anabaptist families, found a land of peace indeed in the region now known as Westchester, but then as Vreedeland. The Rev. Mr. Doughty came from Cohasset to Long Island, so that he might "in conformity with the Dutch Reformation have freedom of conscience which, contrary to his expectations, he missed in New England"; and Lady Deborah Moody, another Anabaptist, established a colony of forty persons at Gravesend. Each and all of these, and many another, received a brotherly welcome and a brother's share of right and privilege; and an interesting proof of tolerance is embalmed in Lady Moody's patent. Whatsoever form of worship she might choose to supply for her people was to be "without molestation or distruction from any madgistrate or madgistrates, or other ecclesiastical ministers that may p'tend to jurisdiction over them." This was at the time when even Winslow of Plymouth saw fit to speak of the mere wish for toleration as "that carrion."

The mixture of nationalities as well as the mixture of faiths in Kieft's town must have seemed strange indeed to a visitor from Winthrop's; for Boston tried to keep itself as pure in blood as in belief. Father Jogues recorded that eighteen languages might be heard in New Amsterdam. But in Boston, a few years later, a man was fined for bringing Irishmen on shore, and ordered to send them at once "out of this jurisdiction"; a woman was permitted to keep two Irish children only by taking oath that their parents had been English; and Scotch soldiers, captured in Cromwell's wars and sent out as indented servants, were classed with negroes and Indians in militia regulations. Of course, with many good people, bad ones from all

the colonies came as refugees to New Netherland, and its growing contingent of English was to add to its political troubles and to aid in its eventual downfall.

EXCEPT in regard to the Indian wars, which dreadfully illumine the last years of Governor Kieft's term of rule, few facts are remembered about him or his predecessor, Van Twiller. This is because what professes to be a picture of their times is painted in Irving's Knickerbocker history. An amusing book, our fathers thought it. No more mendacious one was ever written. It is not a caricature of real persons and real events. It is a fantasy which radically misrepresents the character and condition of place and people. It has, therefore, done more than to confuse the popular mind in respect to matters of detail. It has so distorted its point of view that veracious accounts of early New Amsterdam seem to it as fables.

Van Twiller was a bibulous and self-seeking merchant's clerk, intrusted with tasks entirely beyond his strength. But he had certain good qualities: he dealt prudently with his aggressive English neighbors, and wisely and kindly with the Indians. Of course the comic-opera background which Irving and his imitators set behind his figure has no relation to the real New Amsterdam in its early days; and one thought of what his fellow-countrymen had been at home proves that in the New World many of them cannot have been buffoons, or even men as feeble and foolish as Van Twiller himself.

With all their faults, the Puritans were the finest product of seventeenth-century England. John Milton spoke of their emigration to New England as "the departure of so many of the best"; and even their adversaries in State and Church realized what the motherland was losing when they sailed in such numbers, and tried to restrict the swelling tide. If Holland had likewise sent its very best, and by the tens of thousands, New Netherland might have outstripped New England in material and in intellectual ways; for the best Hollanders of that time had most of the virtues of the Puritan without his deep defects. But Hollanders were nowhere planting colonies for the sake of founding new commonwealths, or for the sake of the colonies themselves—only for the sake of the profit to be derived from them. And those who emigrated were not going in throngs because of political or religious discontent. They were being sent abroad in very small bands because of the service they



might render to Holland's commerce, and, through this, to its growing jealousy of England and its long-cherished hate of Spain; and it was hard to find any who would consent to go. Ready enough for adventurous trade or war, the Dutch of the first half of the seventeenth century were not ready for colonization. Those who liked a settled life were perfectly satisfied at home. Just at the time when the wonderful waves of willing immigration began to sweep into Massachusetts Bay, the West India Company at Amsterdam said of New Netherland:

The colonizing of such wild and uncultivated countries demands more inhabitants than we can well supply; not so much through lack of population in which our provinces abound, as from the fact that all who are inclined to do any sort of work here procure enough to eat without any trouble and are therefore unwilling to go so far from home on an uncertainty.

Having enough to eat was a very minor concern with the English Puritans of the time. Political and religious discontent drove them westward. These spurs did not touch the Hollander, and therefore New Netherland grew very slowly in comparison with New England. But, on the other hand, it was not peopled, like Virginia, with a mixture of all kinds and classes, from hot-brained adventurers and dispirited cavaliers to indented servants who had been paupers and criminals at home. It contained many adventurers, but of a commercial, not a military, sort—peddlers and petty traders who were loudly complained of because they brought nothing into the colony, and did nothing for it, but "having skimmed a little fat off the pot, could take to their heels again." Outcasts and social failures of various sorts may be supposed, but they were not sent over in bands. At the other extreme, its "aristocratic" element would not have been allowed the name in an English colony, for even the most notable patroons had been merchants at home. Traders of a much humbler kind—shopkeepers, sailors, farmers, and artisans—made up the population of New Amsterdam, with a sprinkling of well-born, well-educated burghers, and, as time went on, of those who brought some substance with them.

But Wouter Van Twiller's town was not even a well-organized town of humble burgher folk. It was still a frontier village, a trading-post just growing into civic life. Of course it put less restraint upon sins, and especially upon the great Dutch sin of drunkenness, than the real towns of the fatherland. Prob-

bly it was in some respects a bad little place. But many excuses may be made for it, if we read what Governor Winthrop writes in regard to the morals of early Boston. It insisted that many sins which we now call private ones were crimes to be officially prevented; and this meant a measure of conscience and decorum which may instructively be compared with the spirit of the isolated mining-camps and trading-stations of our modern day. If sometimes it witnessed deeds of violence, it never needed vigilantes, and, in fact, it seems to have hardly needed police regulations. It felt so little fear of white ruffians or of red that it set no watchmen at night.

Moreover, while pioneer life almost always bears its own peculiar crop of evils, the softer sins of civilization cannot flourish in its wild soil. Early Manhattan cannot have been a place where fools or cowards were many, and it certainly was not a place where plethoric citizens habitually smoked and dozed and boozed in chimney-corners—this poor, cold, stunted, harassed, and often half-starved little outpost in the wilderness, with an unfamiliar climate, uncleared lands, and ever-possible Indian foes to fight, dependent upon a trust of tradesmen for sustenance and defense, and upon these tradesmen's employees for guidance. There was not much humor in a situation like this. There can have been nothing feebly comic about the major part of the people who bore with it. And there is nothing shameful, if nothing very heroic, in the true tales of the coming of the English ship *William* and the contest for the Connecticut River—pegs though they have been made for the support of contumelious caricatures.

VAN TWILLER'S real faults were shown, not on the borders of his province, but in its little capital. He could not keep its unruly elements in order, and sometimes, falling into his cups, he led the disorderliness himself. But his people did not laugh at his "pranks," as we have been taught to do. Captain de Vries indignantly described them. Van Dincklagen, a "learned doctor of laws," who was now the Schout, protested so vigorously that Van Twiller brought counter-charges against him and shipped him back to Holland. Domine Bogardus reproached the governor for his loose ways of life, calling him a "child of the devil, a consummate villain," and assailed him violently from the pulpit; and the governor's friends retorted that the domine thus demeaned himself in ways "unbecom-

a heathen, much less a Christian, letting alone a preacher of the gospel."

Governor Kieft's faults were of a different kind. Able and industrious as a commercial administrator, he was passionate and cruel, and intolerant of opposition and advice. After helping his colony potently for some years, he ruined it by his treatment of the Indian neighbors who had hitherto been its friends and allies.

By nature the Dutch were more gentle and tolerant than the English, and they were also more inclined by their special needs to a policy of friendship with the natives. The Puritans did not long depend upon the fur trade as a main resource. Tilling their fields and fishing their seas, they soon prized the Indian's absence more than any wares that he could bring. But the New-Netherlanders craved nothing so much as the skins of wild creatures, and could more easily obtain them by bartering with wild hunters than by shooting and trapping on their own account in tangled forests and deep and rapid streams. So they conciliated the Indians as middlemen between themselves and the beaver, and also as the only men who in times of dearth could furnish them with food. The West India Company in Europe, and almost all its colonists in America, were fair and honorable in their attitude toward the savage, buying his lands, respecting his customs and beliefs, keeping the treaties they made with him, and, as Mr. Fernow writes,<sup>1</sup> regarding him "as a man with rights of life, liberty, opinion, and property like their own." To this policy, wisely followed by the English when they became the owners of New Netherland, "we owe," says the same historian, "the existence of the United States." That is, we owe our national existence to the fact that, generation after generation, the powerful Iroquois tribes formed a steady bulwark against the aggressions of the Canadian French, enabling the English to retain New York, the "pivot province," and eventually to win in the great conflict which ended on the Plains of Abraham and under the walls of Montreal—the conflict which made the continent English, and, at the same time, so drew the colonies together that they could combine to throw off England's yoke.

In Kieft's days the people of New Amsterdam had not changed their attitude toward the Indians; but the Indians, freely frequenting the town, with maize, tobacco, and furs to sell, and working as servants indoors and

out, had lost their awe of the white man, developed their passion for his drinks, and grown so covetous of his firearms that the prices they offered could hardly be refused, despite the strict laws against such traffic. The liberty to trade with the savages, which the West India Company had gradually granted its colonists, was beneficial in many ways; but it scattered them unduly and tempted many of them deep into the wilderness, while near the town the farmers let their cattle stray abroad, to the injury of the Indians' crops. Familiarity bred its usual result. Individual crimes naturally followed, and even a wise governor could scarcely have prevented local outbreaks. But Kieft's rashness and severity, and his contempt for the Indians' customary methods of apology and reparation, provoked them more and more. He was not supported in his course by the better or the major part of his people, but only by a few of his employees and cronies, and by the lawless element which, in a frontier town, naturally existed. The fears which the New-Amsterdammers felt when they first realized what his feelings toward the Indians were, their anger when these feelings grew into brutal deeds, and their remorse at the way in which the red men had been treated and their own good fame had thereby been disgraced—all these things are fully set forth in the journal of Captain de Vries, and in many letters and formal documents sent over to Holland. But these easily accessible records are so seldom read, even by the professed historian, that the Dutch of New Amsterdam are still generally condemned for the sins of their governor. Even so careful and just a writer as Parkman declares that Kieft's Indian wars were brought on by the "besotted cruelty" of the Dutch.

One good thing these wars accomplished: Kieft soon grew frightened at the results of his own besotted cruelty, and ordered the people to select twelve of their number to consult with him in the government. The "Twelve Men" thus appointed immediately turned their attention to other than Indian affairs, and demanded municipal freedoms for their fellow-citizens. Kieft dissolved their body, but was soon driven to sanction the forming of another, similar in kind, which was called the "Eight Men." These delegates repeated the demand of their predecessors, and thus the first political struggle on Manhattan was begun—a struggle for municipal liberty which, in Peter Stuyvesant's time, resulted in a victory for the people.

But meanwhile New Amsterdam was al-

<sup>1</sup> In "Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America."

most wiped out. After describing how, by Kieft's orders, many innocent Indians were massacred at Pavonia and at Corlaer's Hook (that easternmost point of Manhattan where the children of its poorest poor now play about in a peaceful waterside park), one of the old reports tells how eleven tribes of Indians flew to arms, and adds:

The consequence was that about 1000 of these and many soldiers and colonists belonging to us were killed. Almost all the bouweries were also destroyed, so that only three remained on the Manhattes and two on Staten Island, and the greater part of the cattle were also destroyed. Whatever remained of these had to be kept in a very small enclosure, except in the Rensselaer's Colonie, lying on the North River in the neighborhood of Fort Orange, which experienced no trouble and enjoyed peace because they continued to sell firearms and powder to the Indians even during the war against our people.

Roger Williams, who took ship from New Amsterdam at this time, declared:

Before we weighed anchor mine eyes saw the flames of their towns, and the flights and hurries of men, women, and children, and the present removal of all that could for Holland.

And a memorial of the Eight Men to the States-General in Holland, dated in November, 1643, describes the condition of the colony:

Almost every place is abandoned. We, wretched people, must skulk, with wives and little ones that still survive, in poverty together, in and around the fort at the Manahatas where we are not safe even for an hour; whilst the Indians daily threaten to overwhelm us with it. Very little can be planted this autumn and much less in the spring; so that it will come to pass that all of us who will yet save our lives must of necessity perish next year of hunger and sorrow unless our God have pity on us. We are all here, from the smallest to the greatest, devoid of counsel and means, wholly powerless. The enemy meets with scarce any resistance. The garrison consists of but fifty @ sixty soldiers unprovided with ammunition. Fort

Amsterdam, utterly defenceless, stands open to the enemy night and day. The Company hath few or no effects here (as the Director hath informed us); were it not for this, there would have been still time to receive assistance from the English at the East (ere all had gone to ruin). . . . In fine, we experience here the greatest misery which must astonish a Christian heart to see or to hear.

Before the year 1643 the *gemeende*, or commonalty, of New Amsterdam included five hundred men, so that a total population of at least twenty-five hundred souls may be supposed. By the end of this year the Eight Men, in a memorial sent to the West India Company, with the one addressed to the States-General, declared:

The fort is defenceless and entirely out of order and resembles (with submission) rather a molehill than a fort against an enemy. . . . The population is composed mainly of women and children; the freemen (exclusive of the English) are about 200 strong, who must protect by force their families now skulking in straw huts outside the fort. . . . Cattle destroyed, houses burnt; the mouths of women and children must remain shut. We speak not now of other necessities, such as clothing, shirts, shoes and stockings.

Many colonists had been slain, many had emigrated, the rest were in despair, and no one could look to William Kieft to build up the perishing little place. Under the rule of Peter Stuyvesant it was built up again, it flourished, and it gained a measure of self-government. Although in 1664, when the English captured it, it was not as populous as it had been in 1642, it was a much more civilized, contented, and wealthy little place. But the chief credit for its rebirth is due, not to Peter Stuyvesant, who opposed its desire for an increase of liberty, and not to the West India Company, which alternately neglected and oppressed it, but to its own merchants, artisans, and farmers—to those industrious, energetic, hospitable, and kindly men and women whom Irving and his imitators portray as a set of sleepy, cowardly, drunken triflers and buffoons.



## AT SEVEN RIVERS.

BY WALTER JUAN DAVIS.



NEVER in his lifetime had the redbird on Tilly Nimp's bonnet cocked his natural eye upon anything half so bright and fresh and berry-like as Tilly Nimp's little rosy cheek, which his merely mechanical eye now contemplated, from out his crimson chrysalis, with staring, steadfast admiration. And a good thing to be seen, whether of bird or beast or man, was Tilly Nimp, with her youth and her more than comeliness, her perfect health, and her bounding, graceful way of walking, and, above all, her goodness of heart, which shone out of her brown eyes and was as distinct and warming to the world as was the big, beaming sun, which had but just looked over the hills into his westerly possessions, and was smiling the chill off a crisp March morning.

Yet, as Tilly trotted along, dressed in a faded calico gown, with her hair flying all about and behind her, with her right hand carrying a water-bucket, and her left holding beneath her chin the ribbon which depended from the funny little bunch of velvet and feathers resting on the front part of her head, she cut such a ridiculous figure that it was a wonder the jack-rabbit that jumped out of a clump of sage-brush as she passed did not go off turning somersaults in the ecstasy of his astonishment. Because, aside from the incongruities of her costume, the incompatibility of her geographical position and her bonnet was something that almost cried out in its intensity. For where do you suppose the west wind found her?

At Seven Rivers!—of all places, even in New Mexico, the most cheerless, barren, and discouraging to human hopes. Seven Rivers, with the slow-moving Rio Pecos creeping by, red with the erosion of its brick-dust banks, and joined, a few rods below, by the clearer but more alkaline waters of the meager stream formed by the confluence of six scanty rills from the west, the junction of which with the Pecos gave to the dismal locality its name. Seven Rivers, two hundred miles from the nearest railway, on the shabby selvaige of the Llano Estacado, that flat, sandy, dewless nightmare of eternity. Seven

Rivers, an alleged town, composed of one low, square adobe building, which, seen from the ridge at the mouth of Dark Cañon, across the level tops of twelve miles of chaparral, had the appearance of a dry-goods box that had toppled from an overloaded freight-wagon and been left forgotten on the plain. Seven Rivers, where the wind howls and rages and bites you through with cold and stings your face with flying gravel all winter long, and where in summer the furious sun sends down a rain of unseen fire, which bounds back at you from the sandy earth and refines your torture. Seven Rivers, and Tilly Nimp, and that bonnet! Could you blame the rabbit?

But there was "nuthin' wrong with that there sky-piece," as Rod Marks, the boss rider of Williams Ranch, who could "ride er cyclone with ther back cinch broke," very sagely remarked, the day Dock Miller brought it back with him from Las Vegas, in a thick paper bag tied to his saddle-croup. And when Dock, at the risk of his neck, and amid many indignant bucks of his pony, stood in his stirrups and handed it in to Tilly at the store door, that young lady was, in the language of Mr. Bill Dade, a gentleman expert with the reata and in the use of large oaths, "one o' the —est wust tickled little gals yer ever laid yer eyes on." And, indeed, Tilly was greatly pleased with this little glint of gaudiness, which, shot forth from the sun of fashion two years before, had only now penetrated to this remote limit of social space; and but for the surly jokes of Old Dave, her father, she would never have left it off her head, indoors or out.

For Tilly was as unlettered a young rustic as could have been found throughout the small but robustly ignorant community in which she had accumulated years and bodily strength and beauty, and her simple mind was satisfied with small things.

She had reared herself, principally. Her mother was merely a six-foot space between two rough stones, two hundred yards back of the store. Here the poor woman's bones lay, near unto those of eight "cow-punchers," who had at different times "made gun-plays, and got called." Indeed, in order to assert his superiority and get a more definite hold



upon the general esteem of his fellow-men, Old Dave himself had found it necessary to introduce one of these gentlemen into the post-mortem society of his wife. After the performance of this disagreeable but imperative duty, he seemed to take a kind of pride in the little graveyard. What he had done was something in the line of public improvement.

Mr. Nimp cared little for Tilly or anybody else. He was old, and tall, and bent, and white-haired, and testy; but he had keen eyes, and was "handy with his gun," and so was sworn at and highly respected. Not much was known of his history previous to his coming to Seven Rivers in '65, and nobody wanted to pump him. He had driven up to the store, one gloomy day in that year, in an old rattle-trap of a wagon drawn by two half-starved "cayuse plugs," had bought out the Mexican who owned the place, and moved into possession. Tilly was born that night; and her unfortunate mother, resignedly accepting death as being one way out of that spreading, heartless plain, quit this world just as Tilly began her first shrill protest against being bundled into it.

On the morning mentioned, Dock Miller galloped up from Eddy's ranch, where he was foreman. He sat far back in the saddle, with his body half turned, according to the cowboy's custom when he is on familiar terms with the beast he bestrides. He was bounding along carelessly up toward the store, swinging his lariat back and forth with the rocking motion of the horse. As he sighted Tilly he slowed up, and then stopped by her side, looking down at her shyly, and seeming awkwardly pleased to find himself near her. Dock was a big, pleasant-faced fellow, also indigenous to that sterile soil, and had the brown complexion of the plains he daily galloped over. His eyes were as blue as the heavens, and his hair was as curly and crisp as the prairie-grass, and his burly bigness and his royal soundness of body made him something to admire. The beard he wore seemed to have stopped growing at a two-inch length, and kept itself perpetually trim. Dock's baptismal name, if he had ever had any, was unknown to him; and it was just as well, for he never had occasion to sign it.

"Wher' y'u goin', Tilly?" was his interrogatory and irrelevant salutation, for he very well knew her destination.

"Ter git some wort'er."

"How 'd yer like yer bonnit?"

"Say, it's er Jim, Dock, en it was mighty good er y'u ter git it fer me."

"Good? 'T was n't half good enough fer y'u, but I kinder thought y'u'd like that there bird." And Dock could n't help reaching out a rough, rope-hardened hand and clumsily smoothing down the red feathers.

"Like it? It's the cutes' thing'at ever was. I wunner whut them Jones gals up on ther Peñasco 'll say when they see it?" said Tilly, with a hitch of her head that jiggled her brown hair in a way that hit Dock hard.

"It don't make no diff'unce whut they say. Y'u saw the Kid lately?"

"He was at the store yistiddy. Why?"

The girl looked at him straight and suddenly.

"Oh, nuthin'." But he frowned as he turned away his head and picked up the reins from the pony's neck, and then: "Well, guess I better be gittin' on. Pete Corn comin' t'-night ter read the papers?"

"He said he was. Y'u better come up en hear 'im."

"Guess I will. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dock struck a spur into the flank of his surprised pony, which unthinking animal had dropped a hip and was resting quietly, and the two lurched away up the slant.

When Tilly had filled her bucket at the stream, and was swinging her strong, supple body to the left to preserve her equilibrium on her laden return, more hoof-beats sounded, and a voice behind her which she knew said, "Hello, Til!" She put down the bucket and looked around in time to see a shaggy yellow bronco give a superfluously high jump over the narrow stream, and then she said: "W'y, hello, Kid! Y'u pooty nigh lit on to me, with that fool horse er youn'."

"Oh, no, I did n', little un," responded a clear voice from a pair of firm, thin lips, the outlines of which softened as they spoke.

The Kid was unlike the man who had just left Tilly—almost as unlike him as was the girl herself. With lank, black hair, that took no graceful curves at the nape of his neck, but rather grew out horizontally there, and made an untidy fringe about his collar, with large brown eyes the softness of expression of which was a direct denial of such suggestions of cruelty as were set forth by the stern, straight lips and protruding chin, the Kid, too, was lean and bony, in the procrastination of nature slow in the development of his perfect manhood; but, somehow, when you looked him in the face you were interested in him, and you liked him, though you could n't tell why. It must have been his eyes. But something unpleasant shone from



these same eyes, and there was a different tone in the Kid's voice, when he spoke next:

"Whe'r 'd yer git that red thing on yer head?"

"Dock give it ter me. Ain't it pooty?"

"I don't know. W'y don't cher never wear that muff I give yer?"

"W'y, I do, Kid, w'en I ride in the wagin; but I can't carry worter with the muff, yer know"; and she smiled up at him so brightly that his face cleared somewhat.

"Co'se y'u can't," he said. "I'm er durn fool."

"Pete Corn 's goin' ter read the papers t'-night. Yer comin'?"

"I don't know. Is ther Jones gals er comin'?"

"I s'pose so; they mos' gen'ally do."

"Well, maybe I 'll come, then"; and he looked hard at Tilly. But what he saw in her face was evidently not to his satisfaction, for he jerked the yellow bronco's head from a bit of dry bunch-grass the beast was nibbling, and, without a word more, spurred away as briskly as Dock had done, but in a different direction.

Tilly toiled back to the store with her bucket of water, set it on the kitchen table, and went to washing up the breakfast-things; but she sighed twice before she began to sing "Rah for the Rangers."

Seven Rivers—that is to say, the main apartment of Seven Rivers—was splendidly illuminated that night by seven unsymbolical tallow candles. This was the store, hotel, saloon, warehouse, town hall, caravansary, and often theater, in which were enacted tragedies of short, rude lines and bloody dénouements. At the west end of the dirt-floored room was the bar, or counter, according to the nature of the traffic carried on across it. Behind this barricade Mr. Nimp's enterprise had caused to be displayed in great array many boxes of potted meats and cans of California fruit, which, by reason of the value set upon them by the proprietor, remained a perennial garnishment of the shelves they honored. Hanging from the great beams overhead were gigantic saddles with broad, round horns, and heavy leather skirts and fenders, tin pails, and pots of all descriptions, huge canvased hams with "F. Rockwood, Gravesend, Missouri," gaudily emblazoned upon their widest parts, and, intermingled with all these things, a plethora of quirks, spurs, horse-collars, boots, and blankets. The dingy bottles that stood in the foremost file behind the counter formed the principal attraction for those who gathered themselves together that night to hear Pete

Corn read. From them were drunk "rye," and "bourbon," and "apple-jack," and "mescal," which choice assortment Old Dave, in the secrecy of his cellar, drew religiously from the same comprehensive and responsible cask.

There were three round tables at the opposite end of the room, at which some of the earlier comers played "freeze-out" for the drinks. A few at a time, and singly, something like thirty souls dropped in and took position for the evening. Chairs were few, but boxes were many, and sacks of coffee and flour were there on which to lounge. "The Jones gals" did not come. "The ol' woman's a-makin' a lot er overalls an' things for the men folks, and the gals had ter he'p 'er," was old Bill Jones's explanation of their absence.

There was much drinking and swearing and smoking of pipes among the long-haired, yellow-brown cow-punchers who slouched in, wearing wide, wilted hats, blue shirts, and brown-canvas trousers. They jangled their spurs noisily, and walked lamely, as do all these detachable centaurs when they leave their equine halves behind.

Dock and the Kid arrived at nearly the same time; but neither spoke as they happened to get next each other at the bar, in response to somebody's general invitation to drink.

Pete Corn, fat, middle-aged, and important, after clearing his throat with Old Dave's liberal response to his call for "Man's size fer me, please," settled himself back on the throne of tobacco-caddies and oat-sacks that had been prepared for him, and placing his spectacles upon an insignificant nose, half lost among his fuller features, began to scan learnedly the nondescript pile of illustrated weeklies, almanacs, and two-months-old Eastern dailies, the accumulated contributions of passing strangers.

"All right, now," said he, presently. "Tell me whut y'u-all want er hear fust? Here 's sump'n' erbout them fightin' fellers in Egyp', an' here 's erbout the ryits in Penservanyer, an' erbout nawgeration—"

"Stop thar, Pete; read about ther nawgeration," broke in two or three at once. Peter proceeded very slowly and cautiously to unearth information upon the popular topic.

Although it would not, even now, be safe to say so at Seven Rivers, it may here be confessed that Pete's literary erudition was limited. He had heavy work with words of more than two syllables, and generally supplanted those of unusual length with ingenious verbal inventions of his own; and

thus was the dull page of Eastern pedantry enlivened and made pungent by the application of Western originality.

Many times was Pete, to his great disgust, interrupted and called to halt while sapient comment was exchanged. The inauguration ball was prolific of suggestion to the minds of these far-away and forgotten few.

"An' jes ter think er us pore devils in this yere Territory." It was the querulous, sharp voice of Old Dave that sounded now, and everybody listened. "Can't none uv us vote—ain't even got a little say-so erbout who shall be the boss er this yere country!"

"Well, Dave, I guess chawin'-terbacker 'll be jes as cheap, no diffunce who 's Pres'dent," was old Bill Jones's rejoinder.

"That 's right, Bill. B' gosh! we 'll keep er-cuttin' the 'Tin Tag Plug' jes ther same, I reckon. Huh! huh! huh!" came sleepily from the far corner of the room.

"Huh! Huh!" joined in all the rest.

The Kid sat on a cracker-box at the end of the counter, with one leg sprawled out till it looked an unnatural length, and the other bent properly and supporting his right elbow. The Kid's chin was in his right hand. While Pete Corn, reading, sailed smoothly over a simple sentence, or plowed his way through orthographical shoals, the Kid eyed Dock and did some heavy thinking. Dock also regarded the Kid very steadfastly; and there was nothing fraternal in the glances each took of the other. They had awakened to themselves and to each other, and what they realized was not conducive to congeniality. Furthermore, the occasional flittings in of Tilly, with a dish-rag in her hand, and an earnest, puzzled expression on her pretty face as she tried to follow Pete's droning attempts at interpreting the hieroglyphics that had fluttered out to these their unknown kinsmen from the people of the great world beyond the plain, did not tend to soften their feelings.

Finally, the Kid, muttering, "See 'f that durn yaller critter o' mine hez lef' me ter hoof it," got up, and stalked out into the starlight. The "yaller critter" was found to be quite safe, having pranced about and about the post to which he was picketed, and swathed himself, neck and heels, with the lariat, until he stood, with head bent down, a pitiful package of equine helplessness. When he had unwound the much mortified little beast, and cursed him some for "a durned lunkhead," the Kid relented, put an arm about the neck of his now quiet and crestfallen steed, and, resting

thus, asked two questions of the pony and the night:

"Do you s'pose he wants that little critter ez much ez I do? 'U'd he do ez much fer her ez I 'd do?"

The pony, taking the questions entirely to himself, shook his head so emphatically that the rings on his bridle-bit clashed together.

"Yes; he does want 'er jes ez much, an' he 'u'd do ez much fer 'er ez you, an' a durn sight more!"

It was Dock's voice that spoke out just behind the Kid, and the latter turned and saw his rival in front of him.

"Whut 'd yer foller me fer?" he asked.

"Never follered yer; come out ter see 'bout my hoss"; and he put on a meaning smile that had no fun in it.

"An' yer say you 'u'd do more fer that little gal 'an I 'u'd do?"

"Yes—er durn sight more," repeated Dock.

The Kid's big eyes stuck out into the dark, and seemed to throw a light. "Y'u 're a liar!" he exclaimed, not loudly, but with full meaning.

Dock did not strike him. No; he was the older man. He stood quiet a second, but his face showed white in the darkness.

"Kid," he said, "y'u know no man kin say that ter me 'thout hearin' f'om me, an' not in shoot-mouth, neither; but I don' want'er kill yer. I 'm er-goin' ter have that gal. Ef I did n' think she liked me, I would n' say er word; but she does, en I 'm goin' ter be her man."

"I know a durn sight better," responded the Kid, with equal excitement, and the same dangerous cramping of his tones that was apparent in the speech of the other. "Tilly keers more fer me in er minute 'an she would fer y'u in er thousin' years; en ez fer my gittin' killed, I 'll take keer o' that." And he put his hand to his hip just as Dock reached back for his own weapon.

Bloodshed was imminent. There was a second when it seemed as if the night wind held its breath and the stars stopped short in their twinkling. The pony cocked his ears and ceased to champ his bit. That moment's stillness was so sharp that it seemed vibrant and throbbing upward—an unvoiced, inanimate shout from earth to heaven to come and help save human life.

But no shot was fired. Death was driven back by one small hand that thrust itself between these men, so rigid in their deadly rage.

The half-drawn revolvers slipped back into their holsters, and the just now baleful

glare of the maddened men turned upon Tilly in startled abashment.

"I heerd the last part of it as I come outside to throw out the dish-worter," she said, in a scared, breathless way, "an' I could n' b'lieve my years—an' I thought you was sech good frien's, too; an' ter think it was all erbout me, *who don't keer nuthin' fer neither one er yer.*"

She raised her voice a little, and said the last words strongly. If it had been daylight, and these men had been looking at her as she spoke, they would have seen an expression of darting pain flash over her face, and they would have seen that face flush deeply and straightway grow white again. But they saw nothing. It was night, and their faces were turned to the earth, while their souls underwent humiliation and torture. A sickness, almost a nausea, such as attacks the sorely wounded, made them feel weak and faint.

"It ain't that I don't like yer both," Tilly went on, "'cause I do; but I don't want neither one er yer ter think I'm er-lovin' yer, 'cause they ain't no use er bein' deceitful an' havin' yer b'lieve what ain't so." The young girl was nearly hysterical, but she held back her feelings with the strength that pervaded her healthy mind and body. "En now I want yer both to shake han's and swear to me that yer won't never be sech fools ag'in, 'bout me nor no other gal."

They were quite willing to swear it, and did so, with their right hands clasped together; and Tilly left them standing thus.

More grievously hurt than they could have been by mere bullets were these two cooled and quiet men. It was not the shamed sense that they had both been "sold" by this stripling girl, nor the contemplation of the blindness of their folly, that held them speechless for full five minutes after Tilly left them. They could somehow have laughed this off,—bitterly, perhaps, but they could have done it,—though it was a hard joke, having for its piquant point the crushing of the hopes of years. But it was a sudden realization of the great distance that had grown between their lives, and how they had come together again across an awful chasm; and a painful doubt arose in each as to how the other would receive him.

In this five minutes Dock's mind had gone back to the moment, five years before, when he had first seen the Kid, when the younger man, "riding the line," making the lonely circuit of the Cross Bar Tee range, had heard shots, and, hurrying over the hill, found Dock, with one arm broken, fleeing from four Mescalero Apaches, and had flanked the savages and made it merry for them with his Winchester as he put his life in the balance alongside Dock's, while both rode hard into camp.

And the Kid now remembered how, only three years back, Dock's ready hand had deflected from its course a Mexican stiletto, thrust from behind and aimed at the Kid's heart, while that gallant and unthinking cow-puncher danced the *kunah*, at Lampas, over the Rio Grande.

And the hurt hearts of these two yearned for each other.

A dull full moon had come up, and now showed a clean circumference above the grease-wood fringe at the horizon. It gave little light, merely sprinkling the darkness with yellow. Dock put his left hand on the Kid's right shoulder, holding his right hand hard with his own. Hardly aware of doing it, the Kid placed himself similarly. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and whole volumes of penitence, and rough affection that sued successfully for its old place, passed between them in that gaze.

"She's on'y a chile, Kid," said Dock.

"I know it, Dock; an' we was fools."

"Yes; but she's a good little gal, an' never meant nuthin' to neither one of us."

"That's so. I don't blame her; she's allus been square with us. Say, Dock, le's go home; you don't want hear Pete Corn read any more, do yer?"

"No—durn Pete Corn! Wait 'll I git my plug."

A few minutes later they galloped off together into the night.

"He would kill 'im," was Tilly's sobbing, sad little murmur, as she drifted wearily into slumber that night. Nobody heard the words but Tilly; and if all the world had heard them, nobody but Tilly would have understood their application.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### National Disinterestedness.

THERE are certain phases of the "Cuban question" that cannot be too constantly insisted upon. One of these is the absence of interested motives on the part of the American people, as a whole. The average European has been apt to have in his mind, when thinking of this nation, the typical figure of the Yankee, and to him has attributed all manner of "smartness." England at the time of the Civil War thought, or a good portion of England thought, that on the part of the North the war was a fight for territory. England understands America better now, and in the present crisis it appreciates the dignity of the position maintained by our government, and recognizes, to some extent at least, the fact that our people in general are dominated in this matter by sentiment and a sense of justice, and not by covetousness.

Again, our foreign critics have seen, notwithstanding the ease with which the natural, inherited "instinct for war" can be aroused in our people (a part, indeed, of our national exuberance), that there is a sober second thought which is likely to make itself felt at decisive moments.

We asked a distinguished psychologist, the other day, whether he thought that evolution would ever ultimately extinguish this sentiment in mankind. He said he thought not, but that as among what are called "gentlemen" the individual instinct to appeal to arms had been generally put in abeyance in favor of litigation in the courts, so the national instinct for fight would one of these days be put in abeyance by the habit of negotiation and arbitration.

The calmness and right feeling of our officials, and of the true molders of public opinion, in recent emergencies, show that America is destined to be a leader in the more humane methods of international controversy, and that in all cases the sword will be resorted to only as a last stern resort.

It is not unfortunate that a country should be swayed by sentiment, if it has also in its temperament the power of reserve and reason. It has been said concerning art,—and it applies as well to statesmanship,—that there is nothing like "a warm heart and a cool head."

### What Bad Appointments Mean.

NOTORIOUSLY bad and unfit appointments to office by local or national executives, under a system of government supposedly democratic, are not merely in themselves wrong and injurious; not only has the executive, in such cases, avoided his evident duty and violated his oath of office in making such appointment; not only are the people betrayed by having incompetent servants foisted upon them; not only has a bad example been given to all citizens, and especially to young men, who should be taught that public advancement is the reward of virtue and not of vice; but, in addition to all

this, such appointments advertise a deeper evil; they are evidences of an attack upon the very foundations of political liberty.

Governmental powers are obtained possession of either through force or suasion. Under a despotic and unloved government there is nothing but force. But it cannot be said that under a free government there is nothing but suasion, because under a free government corruption may to some extent usurp the place of suasion, and exercise a sort of force. Bad appointments are evidences of corruption; they show that previous to the election there were alliances and implied promises which affected corruptly what should be a pure and untrammelled exercise of the right of suffrage.

Even when an element of corruption is eliminated, there are now and again enough evident injustices in the administration of governmental functions. That in a community containing, say, ten thousand voters the executive government should pass entirely into the hands of those who can muster five thousand and one votes, and contain no representative whatever of the other half of the community, only shows what a clumsy device even our boasted majority rule must be. Or take the situation in New York to-day, where the executive government, put in place by a minority, rules the city with a high hand, to say nothing of the notorious fact that the functions of government are only vicariously exercised by the technical chief executive of the city, at the bidding of a single individual who holds no public office at all.

It will be seen, then, that a democratic system does not absolutely insure a consistently democratic governmental administration. We do not in America, as a people, understand fully the meaning and the justice of minority representation. We are, however, beginning to understand the inconsistency of the spoils system with a system of free government, and we are properly sensitive when a mayor, a governor, or a president makes a notoriously bad appointment.

Nor can we be too sensitive on the subject, because such appointments are not only intrinsically outrageous, but they are unintentional signals of danger. For every such appointment shows that a transaction has taken place which strikes at the foundation of democratic institutions. A corrupt combination has been made to obtain or to hold the powers of government, whereas such powers should be conveyed by the suffrage of the people freely and purely.

We may be sure, when a thoroughly bad appointment is announced, that to a certain extent the democratic system has been negated. We may, in certain communities, be led even to suspect that some one has been able, by a sort of conspiracy, to obtain and, exercise the powers of government who no more represents the untrammelled popular will than does some Old-World despot who got his throne by force of arms.



**The Fortissimo of American Cities.**

PERHAPS nowhere so much as in an American city is one made aware of the machinery of life. The child in Habberton's story who wanted to see the wheels go round, represents the restless, though superb and vital, activity of our people, which at once gives us an accelerated propulsion along certain paths of progress, and at the same time impairs our power of assimilating the elemental joys of life as we go. Comparing American and foreign cities, and leaving out of account the periodical excitement of political affairs, there appears to be a distressing balance of noise and tumult on our side.

It is worth the cost of a trip to Europe to learn what a vast storehouse of repose the older countries have to draw upon in the struggle for life. Swarming London never makes upon the visitor the impression of individual intensity which one finds in a New York street. In Paris one perceives on the part of all classes a contented enjoyment of the ends of life rather than a feverish absorption in its means. The temperate attitude of the Parisian toward art, music, literature, the theater, and outdoor recreations has a self-respecting dignity which the vulgar vices of his race cannot obliterate. More charming and devoted family life is nowhere to be found. In Holland a blessed torpor of the blood gives one time to thank Heaven for the breath he draws. The homes of Germany have become traditional for ease and happiness. In Italy an atmosphere of noble scenery, beautiful art, and romantic history invests existence with a charm which has been the theme of literature for centuries. In such regions the overwrought temperament of the American finds so much repose that he falls to wondering why that quality is not to be found in the life and character of his countrymen.

Returning home, the contrast strikes him more forcibly than during his absence. The fortissimo is incessant. Not a moment of life is unoccupied. Every coign of vantage is taken by the vulgar loud. One seems to be ever running for a street-car, and to be continually admonished to "step lively." He must shout to make himself heard. Everybody is struggling for the ear of the public, and nobody is listening. The age of reflection seems to have passed, and to have been succeeded by the age of agitation. Except through superior noise, there appears to be little chance for any man or any cause. More and more, as the men of the race-course phrase it, it is the field against the favorite; or, as they say in Congress, every bill must fight the calendar. Even sensation-mongers have little show against one another's drums and trumpets. But the resultant din raises appreciably the average of discord, and adds a new terror to cities. And not to the large cities only, for the fast train and the cheap price of printing-paper are extending city limits far beyond the dreams of legislators.

What makes this all seem more perilous is the fact that certain forces that ought to be on the conservative side are now involved in the general *mélée*. While it

is true that it is an age of advancement chiefly by coöperation, and that much wise and noble effort is being expended in charitable and reformatory work, it is worth considering whether each particular public movement is worth the strength that goes into it. The best factors of our social life—more regrettably the women—are so over-occupied with clubs, societies, benevolent and remedial associations, etc., that life seems to go in public efforts to make life possible for others. The man who said that "in New York there is a club for every emotion" might well have added "and an association for every conviction." As the proportion of the rich increases, what is called "society" becomes more complex, artificial, and competitive. The toilsomeness of a New York season finds its counterpart in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago, and in the endless iteration of smaller cities. One inclines to agree with the former American minister to Italy who defined man as "a card-leaving biped." One wonders how all this agitation in the mothers is going to affect the nerves of the next generation, and remembers Matthew Arnold's stanza:

But we, brought forth and reared in hours  
Of change, alarm, surprise—  
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?  
What leisure to grow wise?

It is this state of affairs which gives basis to the reply of a cultivated and experienced Englishman who, when asked recently what was his dominant impression of the United States, replied, "The absence of quiet family life." Americans of large observation have remarked a regrettable change in this respect, and have attributed it to the passionate pursuit of worldly success. But such generalizations are useful chiefly as marking tendencies in the larger cities. Life in our villages is probably richer, healthier, and more interesting than it was a generation ago, and a reaction from this *living in the street*, as it were, toward the simpler joys of home is sure to come. Moreover, in the heart of every great city there are men and women who, by sheer force of character, are realizing an ideal of repose, holding their thresholds against the engulfing storms of the outer world. The sensational newspaper comes not near them, and the society reporter does not wait at the door for the names of their dinner guests. They bear a share in the good works of the day, but they do it only by withdrawing from the senseless demands of a fashionable life. And they are all the better prepared for public and family duties by rigidly guarding for themselves a little domain of leisure. It is in such secluded hours, rescued from the clash of the world, that life grows deep and strong, in moments of meditation, or in communion with loyal friends, good literature, and inspiring music. We are so accustomed to the agitation for necessary reforms and to the multiplicity of remedial charities that we are in danger of forgetting that the most effective way of advancing mankind is by the cultivation of serene and noble types of individual character.

For he that feeds men serveth few;  
He serves all who dares be true.



## OPEN LETTERS

### Railroad Employee Relief Associations.

A NEW movement in the industrial world, fraught with great consequences, is the establishing of associations for the relief of employees when unable to work, or of their families after death, sustained by the joint contributions of employed and employer.

Workingmen, while admitting that they ought to make some provision for the day of misfortune, are too often unwilling to deprive themselves of present enjoyments. So their earnings are spent as soon as they are received, in many cases in advance; and when they are incapacitated by sickness or accident from work they must rely upon the generosity of their fellow-workers or employers for support. So long as they believe that aid will be thus rendered whenever overtaken by misfortune, there is no inducement to mend their ways. Again, those who are inclined to save have a weaker inducement to follow their inclination if a considerable portion of their savings is likely to be drawn from them, through sympathy, to support others who have an equal opportunity to save with themselves.

The creation of railroad relief associations radically changes the conditions of the provident and the improvident. The latter class can no longer expect aid from their employers and fellow-workers. The company has clearly made known in advance the terms on which it will grant aid when it is needed; and if a workman is unwilling to comply, he cannot expect to receive assistance. Thus the system tends strongly to promote the habit of saving, with all that this term implies—temperance, better health, greater capacity for work, and larger independence. As for the provident, this system protects their savings from the demands of other workmen.

Another reason for establishing these associations is that relief administered systematically, as it is by them, is usually much more effective than when administered in other ways. Again, such organizations are an answer to the accusation often made that railroad companies take no interest in their employees. Those who are most familiar with the conditions of employment in this country know that the charge that the largest employers of labor care the least about their men is not true. Regard for employees generally springs from a different condition—the prosperity of the employer. The most prosperous are generally the strongest inclined to alleviate distress, to build hospitals, to pension old and deserving workmen, to contribute money and medical attendance and the like. And it may also be said that the larger companies are more prosperous than the small ones. Many have feared that the supplanting of the small employer of labor, and consequently the sundering of the union which existed between him and his employees, would result disastrously to society.

Whatever may be the evils resulting from the change, it must be admitted that the largest and most prosperous employers of labor are doing the most to render the lot of their employees comfortable and happy.

The most important difference between the plans of railroad relief associations is the requirement or non-requirement of membership as a condition of employment by the railroad company. The Pennsylvania Company, for example, does not require its employees to join the association, while the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Company must become members of the relief association established by that company. Some workingmen object strenuously to this feature of the Baltimore and Ohio organization, regarding it as an abridgment of their freedom; but the briefest analysis of the requirement shows that it does not. Has not every employer of labor a right to prescribe terms or conditions of employment? Has he not a right to refrain from employing persons under twenty years of age, or Americans, or Italians, or colored persons, or members of labor organizations? And has he not also the right to prescribe that a person must join a relief association and fulfil its requirements or contribute to a hospital fund? If an applicant for work dislikes the terms, he need not accept them; and if he does not his condition is not rendered worse; nor is his freedom in the least impaired by accepting or declining them. His conduct is purely voluntary. The case, perhaps, is somewhat different when a person already in the employ of a company is required to join as a condition of continuing. It is true that if the requirement to join is not enforced until the term of service has expired, whether it be weekly, monthly, or annually, the company cannot be accused of acting unjustly.

On the other hand, there are very strong reasons why membership should be regarded as a condition of employment. It should be done to protect those who wish to save, but who cannot save so easily or so much whenever a relief association does not exist.

Furthermore, a company may insist on such a condition in its own interest. All employees who are members of such an association must save enough to pay their dues, and to do this a company may properly assume that they will deny themselves the least necessary things, and by so doing will improve in efficiency of service. Surely a company has the right to select skilled workmen, or to reject those who become inefficient through any cause. The man who saves is, generally speaking, the superior man everywhere. In most cases he is to be found in the sober and industrious class, and possesses a stronger arm and a clearer head than the improvident, irregular workman. So, without considering the question of one's duty to prevent improvidence and its consequent results, there is ample justification for requiring all employees to become members

of relief associations whenever they have been established.

The contributions of the employees, by the terms of membership, are deducted from their wages, so that no inconvenience or loss is experienced in collecting them. From the fund thus collected the members are entitled to receive definite amounts, in proportion to their contributions, when disabled by accident or sickness; and in the event of their death definite amounts are payable to their relatives or designated beneficiaries. The employees are divided into classes determined by their earnings per month. Thus, in the Pennsylvania relief association there are five classes:

- 1st Class—Those at any rate of pay.  
2d Class—Those receiving thirty-five dollars or more.  
3d Class—Those receiving fifty-five dollars or more.  
4th Class—Those receiving seventy-five dollars or more.  
5th Class—Those receiving ninety-five dollars or more.

The members of the several classes contribute monthly the following sums:

First class, \$0.75 per month; second, \$1.50 per month; third, \$2.25 per month; fourth, \$3.00 per month; fifth, \$3.75 per month.

We may next inquire into the benefits to which the members are entitled.

1. Payments for each day while disabled by accident in the company's service:

	For 52 weeks.	After 52 weeks and until recovery.
1st class	\$0.50	\$0.25
2d "	1.00	0.50
3d "	1.50	0.75
4th "	2.00	1.00
5th "	2.50	1.25

2. Surgical attendance during disability from accident in the company's service.

3. Payments while disabled by sickness, or by injury other than accident in the company's service, for each day after the first three days' disablement:

	For 52 weeks.
1st class	\$0.40
2d "	0.80
3d "	1.20
4th "	1.60
5th "	2.00

4. Payments in the event of death:

1st class	\$250.00
2d "	500.00
3d "	750.00
4th "	1000.00
5th "	1250.00

In addition to the death benefits mentioned, an additional death benefit may be taken after passing a satisfactory medical examination. The following table shows the entire benefit which it is possible for a member in any class to create for his family or other beneficiaries:

	Death benefit of class.	Additional death benefit.	Total death benefit.
1st class	\$250.00	\$250.00	\$500.00
2d "	500.00	500.00	1000.00
3d "	750.00	750.00	1500.00
4th "	1000.00	1000.00	2000.00
5th "	1250.00	1250.00	2500.00

For the "additional death benefit" of the first class the rates are: for a member not over 45 years of age, 30 cents per month; for a member over 45 years of age and not over 60 years, 45 cents per month; for a member over 60 years, 60 cents per month. These rates apply to each single death benefit of \$250.00.

It may be inquired, What does the railroad company do toward sustaining the association? It manages the

business, guarantees the fulfilment of its obligations, becomes responsible for its funds, pays all the operating expenses, including the salaries of the officials, medical examiners, and clerical force, pays interest on the monthly balances in its hands, and approves the securities in which investments are made. Furthermore, if in a period of three years there is a deficiency, this is paid by the company; if there is a surplus, this is appropriated to a fund for the benefit of superannuated members, or in some other manner for the sole benefit of members.

The details of these associations differ, but their principal features are the same. The regulations of the associations can be easily obtained by those who desire to know what they are. Perhaps a few statistics of the associations which have been longest in operation may be profitably added. The following is the record of deaths, disabilities, and payments of the Pennsylvania association since it was established:

Year.	Number of deaths from accident.	Number of deaths from natural causes.	Number disabled by accident.	Number disabled by sickness.	Number of payments for disabilities and deaths.	Amount of payments for disabilities and deaths.
1886	22	110	1744	3653	8545	\$151,147.87
1887	49	198	3186	7186	10,619	264,505.78
1888	53	197	3849	7815	11,914	283,512.10
1889	64	219	4915	10,834	16,032	343,569.36
1890	81	260	6512	17,673	24,526	466,294.11
1891	79	291	7265	18,384	25,969	530,182.82
1892	109	327	9184	21,929	31,449	616,271.99
1893	136	316	9060	23,411	32,923	642,395.18
1894	79	304	7725	19,878	27,986	546,791.22
1895	99	343	8765	23,113	32,319	591,496.97
1896	92	331	8774	23,417	32,614	616,119.30
873	2902	70,969	177,142	251,886		\$5,045,385.60

The total amount paid for all benefits for the eleven years is:

	No.	Average per man.
Accidents	\$ 954,360.90	70,969 \$ 13.45
Sickness	1,879,518.55	177,142 10.61
Deaths from accident	543,444.45	873 622.00
" " natural causes	1,068,061.67	2902 574.80
		\$5,045,385.60

At the close of 1896, after eleven years of operation, the membership of the association numbered 40,852—more than half of the entire number of employees, and a much larger proportion of those who by reason of age and physical condition are eligible. During this period the total revenue from all sources was \$5,707,885.19, and the disbursements were \$5,045,385.60.

Soon after establishing the association it was discovered that many members remained disabled and without means of support in consequence of having exhausted their right to benefits on account of sickness. To relieve the distress of deserving members of this class, the railroad company, on proper representations concerning their necessities and length of service, has given during eleven years \$213,491.35. The company has also granted the use of the necessary offices, and paid all the expenses of operation, including the salaries of officers, medical examiners, and others employed in conducting the association, amounting to \$838,961.44.

The following table represents the benefits paid by the Baltimore and Ohio association since its establishment, May 1, 1880, to May 31, 1895:

## RELIEF FEATURE.

	Number.	Cost.	Average per case.
Deaths from accident . . . . .	1010	\$1,068,544.22	\$1053.94
Deaths from other causes . . . . .	1983	909,940.50	455.84
Disabilities from accidental injuries received in discharge of duty . . . . .	55,816	716,110.58	12.83
Disabilities from sickness and other causes than as above . . . . .	79,614	1,172,358.45	14.72
Surgical expenses . . . . .	32,411	137,310.76	4.85
Aggregate . . . . .	170,834	\$4,018,264.51	\$23.52
Add disbursements for expenses, etc., during same period . . . . .		570,585.74	
Total disbursements for all purposes . . . . .		\$4,588,850.25	

## PENSION FEATURE.

Total number pensioned since October 1, 1884 . . . . .	394
Number deceased since October 1, 1884 . . . . .	174
Total number on list May 31, 1895 . . . . .	220
Payments to pensioners last fiscal year . . . . .	\$34,457.70
Total payments to May 31, 1895 . . . . .	270,310.37

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company led in this movement seventeen years ago (May, 1880). The Pennsylvania Railroad followed in 1886, and the lines west of Pittsburg belonging to the company formed such an association in 1888, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company the same year, and the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company in 1889. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company's association was established in 1890. The center of this movement, therefore, is in Pennsylvania, as associations already exist among all the principal railroad companies of the State. But the Baltimore and Ohio can rightfully claim to be the pioneer in this country, though similar associations have long existed in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Albert S. Bolles.

#### Arnold Toynbee and Ruskin's Road-Making Experiment.

A CORRESPONDENT having called our attention to the reference, in Mr. Bruce's article in the February CENTURY on "Ruskin as an Oxford Lecturer," to Mr. Ruskin's enterprise of enlisting his pupils in manual labor on the roads in the vicinity of Oxford, the inquiry has brought to us the following comment from Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, which will be of interest to many an admirer of her lamented husband, so well known in America as the pioneer in the work of college settlements among the poor. Mrs. Toynbee, replying to a query concerning his relations to the scheme, says in part:

"It is, I believe, quite correct to say that he acted as foreman over the work of Ruskin's road-making; he told me so himself; but I cannot inform you whether he was foreman for the whole time or only for a part. He mentioned to me that it was very nice to be foreman, because he went, in consequence, every time to breakfast with Ruskin, when the workers were invited, and not only in turn, as the others did. He was appointed foreman, I believe, because he was scarcely strong enough to do much of the hard work himself, and also because he was always good at leading men. His own opinion about the road-making was that, though of course it was impossible not to smile at it, yet it was not a bad thing altogether. The idea was to do a piece of work that was useful to the working-people

living in houses near the bit of road, and a piece of work that was *not* being taken up by any one else, either public or private; also, that it might give the *idea* of athletes using their muscles for some useful purpose. Of course the thing after a time became a joke. You are quite right: it was a road, not a ditch, which was worked at. I do not myself know which piece of road it is at Hinksey, though I dare say I have often walked by it.

"As for the influence of this intercourse with Ruskin on my husband himself, the writer of the letter you inclose rather exaggerates it. My husband came from an artistic family, and had been brought up to understand and care for art, so that he thought of Ruskin first as an art master. He was, of course, much interested in Ruskin's writings on social questions as well, especially in 'Unto this Task,' to which he often referred. But I should not say that on social questions he was very much influenced by Ruskin; he did not think Ruskin enough of an economist. I mean that he was not much influenced *himself*. He fully recognized the influence Ruskin had exercised over others on social questions, and thought the influence had been of great good, even if the economic theories were false.

"Quite a smaller point: I am always sorry that there is often exaggeration as to my husband's collapse after the lectures on 'Henry George.' 'Carried off more dead than alive' is scarcely accurate. I was there myself, and my husband came away with me in the ordinary way, though, of course, his fatal illness set in immediately, and those lectures were his last bit of work."

#### Notes on Burns's Manuscript and Portrait.

In the article on "The Manuscript of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" by Cuyler Reynolds, in THE CENTURY for February, 1898, occur two misreadings of Burns's manuscript. In the note in Burns's handwriting, "O there is more of the fire of native genius in it" (p. 587), the "O" should be omitted, as it proves, on comparison, to be merely the flourish of the capital T. (See the facsimile itself.) On page 586, in referring to the letter addressed to Burns's friend, Mr. Reynolds was misled by Mr. Henry Stevens's misreading (p. 588) of the abbreviation "Dr.," which proves to have been intended for "Dear Richmond," and not "Dr. Richmond." The superscription of the letter reads: "Mr. John Richmond, writer, Mauchline."

A more serious error occurs in the statement by George M. Diven, Jr., concerning the portrait of Burns (p. 585). This statement, which came to us some years ago, was printed by inadvertence, a revised account of the family tradition having been sent to us, through Mr. Diven, by a granddaughter of the painter of the portrait, Mrs. Mary B. McQuhae Falck of Elmira, New York. This statement, made on November 14, 1896, which was mislaid at the time of going to press, includes interesting information. Mrs. Falck writes:

"The portrait of Robert Burns is now in my possession, and was bequeathed to me by my mother, who died last year. . . . With reference to your inquiries about my grandfather, who certainly painted the portrait, I can give you only such information as has come to my knowledge. William McQuhae, son of David and Jane McQuhae, was born in the parish of Balmaghie, Scotland,

on May 10, 1779. In an old diary of his in my possession I find frequent references to painting; but I do not think that he was an artist in the sense you mean, but simply an amateur who painted from love of the art. There are now a number of family portraits in existence painted by my grandfather. . . . My grandfather was a close neighbor of Burns when the latter resided at Dumfries, living at Lochmaben and at Dumfries, and he doubtless knew the poet well. From a memorandum in this same diary I infer that he attended Burns's funeral, July 25, 1796. My impression is that he painted the portrait a year or two before the poet's death. Mr. McQuhae

left Scotland August 24, 1796, about a month after the poet's death, and arrived in America on October 10 of the same year. . . . As to my grandfather's rooming with Burns at Edinburgh, it seems unlikely on the face of it, as the artist would have been only about seven years of age. It is more likely that my grandfather met and painted the poet at Dumfries, near which place he lived."

It should be noted that at the time of Burns's death McQuhae was only seventeen years old. It has been suggested that the portrait might have been made up from the well-known one by Nasmyth, though some of the details and the angle of the face are not the same.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### The Return of Mabel.

SPREAD the news, ye kettledrums;  
Let the town applaud.  
Home the conquering Mabel comes  
From a trip abroad.

Gay frou-frou of Paris gowns  
Sounds upon the stairs;  
Hats from Viro's are the crowns  
Which she proudly wears.  
Such a swirl of perfumed lace,  
Glint of jeweled gaud—  
These proclaim in every place  
Mabel's been abroad.

Tales of foreign triumphs come:  
Dukes thrilled at her nod;  
Earls before her charms were dumb;  
Flower-strewn paths she trod;  
Bent were many titled knees;  
Every tongue did laud.  
'T was to win such joys as these  
Mabel went abroad.

Says she thought the Louvre a bore;  
Liked the Bon Marché.  
Fontainebleau? How it did pour!  
Spoiled her hat that day.  
Art? So stupid! Nice cafés.  
Never heard of Claude.  
Not in study were the days  
Mabel spent abroad.

So she's won her coronet.  
Little do I care;  
Naught have I of vain regret;  
'T is n't my affair.  
There's no happier man than I:  
I'm to marry Maud,  
Mabel's sister. What care I  
That Mabel's been abroad!

Beatrice Hanscom.

### Ghosts of the Pen.

IN "De Finibus," Thackeray tells us what a queer shock he had one day when Philip Firmin walked in and sat down on a chair opposite him. A still queerer experience was his meeting with Costigan, whom he had invented out of "scraps, heel-taps, etc." "Nothing shall convince me," says he, "that I have not seen those men in the world of spirits." How else could he so accurately have pictured them?

Then he goes on to say how delightful it would be if novelists could write with such divine power as to call into actual life the beings they invent, so that they might walk in at our doors and talk with us by our firesides.

And do they not—the true creators, I mean? Have I not, with these mortal eyes looked upon Becky Sharp the immortal? Have I not talked with Miss Austen's Mr. Collins and Mrs. Bennett; with the incomparable Mrs. Nickleby, whom I love, and Peg Sliderskew, whom I don't; and many, many others of the select host?

I came suddenly upon Peg one morning as I entered my sitting-room at an earlier hour than was my custom. She was bending over the grate, and turned her bleared countenance upon me with exactly the action of her famous portrait by "Phiz," in which she turns upon Squeers just as Newman Noggs's bellows is about to descend upon his devoted head.

I remember that I beat a hasty retreat, with the feeling that I had seen something uncanny. For many weeks Peg had masqueraded as my landlady, disguised under a housemaid's jaunty cap and apron. But now had her dishabille—her nightcap of ancient pattern, her faded red shawl drawn tightly around her skinny neck—betrayed her. Henceforth I no longer saw in her the respectable Mrs. Smith, but Peg Sliderskew, the immortal creation of Dickens's pen.

My meeting with John Peerybingle I have chronicled elsewhere. It was while he was packing his carrier's cart, in the twilight, in old Warwick town:



the cart, a two-wheeled, round-topped, canvas-covered vehicle, tipped with the weight of the parcels to a degree that threatened to lift the tasseled horse off his feet. And there was Dot, too, out for a fairing,—for it was Michaelmas time,—daintily and thriftily gathering up her gown about her waist, preparatory to being lifted in by John.

I watched them as they drove off Stratford way to their snug cottage at Cropredy or Fenny Compton, where, doubtless, the cricket and the tea-kettle still sing in cheerful competition.

With Mrs. Nickleby I had a longer acquaintance of some weeks by the sea. One evening, a gentleman, politely said to be "off his head," strayed into the common parlor and proffered a song. To humor him, some one accompanied on the piano. Mrs. Nickleby listened with delight written on every lineament of her bland countenance. He talked loudly and laughed much; and Mrs. Nickleby confided to me, in a whisper, that he was the "liveliest man" she had met during her sojourn. I recognized him, and should not have been surprised had he presented his usual nosegay of carrots and vegetable marrows to the fascinating Mrs. Nickleby.

Grandfather Smallweed I have not had the pleasure of meeting, but I have heard of him. For some reason—from motives of economy, perhaps—he has migrated to a Scotch town.

"Do you know," asked a Scotch friend, "that Grandfather Smallweed lives here in ——?"

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, more in delight than surprise; for I had long ceased to feel surprise at such an apparition, so great a number of Dickens's creations have I met in the land of their creator.

"Yes; he and Judy live here," was the reply.

But something, it seems, has wrought a radical change in Judy—perhaps the more serious atmosphere of Presbyterianism. But whatever it is, she is changed, and now devotes herself with filial tenderness to Grandfather Smallweed.

As Grandmother Smallweed has, presumably, flitted to the land of spirits from which she was evoked by Dickens's magic pen, and can no longer be wiped out with a cushion, Judy submits patiently to that operation, and shakes up and sorts grandfather after it, but tenderly and not viciously, as of old.

Judy was ill at one time, and confined to her bed—a box-bed in the common sitting-room. In comes the Reverend McGruel, Judy's pastor, to comfort her and condole with grandpapa. Grandpapa hopes the affliction will be sanctified to Judy, and more than broadly intimates that she merits said affliction, and looks as though he would like to wipe out the brawny McGruel with his cushion, did he dare. So it will be seen that grandpapa has not changed.

Joe Gargery still lives to dispense gravy and dispense with grammar. He has become somewhat of a public character, having lost a fraction of his former shyness, for which, doubtless, long residence in this world, with its atmosphere of cheek, is responsible.

I was present one evening at a meeting of an improvement society in the Midlands, whither, Joe has migrated, when the dear old boy rose to move a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He did not pull his forelock, though he made an involuntary movement to do so, but was restrained by second thought.

His countenance has lost none of its old benevolence of expression. He fairly beamed upon the audience as, with many preliminary gaspings, distinctly audible, he strove to make a way for the passage of his speech. At last the barrier, whatever it was, gave way, and out it came, after the same old fashion of Joe when he made his famous speech of thanks to Miss Havisham. Had he shaken up the words of the dictionary in his hat, and taken them as they chanced to come, the result could not have been more delightful, more utterly without sequence and sense.

"And now, old chap," said Joe on the memorable occasion referred to, "may we do our duty! may you and me do our duty, both on us, by one and another and by them, which your liberal present—have—conveyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them—as never," ending triumphantly, "and from myself far be it!"

In a similar mist of mingled triumph and delight did Joe end that night; and when he sat down, we all clapped and cheered him to the echo. Dear old Joe!

I fear, however, that he has abandoned blacksmithing and taken to the more genteel vocation of farming. Or is it possible that he keeps a shop?

In West Norfolk, in a sweet, pastoral nook, is a field path called Spring Path, by reason of a spring that leaps, babbling, beside it. This path runs under a hawthorn hedge, haunt of pheasant and partridge, of throstle and blackbird. I was sauntering along this path one day when I saw what seemed a familiar figure going on before me. Surely I had seen them before—that speaking back, aggravation in every line of it; that muffled head; that dignified step. Its familiarity staggered me at first; then with wonder I recognized Mrs. Wilfer, wife of R. W., known affectionately among his fellow-clerks as "Rumty."

Mrs. Wilfer carried a tin receptacle, the size and shape of which betrayed her errand. She was on the way to the turnip-field with—R. W.'s dinner? Ah, no! it was indeed Mrs. Wilfer; but the great hulking fellow who smelled of beer and awaited that dinner with a scowl was not the cherubic R. W. He, we may rationally hope, has long since been transformed into a genuine cherub, having departed hence, soothed by the tender ministrations of Bella; while it is evident that Mrs. Wilfer is doing penance in quite another sphere from that which she formerly graced. She no longer wears gloves. No plate was ever affixed to the door of the lowly cottage she now inhabits. In his more hilarious moments, it is said, the scowling hulk sometimes beats her. Poor Mrs. Wilfer!

I shall not tell on what road or on what pleasure bent I met the immortal Weller—*père*, not *fils*. Enough that he drove us, a kindly, jovial party, one fair autumn day, in his brake, beguiling the way with many a choice nugget from the rich mine of his experience. These he delivered standing, his face to us, his back to the horses, but with reins well in hand.

Never was he more entertaining, more instructive, not even on that memorable drive to Ipswich.

Maxims dropped, as of old, spontaneously from his lips.

"Vidith and visdom, Sammy, always grows together. As you get vider you 'll get visier."

Tried by that test, one should expect a lessening of



wisdom on his part. For he has certainly lessened in girth, and the folds of his chin are neither so voluminous nor so liberal. His dress is also modified by the changed fashions. He no longer wears a pink-striped waistcoat and broad-skirted green coat. His coat is scarlet, and for the low-crowned brown hat he has substituted a tall one of cream-color. But as a rose by any other name smells as sweet, so Weller is Weller, whether in green or scarlet.

But if he has not lessened in wisdom, he certainly has not increased. He still discourseth of "widders," still finds them fatally fascinating. One of them lives upon our route of that day. She has a snug little property. We passed her and it—so he said, but gave no sign. She was looking out, as usual, for him.

"You did n't see her, but I did," says he, with one of his inimitable winks, followed by a hoarse inward rumbling and purpling of his cheeks, that might have alarmed me had I not remembered in time that it was probably one of those "quiet laughs" of his, which, when tried upon Sammy for the first time, seemed to him so suggestive of "appleplex."

But he has no thought of marrying her—oh, no!—though he has n't the slightest doubt of her intention to marry him. He regards her as one of that "eighty mile o' females" with whom he can be on the most amicable terms without endangering his single state.

But to quote himself against himself: "You're never safe with 'em ven they vunce has designs on you; there's no knowin' vere to have 'em, and vile you're a-considerin' of it they have you." And it is evident to the most casual eye that he is destined to fall a "wictim" a third time.

Had I entertained any doubts at first of his identity, his talk upon "widders" would have put them to flight.

"Did you ever see a more perfect Weller, 'widdier' and all?" queried a fellow-traveler in my ear.

"Why, of course not," says I. "It is Weller."

I am often assured that, by the exorcism of "up-to-date" ideas, of the analytic novel, of that stupendous phantasm miscalled "realism," all such pleasant ghosts will be speedily consigned to the limbo of worn-out and childish fancies.

But I think not.

So long as there are merry hearts and sad hearts, brave hearts and chivalrous hearts, hearts true and pure; so long as there are brains worn with work and care, and bodies racked and enfeebled with pain—(Do you know that anecdote, told by Carlyle, of the sick man who was heard to ejaculate as his ghostly consoler, a somewhat solemn clergyman, left his room, "Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days anyway!")—so long, in short, as man is man and the old world the old world, so long will Weller and all his delightful fraternity be welcome at that world's firesides.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

#### Sary "Fixes up" Things.

OH, yes, we've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold that piece o' groun' Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy dudes from town.

(Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it specified, Ef they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they'd haf to keep him tied.)

But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary says to me,

"Now we're goin' to fix the parlor up, an' settin'-room," says she.

Fer she 'lowed she'd been a-scrimpin' an' a-scrapin' all her life,

An' she meant fer once to have things good as Cousin Ed'ard's wife.

Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought the blamedest mess;

An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a Astor-oid, I guess;

Fer they showed her fancy bureaux which they said was shiffoneers,

An' some more they said was dressers, an' some curtains called porteurs.

An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt them curtains' heft;

Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left;

An' she picked a Bress'ls carpet thet was flowered like Cousin Ed's,

But she drawed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.

Courae, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;

But she 'lowed she'd have a bedstid thet was shore to stay un-closed;

An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she'd read

Bein' overlook in slumber by the "fatal foldin'-bed."

"Not ef it wuz set in di'mon's! Nary foldin'-bed fer me! I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap!" says she.

"When the time comes I'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,

I sha'n't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set."

Well, sir, shore as yo' 're a-livin', after all thet Sary said,

'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a foldin'-bed;

An' she's put it in the parlor, where it adds a heap o' style;

An' we're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer a while.

Sary still maintains it's han'some; "an' them city folks'll see

That we're posted on the fashions when they visit us," says she;

But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no other use,

We can set it fer the golf-lynx ef he ever ah'u'd get loose.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

#### The Difference.

WHAT woman, when she loves her lover,  
Fails, late or early, to discover  
(Eternal problem of the sexes!)  
The subtle difference which vexes  
Her heart, dividing—*sans* demur—  
Her love for him from his for her?

She sees him more in love than she,  
Even with him, can ever be;  
Yet in his warmest glow of passion  
She sighs because, in woman's fashion,  
She knows she loves—and it is true—  
By far the better of the two!

P. Leonard.



